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FROM THE GIFT OF

ERNEST BLANEY DAN

(Class of 1892)

OF BOSTON

FOR ENGLISH LITERATURE

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*An tAthair Pol O'Bhríain, cct. a ccalaiste
mhágh na n. ogh dubh.*

Suair a Mhic go glic aig scrúdadh Dáin,
Se mór do chéim, do réim, do chlu, do tháin
Ge caoimh do ghla, ge glégeal áil do shnuadh
Go mbeidhir a ccré gan spré, gan áird, gan luadh.

Smuain gur baoghal an tsaoghal, snach buan adháil
D fháig Saoithe treun-fuidh leun budh h uail a ceail
Tuig uadh gach son da'r chlaon da lúb chleas trádh
Ta ambruid aig an Eug gur bréag a rún sa ghrádh.

Smuain gach ám andream bo disle meas
Le tsobhar lann bo teann gan mbaoim so treas
Na luidh gan neart a bhfheart, a ttruil gan chló
Gan leith, gan chleas, gan mheas, gan uail gan sógh.

Smuain go beacht air reacht-glan triath na sluadh
Gun bhaois gan bheart, acht ceart aig cléir na suadh
Is fíor gan bhras, is freas gan aimhrios é
Dil-fháil gan cheas, go breas-lan airbhre Dé.

Smuain fá dheoigh mo dhóigh nách leir cá feacht
Nó uair don ló bhias-gleo-ghuin Euga aig tescht
Lean teagasg an Uain, gan chluain tre gluais do rae
Lá chumair na mbrón, Is lon gan guais dhuit e.

An leabharán so, meabhairidh go lán léusach,
Ta ceómrádh, gan ramhradh, go Sáimhbheusach
Do coradh, gan gho-dhreach 'san, cclodh-dheunach
Go heolach le EOGAIN GLAN CAOMHAONACH.

*Fiadhnaise Éadbhuirt Uí Raighilligh, Cum
Shanas Gaoidhilge-Shags-bheurla, &c.&c.&c.*

Re háireachus mhór do léigh, agus leis an céidscríbbion do chómhmhóradh mé go díth-chiollach aisdriughadh oibre mhóirmheasamhuil an Ollaimh Fíoróirbhídhnigh CHALENOR, (d'a ngoirthear *Smuain go maith air, &c.*) chum ar tteanga dhúthaigh go déigheanach, leis an Saoi Eoghan ua Chaomhánaigh. Aig déanadh an nídh so fuair mé taithneamh mhór, aig faicsin céille an ughdar fhíoróirdheirc tabhartha go hiomshlán le a Aisdriughtheoir, a nGaoidhilge shocair, shoiléir, cheart; air na nochtúghadh ó gach cánamhuil Coíge, agus ann mo bharanhuil, sothuigsionach do'n chéadfadh is ísle do'n iomad mílte do labhrann, no do léaghann fós, teanga óirdheirc Eirionn ársaigh.

EADBHARD UA RAIGHILLIGH.

Cros Arait,

An 16 lá do mhíos dhéighionach Fhóghmhair 1820

translation of the foregoing Testimony of Mr.
EDWARD O'REILLY, Author of the "*Irish
Dictionary and Grammar*," "*Chronological
Account of Irish Writers*," &c. &c. &c.

I have read with attention, and dilligently
compared with the original, the Translation of
the Right Reverend Doctor Chaloner's much
esteemed Work, entitled "*Think Well On't,*
&c." lately rendered into our vernacular tongue
by Mr. EUGENE O'CAVANAGH. In doing this
I had great pleasure to find, that the sense of
the Right Reverend Author is fully conveyed
by his Translator, in easy, clear and correct
Irish, divested of all provincialisms, and, in
my opinion, completely intelligible to the
meanest capacity of the many thousands who
still continue to read. or speak, in the vener-
able language of ancient Ireland.

Harold's Cross,

October 16th, 1820.

This Translation of *Think Well On't* was already in the Press, when the much lamented death of the Rev. P. O'Brien occurred. It was the original intention of the Translator to have dedicated the Work to that zealous Patriot of his native tongue. As a small mark of his sincere gratitude, profound respect and deep regret, he now dedicates this, his humble labour, to the memory of that learned Antiquarian, venerated Patriot, good man and pious Priest. *Memoria ejus erit in benedictione.*

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SMUAIN GO MAITH AIR :

NO,

LEARSMUAINTEADH

AIR

MHOIRFHIRINNIDHE

AN

CHREIDIMH CHRIOSTAIGHE,

DO

Gach lá San Mi.

LE R. CHALLENGOR, D. D.

AIR NA CUR A NGAOIDHILGE,

LE HEOGHAN Ó CAOMHANACH,

Agus CLODHBHUAILE,

LE SEON COYNE, AMBAILE ATHACLIATH.

1820.

THINK WELL ON'T:

OR,

REFLECTIONS

ON THE

GREAT TRUTHS

OF THE

CHRISTIAN RELIGION,

FOR

Every Day in the Month.

BY R. CHALLONER, D. D.

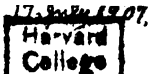
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1820.

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Ernest B. Davis
Chum Sòchair do dheanamh dona
Machtnaimh do leanas.

1. Déin-rogha d'am agus d'ionad iomchubhaidh chum fear smuaineadh; agus iadhaidh dorus do chroidhe mar is fearr d'fheádfair, anaghaidh an tsaoghail agus a thaithnímh tòirmiosgeacha.

2. Aitigh thu fein a bfiaghnaise Dé agus tairigh dod' inntin é le béodh chreidiomh. amhail ag lionadh Neimhe agus talmhan le na Mhórdhacht neamhchuimsíghthe; no amhail do bheidh se na chomhnuighe le hiomlán a chailigheachta a gceart lár tanma. Sléucht thu féin a Spioraid ina lathair chum an tard Thighearna so d'adhrughadh, dein foráil dhíot fein go hiomlán dho, agus iar go humhal maithfeachus ad coirtheidh uile.

3. Guidh le dúthracht agus le hùmhlúigheacht solus a ghrása ionus go ndeanfadh síriníde mōra an tsaoibhsgeil cosamhlacht iomchubhaidh ar tanam, agus go bfóghlamóthadha go heifeachtamhail eagla agus gradh bheith dho.

4. Leaghadh go neamhdheithionsach agus le haireachus thromdha air chaibidil an lae. Tabhair am do tanam chum gach nìdh leaghfair do chur anórdúghadh, agus meabhraigh go orinn na poine is mo bhaineas leat fein.

INSTRUCTIONS

HOW TO PROFIT OF THE FOLLOWING

CONSIDERATIONS.



1. **MAKE** choice of a proper time and place for recollection ; and shut the door of thy heart as much as possible against the world, and its distracting cares and affections.

2. Place thyself in the presence of God, representing him to thyself by a lively faith, as filling heaven and earth with his incomprehensible Majesty ; or as residing, with all his attributes, in the very centre of thy own soul. Prostrate thyself in spirit before him, to adore this sovereign Lord ; make an offering of thy whole self unto him, and humbly beg pardon for all thy past treasons against him.

3. Implore, with fervour and humility, his light and grace, that the great truths of the Gospel may make a due impression upon thy soul, that thou mayest effectually learn to fear him, and to love him.

4. Read leisurely, and with serious attention, the chapter for the day. Give the soul time to digest what thou art reading ; and pause more particularly on those points which affect thee most.

5. Ionus gur mó an rannpháirt do bheith ag do léightheoireacht le urnaigh mcanmain, feuch le na samhail do mheodhanaibh do tharraing adsmuaintibh do bheidh oireamhneach don adhbhar air a dtráchtair, le griosúghadh, iodhoín, anna tanam eagla agus gradh Dè, muinghín ina mhaithios, buídhreachus inathiodhlacthíghe, uamhain an pheacaidh; agus a samhail sin; Oskuil do chróidhe cômh maith agus dfeudfair chum no mianaibhsi, ionus gur doimhne do ghlacfadis na Subhailceadha riachtanacha sa préumh ann.

6. Críochnaigh do smuainte le díanfionn naomhtha do bheatha leasúghadh, agus ag seasamh go sunnrádhach, air na claontadh is me dá bfuilir tugtha, agus gaibh ort fein go diongmhalta an fonn so do choimliona, an gach uain da dtairgthear dhuit an lá san féin.

7. Meabhraigh go minic air ardphonaibh do smuainte ann rith an lae; d'eagla go sladfadh an namhaid tanam ag breith an tsiol dhíadha so uait, le na chur dfiachaibh ort an nidh do leighis agus do mheambrúighis do dhearmad go hêasga.

5. That thy reading may partake the more of the nature of mental prayer, strive to draw from thy considerations such affections as are suitable to the subject ; by stirring up, for example, in the soul, the fear and love of God, a confidence in his goodness, a sense of gratitude for his benefits, the horror of sin, and such like : Open thy heart as much as thou canst to these affections, that so these great and necessary virtues may take the deeper root there.

6. Conclude thy considerations with holy resolutions of amendment of life, insisting in particular, on the failings to which thou art most subject, and firmly determining with thyself, to begin to put these resolutions into execution, on such occasions as may occur that very day.

7. Often reflect in the day time on the chief points of thy consideration ; lest the enemy rob thy soul of this divine seed, by making thee quickly forget what thou hast been reading and considering.

SMUAIN GO MAITH AIR;

NO,

LEARSMUAINTEADH

AIR

Mhorfhirinnidhe an Chreidimh,

&c. &c. &c.

AN CHEUD CHAIBIDIL,

Do Riachtanas Learsmuaineadh.

AN CHEUD LA.

SMUAIN, air dtúis Na bríathra so an Fháigh Jeremiah; "Le léirsgrios do fasúidheadh an Talamh uile; do bhrígh nach bhfuil soineach a smuaineas ann a chroidhe; *Jerem. 12. v. 11.* agus mbeas cômh-fíor agus ata, gur uireasba léarsmuaineadh air mhoirfhirinibh na Críostamhlacht, ard phreimh iomlan ár ndochair. Faraoir! 'táid úrmhór na ndaoine agus is ró anamh do smuainíghid air a gceud thuis na air a gcric dhéigheanach. Ni thuigid cia do chuir air an saoghal iad, na

THINK WELL ON'T;

OR,

REFLECTIONS

ON

THE GREAT TRUTHS,

&c. &c.

CHAP. I.

On the Necessity of Consideration.

THE FIRST DAY.

CONSIDER, first, those words of the prophet Jeremias: "With desolation is the whole earth laid desolate, because there is no one who thinks in his heart." Jer. 12. v. 11. And reflect how true it is, that the want of Consideration on the great truths of Christianity, is the chief source of all our evils. Alas! the greater part of men, seldom or never think either of their first beginning, or last end: they neither consider who

cread fath, na machtnamh air an tsioruigheacht ann a bhfuilid go díreach air ti dul asteach. Uime sin, ata a saothar uile talamhuighe agus aimsiordha, amhail agus nàch deunfuidhe iád achd don tsaoghalso, no go mbeidis le fuireach ann so do ghnath. Bás. Breitheamhnas, Neamh agus lthfrionn, ní ghnidhid ach beagshuim díobh; do bhrigh nàch tugaid aga dhóibh air lúighe go doimhin iona nanamnaibh le gleusaibh learsmuaineadh tromdhá. Rithid air lúas chum fánadh na sioruigheachta le na suilibh iádhtha; agus annsan amháin thionsgnaid smuaineadh, 'nuair gheibhid iad féin san ionad dobrónachso, san ait ná fágghadh a bpiast bás, agus nàch múchfar a dteine go sioruighe. O! a Dhalta gradhach tabhar aire nàch e so do dhan.

Smuain, san dara ait, nàch fheidir sinn do shlánúghadh gan aithne air Dhía agus aghrádh-úghadh os cionn na nuile nídhthe. Maiseadh, ní feider linn a aithne ná aghrádhughadh mar budh chuibhe gan congnamh learsmuaineadh. Ag so dfoillsigheas dhúinn deaghcháilígheachta do-aírmhíghe an bhith oírdheirc, a áileacht neamhdha, a ghrádh, shiórúighe dhuinn, agus na húile thiodhlaicthe dár bhronsé orrainne na truaileanaighthe is taire agus is neamh chum-annaighe dá bhfuil aige, agus nàch deanaid úile a bheag do bhiódha orainn gan learsmuaineadh tromdha. Ná huile nidhthe dá bfuil nár dtimpchioll na Flaithis, an Talamh agus gach nidhe da bfuil ionta gan traochadh ag searm-

brought them into the world, nor for what; nor reflect on the eternity into which they are just about to step. Hence all their pursuits are earthly and temporal, as if they were only made for this life, or were to be always here. Death, judgment, heaven, and hell, make but little impression upon them, because they don't give them time to sink deep into their souls by the means of serious Consideration. They run on, with their eyes shut, to the precipice of a miserable eternity, and only then begin to think, when they find themselves lodged in that place of woe, where "their worm shall never die, and their fire shall never be quenched." Ah! my poor soul, take care that this be not thy case.

Consider, 2dly, That we cannot be saved without knowing God, and loving him above all things. Now, we can neither know him, nor love him as we ought, without the help of Consideration. It is this which discovers to us the infinite perfections of this sovereign Being, his heavenly beauty, his eternal love for us, and all the benefits which he has bestowed upon us, his most undeserving and ungrateful creatures: all which, alas! make no impression on us without serious Consideration. All things that are about us, the heavens, the earth, and every creature therein, cease not to preach God unto us, and invite us to love him. But without Consideration, we are deaf

12 *Do Riachtanas Learsmuaineadh.*

oin De dhuinn, agus ag tabhart cuire dhuinn chum a ghradhughadh. Achd gan learsmuaine bíodham bóghar d'an ghuithsi an domhain uile: 's cosmhail sinn leoso aga bfuilid uile agus nách feicion; agus cluasa agus nách cluinion. Och! na dochair mhóra uáthbhásacha leanas o uireasba fíoraithe De, darab e is toradh do gnath learsmuaineadh. Nách air an adhbharso atá an saoghal uile tuilte do mhalaightheacht? agus ithfrionn craosogailte, ag fuadughadh gan chríoch gan airíomh clann mhidhsheunmhár Adhaimh, mar ata Dia air na dearmad mar nách b'fhuil eolas air Dhia air Talamh.—
Osea c. 4. v. 1.

Smuain, san treas ait, gur b'éigíon dhuinn chum ár nanma do shlanúghadh sinn fein d' aithint mar an gceadna, Is eigíon ár ndíth agus ár dtruaileacht d' aithint, ionas go mo humhal sinn agus go monéamh dhothchaiseach ionnainn feinsin. Is eigíon dhuinn armíanta agus argclaontadh neamhríaghaltad' aithint, ionas go dtroid fíneóis iona naghaidh, agus go dtreiseomaois orrtha. Is eigíon dhuinn gluaiseacht air gceoidhthe féin do thuigsint agus do fhaire, ionas nách bearfaidhe gearr orainn san bpeacadh, agus codla san mbás. Agus cionas is feidir an teolus riachtanach so d'fághúil orainn fein, an eadlathanso na naomh gan chónnam learsmuaineadh laetheamhuil? A! chomhmídhseúamar agus ataid siad thuigeas gach ní dhe eile agus nách tuigíon iad fein! uime sin guidhmíd go

to this voice of the whole creation; we are like those that have eyes and see not, that have ears and hear not. Ah! the great and dreadful mischiefs that follow from the want of the true knowledge of God, which is the fruit of frequent Consideration! Is it not upon this account that the whole world is overrun with wickedness; and that hell opens wide its jaws, devouring without end or number, the unhappy children of Adam, because God is forgotten, "because there is no knowledge of God upon earth?" Osee, 4. v. 1.

Consider, 3dly, That, to save our souls, we must also know ourselves: we must know our misery and corruption, that we may be humble and diffident in ourselves; we must know our irregular inclinations and passions, that we may fight against them, and overcome them; we must study and watch the motions of our own hearts, that we may not be surprised by sin, and sleep in death. And how can this all-necessary knowledge of ourselves, this science of the saint, be acquired without the help of daily Consideration? Ah! how unhappy are they who know all things else, and are strangers to themselves! Let us then daily pray with St. Augustin, *Noverim te, Noverim me*; Lord, give me grace to know thee, Lord give me grace to know myself; and let us labour for these two most necessary sciences, by frequent Consideration.

laetheamhaíl le Naomh Augustin, *Noverim te noverim me.* A Thiagharna tabhair do ghrasa dham t'aithint. A Thiagharna tabhar do ghrasa dham me fein d'aithint agus feucham maille le dualgas teacht air an dà ealadhain ro riachtanachaso le learsmuaineadh ghnath.

Smuain, san gceathramhadah ait air chor go gcothochamaois in ar nanampabh eagla fuláin De, nóch is toiseachde'n eagna fhíríneach, agus sinn do bhrosdughadh a slighe na subhailcidhe, is éigíon dhuinn air gceudna, machtnamh go tromdha air adhfhuathmbaireacht anpheacaidh, agus an ghraín ata ag Dia air; air chomhacht-aibh uathbhasach an pheacaidh air an anam agus iomadamlacht ar bpeacuidhe feín go sonnradhach, air neamthairbhe, anacra agus cealg an tsaoghaíl, air an bfortacht agus an taoibhneas leanas do bheatha shubhailceach; air ghiorra na haimsire agus faidiongantach na sioruigheacht; air chinteacht agus neamhchinteacht an bháis, agus an bharamhail do bhias aguinn anam an bhais, air bheagnuimhir na bfrèun, &c. A! a Chríostaigh! na deunam fáilithe don mhóradhbhar so a slánaighthe! Is le learsmuaineadh na bhfrínnidhe so do rinneadh a noiread Naomh, d'athglaodhaigh fiú na bpeacach bo droichmhianambla.—Uch! cread an trommhuan iomlan iona bfuil an tanam san nách músclaighthe ar le torman na bhfrínnidhe uathbhasacha so.—Bás, Breitheamhnas, Ithfríonn, Sioruigheacht.

Consider, 4thly, That, in order to nourish in our souls the wholesome fear of God, which is the beginning of true wisdom, and spur ourselves on in the way of virtue, we must also seriously reflect on the enormity of sin, and the hatred God bears unto it; on the dreadful effects of sin in the soul, and on the multitude of our own sins in particular; on the vanity, misery and deceitfulness of the world; on the comfort and happiness that attend a virtuous life; on the shortness of time and the dreadful length of eternity; on the certainty and uncertainty of death, and the sentiments we shall have when we come to die; on the small number of the elect, &c. Ah! Christians, let us not neglect this great means of salvation! It was the Consideration of these truths that has made so many saints, that has so often reclaimed even the most abandoned sinners. Oh! what a profound lethargy must that soul be in, which is not aroused at the thunder of those dreadful truths—death, judgment, hell, eternity!

Consider, 5thly, The bitter, but fruitless, repentance of the damned; condemning their past folly, in having thought so little on those things, on which they shall now think for all eternity. Senseless wretches as we were, we had once our time, when by thinking upon this miserable eternity, we might have escaped it! Those endless joys of heaven were offered

Smuain, san gcúigeadh ait air shearbhadas neamtherach na daordruinge, a ciontughadh an ollbhaoise fein tre na loighead dothabhacht do rinneadar dona neithibh sin, air nár bo egion doibh smuaineadh anois air feadh na sióruigheachta. Donain neamhchialmhar mar atamaoid do bhi ar seal agunin tamall, 'nuair le smuaineadh air an tsióruigheacht anacrach, so nar bfeidir linn a seachnadh. No sólais dochríoch-naighthe sin Fhlaitheamhnas do thairgeadh dhuinn air bheagluadhach; anuair do bfeidir linn le beagan Machtnaimh ortha a seilbh shiorruighe a thuilliomh dhuinn fein. Acht faraoir! ní smuaineomaois anuair sin, agus anois 'tá se rodheighionach. O mo Dhian ghradh, foghlúimsi a bheith eagnaídh tre na ndonas san; machtnaigh san lá so agad, air na nithi do bhaineas led shíocháin shiorruighe; Smuain go maith air do chríoch dhéaghanaidh; Machtnaigh ar na mór fhirinidh so an tsaoibhsgeil. Is eigion dhuit Smuaineadh orrtha anois, no ina dhiagh so, an trath nach deanfadh a smuaineadh dho mhaith dhuit acht meadúghadh air tanacra air feadh na siorruigheachta.

AN II. CAIB.

Air Chríoch ar gcruthaighthe.

AN DARA LA.

SMUAIN, air dtuis, a Anam Chríostamhail nách tangais san tsaoghal fos, airíomh bliagha an o shoin, agus nách raibh ann do bhith acht firneimhnidh. Do sheasaigh an Saoghal tuarim agus sé mhíle bliaghain, le aithghníomharthaibh

us at a cheap rate, when a little reflection on them, might have put us in a way of securing to ourselves the everlasting possession of them. But, alas! we would not think of them; and now it is too late. O my soul, learn thou to be wise by their misfortunes; reflect in this thy day, on the things that appertain to thy eternal peace: think well on thy last end; meditate on the great truths of the gospel! Thou must either think of them now or hereafter, when the thoughts of them will only serve to aggravate thy misery for all eternity.

CHAP. II.

On the End of our Creation.

THE SECOND DAY.

CONSIDER, first, christian soul! That so many years ago thou wast not yet come into the world, and that thy being was a mere nothing. This world has lasted near upon six thousand years, with innumerable transactions and revolutions in every nation, and where wast thou all at that time? Alas! thou wast ingulfed in the deep abyss of nothing, infinitely beneath the condition of the meanest creature upon earth, and what couldst thou do, remaining there? Learn then to humble thyself, whatever advantages thou mayest enjoy of nature or grace, since of thyself thou art nothing, and all that thou hast above nothing,

agus sìobhbhuairleadh do airmhìghthe ann gacha tìr, agus cà rabhaisi air feadh na haimsire sin? Faraoir! do bhàs a ngeibhin a ndubhaigh-ein dhoimhin an neimhnidhe, go dochumsigh-theach a-gcoinghiol ni bhàs isle ina an phéist is súathrúighe ar talamh, agus Creud dfeud-fadha a dheanamh dà bfantadha ann? Uime sin umhlaigh thu fein ge be tairbhe do Shealbh-ochair ó nádúir no ô ghrasadh, ô nàch fuil ionat fein acht Neimhnidhe; agus gach a bhfuil ag-ad os cionn neimhnidhe isé do Chrughthaigh-thoir do bhronn no do thug air iasacht dhuit e. Uch! a thruaileanaigh bhoicht, creud as a bfuil tu uaibhreach? no creud air a nglaoth-fair do chuid fein, acht neimhnidhe agus peac-adh, is measa iona neimhnidh?

Smuain, san dara ait, gur'bi lámh uileachomhachtach De, air ndul síos san ndubhaigh-ein sin an neimhnidh, do tharràing tusa as súd agus thug dhuit an bhithsi shealbhuighean tu anois, nóch is deaghmhaisidhe agus is iom-laine dà bfuil san saoghal so-fhaicsiona so. Cumusach air Dhià d'aithint agus do ghradh-ughadh san mbeathas agus air intinn aoibhneas sìorúighe do bhuadh an fharraid san mbeatha le teacht. Adharaigh agus dein iongantais d'fhialmhaithios do Dhe do thionsgain an bhith so dhuit ón uile Shiorruigheacht, toghtha tar an oiread do mhilliunaibh eile dfag se iona dhiaigh aga raibh tìodal chómhcheart air bhith agus do bhí agadsa. Breithnigh romhad an

hast been given or lent thee by thy maker. Ah ! poor wretch, what hast thou to be proud of ? or what canst thou call thy own, but nothing, and sin, which is worse than nothing ?

Consider, 2dly, That the almighty hand of God, descending into that deep abyss of nothing, has drawn thee forth from thence, and giving thee this being which thou now enjoyest ; the most accomplished and perfect of any in this visible world, capable of knowing and loving God in this, and designed for an everlasting happiness with him in the next. Admire and adore the bounty of thy God, who from all eternity has designed this being for thee, preferable to so many millions of others which he has left behind, that had as good a title to a being as thou hadst. Look forward into that immense eternity for which thou hast been created ; and thankfully acknowledge that the love thy God bears thee, has neither beginning nor end, but reaches from eternity to eternity.

Consider, 3dly, That, being created by almighty God, and having received thy whole being from him, by the justest of all titles thou belongest to him, and art obliged to consecrate to his service all thy powers, faculties, and senses ; and art guilty of a most crying injustice, as often as thou abusest any part of thy being, by employing it in the pursuit of vanity and sin. Ah ! my poor soul, how little have we hitherto thought of this ! how small

tsiorriugheacht aibhseach so do ehum ar cru-
thuigheadh thu agus admhaigh go buidheach go
bfuil an gradh atá agad Dhia dhuit gan tuis, gan
deire acht o Shiorriugheacht go Siorruigheacht.

Smuain, san treas ait, air mbeith cruthaighthe
aig Dia uileachomhachtach, agus gur uaidhata
do bhith iomlan agad, do réir ceirte gach tiodal
is leis fein thu, agus ata do fhiachaibh ort
iomlán do chómhachta do chumais agus do
cheadfadh do theirbhirt ionna Sheirbhis; agus
o taoir ciontach anaindlighe ro-eilightheach
chomh minic agus do tharcuisnighir aon roinn
dod bhith, le na chur ag leanmhain ollbhaoise
agus peacadh. Och! a anum bhoicht cread
coimh beag agus dothuisgeamair di si gus anois?
a loighead dár smuaine, dár mbriathra agus
dár ngníomhartha do chuireamair a suim don
te ud is ceud thuis dhuinn, agus dà bhrígh sin
gur chum na críche sin budh chóir dhuinn ar
ngníomhartha eile do stiúrughadh! bí mas-
laightheach tríd tharcaisne chómh mór so:
leasaigh agus dein aithríde.

Smuain, san gceathramhadh ait, an Dia sin
thug do bhith dhuit agus do chruthaigh uile
nidhthe an tsaoghailí chum do Sheirbhise, gur
bo dho féin amháin do cruthaigh se thu. Ní
he go raibh riachtanas aige leat, ná tairbhe ná
breis air bith aoibhnis le na fhàghail uait, acht
gur mhian leis a ghrasadh do bhronnadh ort san
mbeatha so, agus sólás neimchríochnaighthe a
Ríghachta san mbeatha thall. Stad le ion-
antas a anam chríostaighe ag siamharacht do

a part of our thoughts, words, and deeds, has been referred to him who is our first beginning, and therefore ought to be the last end of all our actions! Be confounded at so great an abuse: repent and amend.

Consider, 4thly, That God, who gave thee thy being, and who created all things else in this visible world for thy service, has created thee for himself alone; not that he stood in need of thee, or can receive from thee any increase or addition to his happiness; but that he might give thee his grace in this life, and the endless joys of his kingdom in the next. Stand astonished, christian soul! at the bounty of thy Creator, for making thee for so noble an end; and since thou wast made for God, be ashamed to content thyself with any thing less than God: learn then to condemn all that is earthly and temporal, as things beneath thee and unworthy of thy affection. Lament thy past folly, and that of the far greatest part of mankind, who spend their days in vain amusements, in restless cares about painted toys and mere trifles, and seldom or never think of the great end for which alone they came into the world.

Consider, 5thly, That all the powers and faculties of thy soul, thy will, thy memory, thy understanding, and all the senses and parts of thy body, were all given to thee by thy Creator, as so many means to attain to this End of

chruthaightheora, ann do dheanamh chum críche chomh aluin sin, agus ó do rinneadh thra do Dhia bíodh naire ort fuireach tástale aoinidh is lúghadh iona Dia. Uime sin, foghlaim dí-mheas do dheanamh do gach ní dhe ata talamh-aighe agus aimsiórdha, mar ní dhe fad bhun agus neimhfhiuntach dod ghradh. Caoin do dhith ceilidh atá thort, agus san d' iomadamlacht an Chinne-dhaona, nóch do chaith a laethe a saobhnós shúarach; agcuraim mhíoshuaimhneasacha timpchioll breugain dathanacha agus ní dhe neamhthabachtacha, agus gur ro anamh do chuimhíad air an gcrích mhór nóch, amhain chum a dtangadar air an tsaoghal.

Smuain, san gcúigeadh ait, An uile bhrígh agus comhachta tanama, do thoile, do chuimhne, do thuigsiona, agus an uile cheadfadh agus boill do cholna, *gur bo é fath fa bfuairis ód cruthaightheoir iad amhail an oiread san meodhanaibh chum crích do chruthaighthe, do bhúadh; chum a gcur an gníomh feadh do ghearr Chomhnáighe san saoghal so-ghluaiste si a seirbhís do Dhe, agus mur sin tusa thabhairt chumseilbhe síorruighe a shuaimhneas mhillis a ríoghachta beannaighthe. Faraoir! a anam bhoicht, nách ar churamairne toirmiosg air na tabharthaisighe uile si ar gcruthaightheora le naniompogha uile anaghaidh an té óna bfuair-eamair iad? bídh trocaireach orainn a Thigh-earna, bídh trocaireach orainn, maith dhuinn air neasumhlúigheacht, agus tabhair grása dhuinn anois a bheith eagnaídh don tsiorruighthe.

thy Creation, to be employed during thy short abode in this transitory life in the service of thy God, and so bring thee to the eternal enjoyment of him, in the sweet repose of his blessed kingdom. Alas ! my soul, have we not perverted all the gifts of our maker, in turning them all against the giver ? Have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us, pardon our past treasons, and give us grace now to begin to be wise for eternity !

ghàirm. Do bhrìgh nàch ar bféidir le baoinnidhe acht le na làmh uilechómhachthach féin an bhithsi do thabhairt dhuit ; leis sin nì fhéudfadh sonnidhe dá eágmais thu chomeúd o thutim tar hais san neimhnídh o dtangais : nóch do theagmhoghadh dhuit gan ambras dá ndèunadh Día acht a làmh chongantach do tharraing uaith fiu aon mhomaid amhain. A Pheacaidh bhocht ; creud fàth nár smuainíghis ar sò an trath bhís ag fuagalrt cogadh air do Dhia tréd choir-thibh gnáthamhla, agus é sin, le grádh neamh-chómórtais d'oidhche agus do lá ag fairé ort ? Cionas do léig an sgannradh dhuit leis an fhaid-ei aimsire an te do chongamh snáithe do bheatha iona lamh do ghreasacht chómh mhinie sin, agus fós an te le ár bféidir gach mómaid tu chur a neimhnidhe, nó thu theilgion ceann air aghaidh go hithfrion ? O ! go mbeannaigh an uile nidhe a throcaire go siorruighe mar dfoighnídh se leat an fhadso !

Smuain san treas ait, Tiodhlaice do-mheasda ar bfuasgalta, le ar shaor ar nDia ghrádhach sinn o pheacadh agus o lthfrion luach saothair ceart an pheacaidh. Faraoir ! anam bhoicht do bhámairne cailte go siórrúighe muna mbeith gur ghrádhaigh an tArd-chruthaigh-theoir agus an tArd-thighearna so neimhe agus talmhan comh mór san sin, go dtóg se e fein suas chum bais na Croiche, chum ar bfuasgalta, an bás bo pheannaidíge agus bo thárcuisnighe dob fheidir a thionsgain. “ Gradh is mo iona so, nì bfuil ag aoineach, duine do thabhairt a

but he could preserve thee from falling back into thy former nothing; which must infallibly have happened to thee, if thy God had but for one moment withdrawn his supporting hand. Poor sinner, why didst thou not think of this, when, by thy repeated crimes, thou wast waging war with thy God; and he, with incomparable love, was night and day watching over thee? How didst thou dare presume so often, and for so long a time to provoke him, who held the thread of thy life in his hand, and who, every moment, could have crushed thee into nothing, or cast thee headlong into hell? O! blessed by all creatures be his mercy for ever, for having borne with thee so long!

Consider, 3dly, The inestimable benefit of our redemption, by which our loving God has rescued us from sin, and from Hell the just reward of sin. Alas! my poor soul, we must have been lost for ever, had not this sovereign Maker and Lord of heaven and earth loved us to that degree, as to deliver himself up to the most cruel and ignominious death of the cross for our redemption. "Greater love than this no man hath, That one lay down his life for his friends." St. John, 15. v. 13. But, O dear Lord! thou hast carried thy love much farther than this, in dying for those, who by sin were thy declared enemies: in dying for such ungrateful wretches as would scarce ever thank thee for thy love, and seldom or ever so much as pity thy sufferings, or take any notice of

anama fein air shon a Charaid." Eoin 15. C. 13. Rann. Acht a Thíghearna ionmhúin do ruga-aise do ghrádh móran níbhus faide iona só, ann bás dfulaing air son na droinge nóch tri pheac-fadh do bhi ionna namhaid fhosgailte agad, ag fulaing bás or son a samhail do thruailleanaibh neamchumannacha agus gur tearc d'altadhaid choidhche leat adtaobh do ghrádh na fiu do pheannaide d'eagcaoine acht go hanamh, madh ghnídhid air aonchor, no aire air bith do thabhairt dhoibh. Uch a chriostaighe creud is mó fá ndeunfam iongna ná an Rígh mor so Neimhe agus talmhan nách bhfuil san chruinne bean-naighthe acht neimhnidhe no fós nidhe is lughadh iona neimhnidhe ina aice) ag euga air an gcroich dár sabhailne do phiastaibh anacrach-a; no feuchain oirthe so do chreidios an fhirinne uathbhásacha só, agus nách déin tabhacht don grádh eugmhaiseach so do bhias ina cheart choibhoir iongantais d'fearaibh agus do ainglibh go síorruighe.

Smuain, san gceathramhadh ait, meud na bfiacha ata ag Dia orainn a dtaobh sin do ghairm chum an Chreidimh fhírrinnghíh iontoghtha do mhoran milliúin do fhag se air deire andorchadas agus a sgáilebh an bhais. Faraoir ! is diombuadhach coinghiol na nanamna bochta follamh mar 'taid gan éolus Iosa Chríost na a cheile aonránach an Eaglais Chatoilce fhirinn-each ! chómh beag agus thuigid an bbeatha le teacht. Do chómh beag d'eagla ná do dhoilghíos agus do rithid O pheacadh go Peacadh, agus

them. Ah, Christians! what shall we most admire? to see this great Lord of heaven and earth (in comparison with whom the whole creation is just nothing, or rather less than nothing) expiring on a cross for such despicable worms as we are; or to see those who believe this amazing truth, take so little notice of this immense love, which will be a just subject of astonishment to men and angels for all eternity.

Consider, 4thly, How much we owe to God for having called us to the true faith, preferably to so many millions which he has left behind in darkness and the shades of death. Alas! poor souls, how deplorable is their condition, void as they are of the knowledge of Jesus Christ, or of his holy spouse, the true Catholic Church! How little do they think of Jesus Christ, or of his holy spouse the true Catholic Church! How little do they think of God, or of the life to come! With how little apprehension or remorse do they run from him to sin, and die impenitent! Ah! the goodness of God, that has not suffered us to fall into such a misery, tho' born and bred up amidst a people seduced by error! or, if we have also had the misfortune, like our neighbours, to have gone astray from the womb, has by a more distinguishing mercy, drawn us out of the dragon's jaws, and brought us to his fold, the Catholic Church! Blessed be our God for ever, for all his mercies. O! what an investi-

bás neamhaithrígheach d'faghail! A! mhór-
mhaitheas De, nách ar fhulaing duine tuitim iona
na leithéid d'anacra, gé gur rugadh agus gur
tugadh sías sinn ameach daoine do mealladh le
hearráid! No fós madh thig dhuinn air gceudna
bheith dho dhonas orainn air aisle ar gcomhar-
san, dul air seachrán o'n mbroinn, gur thar-
raing sé le trocaire ní bhus b'ollasa sinn amach
as ghiallachaibh an aidhbheirseora, air ar dtabh-
airt chum a threuda, eadhon, an Eaglais
Chatoilce, Gur bo beanuighthe ar nDia go
siorruighe, ar son a uile thrócaire. O creud an
taobhneas do-mheasda a bheith tre thoradh
grásadh an gharmasó in ar gclann ag Dia agus
ag an naomh Eaglais. Chum an bheatha sho-
ghluaiste si do chaitheamh a gcuideachta sho-
nadh aoin cheile aoinmhic De; abheith go lae-
theambail raiphairteach ansna sacraimeintidhe
neamhdha so na ngrasadh ndiadha; maireach-
tain agus bás d'faghail agcuman na naomh &c.
A! is beannaighthe an pobal agá bfuil an Tigh-
earna mar Dhia. 143 Salm,

Smuain san gcuideadh ait, A anam Chríost-
amhail, gé bé thu, áirdreimheas Dé ad chionn,
cámheud grasa lér toirmiosg se thu ó aois t'óige?
cámheud donas o'r choimheud se thu? Nàchar
fhoighne se leat, lé haimsir imchán, an am
ar gearradh síos daoine eile ann a bpeacuidhe.
Nách bhfuilid milliúin air an uairsi ag losgadh
an Ithfríonn tré pheacaidhe ní bhus lúghadh
iona mur rinnise? Machtnaigh air gach tair-
the dá bhfuairis tar mhiltibh: creud an

nable happiness it is, to have, by the means of this grace of vocation, God himself for our Father, and his holy Church for our mother; to pass this transitory life in the happy society of the only spouse of God's only Son, to be daily partakers of the sacraments, those heavenly conduits of divine grace; to live and die in the communion of the saints, &c. "Ah, blessed are the people who have the Lord for their God." Ps, 143.

Consider, 5thly, christian soul! whoever thou art, The particular providence of God towards thee; with how many graces he has presented thee from thy tender years; from how many misfortunes he has preserved thee. Has he not borne with thee for a long time, whilst others have been cut off in their sins? Are there not millions now burning in hell for lesser sins than thou hast committed? Reflect on the advantages thou hast received above thousands; what conveniencies of life, what friends, what health, &c, whilst so many, more worthy than thyself, have been abandoned to poverty and misery. Ah! admire the unspeakable goodness of thy God to thee; be astonished and confounded at thy past ingratitude; resolve from henceforth never to cease giving him thanks, and blessing his name.

comhgair beatha, creud an charaid, creud an tsainte, &c. an feadh ataid anoiriad tréigthe chum bochtaine agus anacra. O! bidh iongantas ort fé mhaithios do-labhartha do Dhe dhuit, bíodh uathbfas agus náire ort triad mhíodhchumann, biodh rún agad o so Suas, gan stadadh o altughadh leis agus a Ainim do naomhughadh.

AN IV. CAIB.

*Air Mhorluadhach agus air Choinghiollacha
Criostaighe.*

AN GEATHRAMHADH LA.

Smuain, air dtuis, gach uile chríostaighe o na-dhúir, agus an mheúd go bfuil sé ina dhuine, gur ab é is cóiridhe agus is iomlaine dona creatúiridhe sofhaisciosa uile, go lionmhar a dtuigsint agus a gciall cumtha do chollain ina bfuil dealbh re adhbhail, agus anam spioraideamhail, domharbhta; cruthaighthe an dealbadh agus a gcosamhalacht Dé, agus ionamhail chum é do shealbhughadh go-síorruighe; iontsaidhbhrighthe le saorthóil: agus ordaighthe aga chruthaightheor chum abheith ina Thighearna agus ina Thaoiseach air gach uile níd, air san nách le mian teagmhail le na shonas anaon díóbh, acht ann a Chruthaightheor amhaín, A! m'anam, an bhfuairais fios inmhe do nádura go nuige si? Nách, rabbaís go romhmic gan fáuchain nì bhus sia iná an talamh so, air nós na mbeathadhach éigchéillighe? is é sin ná neithie sofhaisciosa, so-laimhte si leathreach. Nách ro-

CHAP. IV.

On the Dignity and Obligations of a Christian.

THE FOURTH DAY.

CONSIDER, first, That every christian, by nature, and inasmuch as he is man, is the most perfect of all visible creatures; endowed with understanding and reason; composed of a body whose structure is admirable, and of a spiritual and immortal soul, created to the image and likeness of God, and capable of the eternal enjoyment of him; enriched with a free will; and advanced by his Creator to the dignity of lord and master of all other creatures, though not designed to meet with his happiness in any of them, but in the Creator alone. Ah! my soul, hast thou hitherto been sensible of the dignity of thy nature? Hast thou not too often, like brute beasts, looked no farther than this earth, that is, these present material and sensible things? Hast thou not too often made thyself a slave to creatures, which were only made to serve thee?

Consider, 2dly, That every christian, by grace, and inasmuch as he is a christian, has been by the sacrament of baptism advanced to the participation of the divine nature, and made the adopted child of God, the heir of God, and co-heir of Christ. He has been made the temple of the Most High, consecrated by the sprinkling of the blood of Christ, and the unction of his grace; and has received, at the

mhinic do rinnis sglábhúidhe dhìot fein, do na neithe do rinneadh chum do sheirbhise fein amhain.

Smuain san dara àit. Go bfuil gacha crìost-aighe, do réir grásadh, agus an mhéid go bfuil iona chrìostaighe, tré shacreimint an bhaiste, ceim air aghaidh chum rannpháirtigheacht san nàduir dhiadha, glacadh le clann De, oighre De agus comhoighre Chrìosd, ata sé deunta ina theampoll don Mhòraird, coisreaghtha ré haon-chraithe fola chrìosd, agus unga aghràsa, agus air an am ceadna, ceart agus tìodal neamh amhraseach air riòghacht shìorruidhe glacadhthe aigi. O! a Chrìostalgh ghràdhach, an rinnis riámh fòs smuaineadh thromdha air mhòrdhacht na ceime si chum air hàrduigheadh thu ag ad bhaisde? Cionnas do thig do bheatha ris an gceimsi? O, a leinibh Fhlaitheamhnais, cà fad do bheith tu ad sclabhúidhe agan dtalamh?

Smuain san treas airt ò tà mordháil an chrìost-aighe chomh mór san, mar an gcéadna ataid na dúalgaisidhe bheanas leis an mhòrdhailsi nìbhus mo iona mheasaid úrmhór na gCrìostaighe. Ataid na dualgaisidhesi anaithghiorra airmhìghthe inár ngeallamhnacha baistighe. An cheud choinghiol air ar glacadh sinn as-teach ambuidhin Dé, budh hé an Creidiomh. Do sgrùdaigh fear ionaide Chrìosd sin agan dtobar an gach alt da'r gcreidiomh; agus d'fhreagramairne gach ceist tri bheulaibh àr naith, reacha agus àr maithreacha baistigh. "Credo

same time, an unquestionable right and title to an everlasting kingdom. O! christian soul, didst thou ever yet entertain a serious thought of the greatness of this dignity to which thou hast been raised at thy baptism? How has thy life corresponded to this dignity? O child of heaven! how long wilt thou be a slave to the earth.

Consider, 3dly. That as the dignity of a christian is very great, so also the obligations that attend this dignity are greater than the generality of christians imagine. These obligations are, in short, comprised in our baptismal engagements. The first condition, upon which we were adopted by baptism into God's family, was that of faith. The minister of Christ examined us at the font upon every article of our belief: and to each interrogation we answered by the mouths of our godfathers and godmothers, "*Credo*, I do believe." What has thy faith been, O! my soul? Has it been conformable to this thy profession? Has it been firm without wavering? Has it been generous so as not to be ashamed of the doctrine of thy heavenly Master, or the maxims of his gospel? Has it shewed itself in thy actions? Or hast thou been not of the number of those, whose life gives the lie to their faith, of whom the apostle complains, Tit. 1, "Who make profession of knowing God, but deny him by their works."

(iodhon) creidim." Cread e do chreidiomh a ruin? An bhfuil se do réir t'admhaighthe? an bhfuil se daingion neimhsbeachránach? an bhfuil se foscaithe gan a bbeith nàireach tre theagasg do thighearna neamhdha no riàghalach a Shoibhsgeil? Ar thaisbeánais ad ghníomhartha? No an bhfuil tu air uimhir na droinge dá bhfuil ambeatha anaghaigh agcreidimh, "air andeunan an Teasbol, gearán, do admhuigheas eolus air Dhis, acht sheunas e lena ngníomhartha." Tit. 1.

Smuain san gceathramhadh ait, Go dtugamair, diúltasolamanta don Diabhal inar mbaisite, agus da oibreacha agus da mhórdháil uile. Ar mhachtnuigheamair riamh go tromdha air an ndiúltas? No an dtuigeamaoid agceart a dhualgus? Agus fós atá ar gceart chum oighreachta ar nathar neamhdha air na bréugnúghadh san am gceadna abhfuileamaoidne breugach don gheallamhain si. A! a ghrádh madh ta gur dhiúltais don Diabhal, tabhair aire angnath do bheatha fuireach a bfád uadh, Tabhair aire gan abheith nibhus sía ad sglabhaidhe aige leis an bpeacadh. Teith ona oibreacha uile, oibreacha an dorchadais. Na leig dho aoinidhe dfaghail ionat o so suas léir bfeider leis achuid féin do gairm de, agus tré ar bfeidir leis achaid féin a dhéillogh, agus le nar btheidir leis tusa d'eiliomh air gceadna. Tarcaisnaigh a Mhórdháil dhíomhaoin, an eoshamlacht fhallsa onora, an díoblás, an neamhthamarcuidh agus an subh-
-thus Peacamhail, le na meallan se saoghal-

Consider, 4thly, That at our baptism we made a solemn renunciation of the devil, and all his works, and all his pomps. Have we ever seriously reflected upon this renunciation? or do we rightly understand the obligations of it? And yet our title to the inheritance of our heavenly Father is forfeited in the moment that we are false to this sacred engagement. Ah! my soul, if thou hast renounced Satan, take care that, in the practice of thy life, thou keep far from him. Take care thou be no longer his slave by sin. Fly from all his works, the works of darkness; let him henceforth find nothing in thee that he may claim for his own, and by means of which he may also claim thee. Despise his vain pomps, the false appearances of grandeur, the prodigality, vanity, and sinful diversions, by which he allures poor worldings into his nets; and, if at any time thou art invited to take part in these fooleries, repeat to thyself these words of St. Augustine: "What hast thou to do with the pomps of the devil, which thou hast renounced?"

Consider, 5thly, That at baptism, each one of us, according to the ancient ceremony of the Catholic Church, was clothed with a white garment, which the minister of Christ gave us with these words: "Receive this white garment, which thou shalt carry without spot or stain, before the judgment-seat of Christ."—Happy souls that comply with this obligation!

tànaigh bhochta ionna lionalbh. Agus, madh do gheibh cuireadh air am air bith chum a bheith pairteach san ndiomhaioneas so, meamhraigh go hínmheadhanach na briathra so N. Augustin. Cread an cur ata agadsa andiaigh mordhail an Diabhail, an te ud dar dhiúltaighis?

Smuain, san gcuigeadh áit, gur headaigh gach naon aguinn ag ar mbaisé le brat gleigeal do reir seanghnais foirmraidhte na heaglaise catoilceadha do thug fear ionaide Chríod dhúinn leis na braithra so, glac an brat gleigeal so, is egion dhuit a bhreith leat gan truaille gan salcha, alathair chathaoir bhreitheamhnais Chríod. Is sonadh na hanamna chóimhliónas na dualgaisidhe si! Cread an fhortacht dhoibh é ambeatha agus an lúthgháir agus an sásamh ambás; an bratso na neimhchiontachta do chongbháil neamhthruaillighthe! Acht O' a neimhchionta bhaisteamhail ca ait a bhfaghamaid tu san aois dhonadhso? O a dhaille agus a neamh-mhothughadh chloinne Adhaimh, do sgaras chómh beg san le cisde chómh dombeasda. Faraoir! a dhiánghradh, nàch ar bhe' do mhidhaheunsa fein é? O dein deifer agus glan uait sal graineamhail an pheacaidh le déuradh aithrighe nóch air oile bhias ina chothughadh siorruighe do lasarachaibh neamhthrocaireach Ithfrinn.

what a comfort will it be to them in life, and what a joy and satisfaction in death, to have kept this robe of innocence undefiled! But, O baptismal innocence! where shall we find thee in this unhappy age? O blindness and stupidity of the children of Adam, that part so easily with such an inestimable treasure!—
Alas! my poor soul, has it not been your misfortune? O make haste to wash away, with penitential tears, these dreadful stains of sin, which otherwise must be the eternal fuel of hell's merciless flames!

AN V. CAIB.

Air Dhiodhmhaoineas an Tsaoghail.

AN CUIGEADH LA.

SMUAIN, air dtuis, Na bríathraso an tè do b eagnaidhe don treibh dhuinnionda Neimnidhe na neimhnidhthe, agus is neimhnidhe an tiomlán, Eccles 1.* agus machtnaigh chomh fíorollbhaoiseach agus na nidhthesi do chuarduigheas saoghaltanaigh mhealta chomh diograiseach so. Onoir, saidhbhrios agus rachtmus saoghalta, n'il annta uile acht daithiona meabhlacha, do dhealraidheas tamal uait margur nidhe eigin iád. Gidheadh, n'il brìgh fírineach ionta agus anàit sàsamh no sólàs bríoghmhar ni bheir leo acht sàsamh suaithreach aonuaire, air na leanamhaint le cùram míodhshúaimhneas, eagla agus doilghíos. Och! abhréigníamha go deimhin, do theighios air neimhnidhe chómh luath agus as doith leo so lear bo taithníomhach iad, angabhail, agus fágbhaid alámha follamh. O! is ceart do bhian uile sheilbh saoghalta ag an Bhfáigh riógthamhail samhlaighthe le Bríonglóid? *Dormierunt somnum suum et nihil invenerunt omnes viri divitiarum in manibus suis. Salm 76.* Do chodhladar amach angearrchodla, agus an tráth dhúsaid ní bhfaghaid a bheag ina lamhaibh dona neithisi do shaoileadar ionna mbríonglóid do shealbhúghadh. O sibhse adhaoine!

* This may be, Elobhaois na Neolbhaoisi agus is eolbhaois an tiomlán or diómhaoineas na ndiómhaoineas agus is diómhaoineas an tiomlán.

CHAP. V.

On the Vanity of the World.

THE FIFTH DAY.

CONSIDER, first, those words of the wisest of men, Eccles. 1. "Vanity of Vanities, and all is Vanity." And reflect how truly vain are all those things, which deluded worldings seek with so much eagerness. Honours, riches and wordly pleasures, are all but painted bubbles, which look at a distance as if they were something, but have nothing of real substance in them; and, instead of solid content and joy, bring nothing with them but a trifling satisfaction of a moment, followed with cares, uneasiness, apprehensions, and remorse. Ah! bubbles indeed, which their admirers no sooner offer to lay hold on, but they dissolve into the air, and leave their hands empty. O! how justly were all wordly enjoyments, by the royal prophet, likened to a dream? *Dormierunt somnum suum et nihil invenerunt omnes viri divitiarum in manibus suis.* Ps. 75. They have slept out their short sleep, and when they awoke, they find nothing in their hands of all those things which, in their dream, they seem to possess. "O! ye sons of men, how long will you be in love with vanity, and run after lies?" Ps. 4.

Consider, 2dly, that saying of St. Augustine, L. 1 Confes. C. 1. "Thou hast made us, O Lord, for thyself, and our hearts cannot rest

an fada bheadh sibh angradh le dìomhaoineas no ag leanmhuin breùg. *Salm, 4.*

Smuain, san dàra ait, Na ràidhtesi Naomh Augustine. Do chruthaigh tusinn, a Thighearna, dhuit fein : agus ní bheid ár gcroidhte Suaimhneach go nàtaighidh tu ionta, *L. 1. Confess.* a. 1. agus machtnaigh go dtug ar Gcruthaigh-theoir anam ro aluin dhuinn deunta do reir a dheilbhe féin, agus dà rèir sir spriodamhail agus do mharbhtha ; dà bhrìge sin nibhfàghadh a shonas choìdhehe a' neithi talmhuidhe nà diombúan. Ní bhfàghadh m'anam, atàid agad tuigsin agus toil cumasach chum reimhfeuchain don àileadh agus don fhirinne ardchomhachtach, agus an taon mhaithios ro àirdchéimeach do-chuimsighthe do shealbhugadh : agus ní fhuaoinnidhe is taire ina e tu shealbhùghadh. A ! beartaigh uime sin gan tu fein do sharughadh ní bhus faide ina do spioraid do chlaoidhe, mar leanabh ag rith an díaigh nabh feiliocàinsi : Acht, ó nàch féidir leat gan abheith ag lorg aoibhnis, loirg é, an ainim De mur abfuil se le fàghail (eadhoin) a slìge nà súbhailcídhe agus an chraibhaidh agus ní ansna breug chosànaibh do threorùigheas chum anacra gan chrìoch. :

Smuain, san treas ait, Giorracht an uile sheilbh shaoghalta ; ataid latehe an duine rogharraid. Atà an Saoghal as siadh nibhus giorra na aonmhóimeid a niomarbhaidh leis an tairruighèacht. Ní bhfuil an mìle bliàghain abfhiàghnaise Dé (eadhon a gceart firinne,

will they rest in thee:" And reflect that our great Creator has given us a noble soul, made to his own image, and like him, spiritual and immortal; which therefore never can find its happiness in earthly and fading things. No, my soul, thou hast an understanding and will, capable of contemplating the sovereign beauty and sovereign truth, and of enjoying the one supreme infinite good; and whatever is less than him, is not worthy of thee. Ah! resolve then no longer to tire thyself and waste away thy spirit, in running like a child after these butterflies; but, since thou canst not be without seeking for happiness, seek it, in God's name, where it is to be found; that is, in the way of virtue and devotion, and not in the bye paths, which lead to endless misery.

Consider, 3dly, The shortness of all wordly enjoyments. Man's days are very short! the longest life is less than one moment, if compared with eternity. "A thousand years in the sight of God, (that is, in the very truth) are but as yesterday, that is past and gone." Ps. 89. Alas! does not daily experience shew us, that we are here to-day and gone to-morrow; and no sooner out of sight than out of mind too; for, as soon as we are in the grave, those that we leave behind think no more of us. "All flesh is grass, (says the prophet Isa. 49.) and all the glory of it, is like that of the flower of the field." And what is that but flourish-

acht mar an là aniadh ata thort agus imighthe. *Salm*, 49. Faraoir! nàch taisbeanadh gnàithéolus laetheamhail dhuinn, go bfuilleamaoid ann-so aniugh agus imighthe air na mhàrach, agus fós ní tuisge sin as radharc na as intinn leis; òir ní luaithe bhídhmid san uàigh iona dhearmodan an Mhuintir d'fhagbhamaid inàr ndiàigh sinn go síorrúidhe. Is Fear an uile Fheoil, adeir an Faigh Iasias, agus ní b'huil ann a ghlór uile, acht mar bhlaith an mbachaire, *C.* 40. Agus creud é sin, acht ag blathùghadh air maidin agus agus féodhchan Tràthnóna? O! nàch firinneach ata ar mbeatha ag *N.* Seum *C.* 4. Samhlaighthe le ceo sgàineach deataigh, do sgaipthear leis an gcéud Phuth gaoithe, agus ní fheiceam nibhus mó dhe! chomh comhthrom agus atà se compraidighthe ag Solamh. *Eagna c.* 6. le sgail, no le thimtheacht eoin air eitiola, no le gaidh laimhte as bhógha, nach fagbhan sliecht air bith iona dhjáigh! Och! nàch diomhaoin dhuinn ar gcroidhthe cur an neithe is eigion dhuinn do threigion chomh luath sin.

Smuain, san gceathramhadh aít, creud is críoch dona daoine móra san an tsaoibhageil, na Rìaghlaighthéoirighe eagnaídh, na hàilne oirdheirc do rin fioghair chómheagsamhail sin, céad bliaghain o shoin, Och! ataid uile marbh, imighthe fada ó, agus anois ní mór gur cuimhin le haoinneach fad, na go raibh aleitheidighe riamh ann; is fíor gur mar só bhí'as ag-

ing in the morning, and fading in the evening ?
O ! how truly is our life likened by St. James,
4. to a vapour of thin smoke, which is dispersed by the first puff of wind, and we see no more of it ? How justly is it compared by Solomon, (Wisdom, c. 5.) to a shadow, or to the passing of a bird upon the wing, or an arrow from the bow, which leaves no mark behind it ? Ah ! how vain is it to set our hearts upon what we must leave so soon.

Consider, 4thly, What is now become of all those great ones of this world, those mighty monarchs, those gallant generals, those wise statesmen, those celebrated beauties, &c. which made such a figure an hundred years ago. Alas ! they are all long since dead and gone ; and now few or none ever think of them, or scarce know there were ever any such persons. Just so will it be with us a few years hence. Ah ! worldings, give ear for one moment to those that are gone before you ; who, from their silent monuments, where the remainder of their dust lies mingled with the common earth, call upon you in the words of the wise man, *Memento judicii mei ; sic enim erit et tuum ; mihi heri, tibi hodie*, Eccles. c. 38. Remember what we are come to : it will soon be the same with you : it was our turn yesterday, it will be yours to-day. We once had our parts to act upon the stage of the world : we once were young. strong, and healthy, as

uinne am beagan eile bliathan; A! a shaoil-
 nacha tabhair aire tamall beag dhòibhsì d'ìomthigh
 ròmhaidh, agus do ghlaodhan orraibh òna
 dtuàmbaidhe ciùine, anait alùighean fuighioll
 a lùathreamhain, air gcumasg ris an gcré
 choitichion, ambriathraibh an eagnaigh, *Memento*
Judicii mei; Sic enim eris et tuum, mihi horis
tibi hodie. Eccles. c. 88. Cùmhnigh créud an
 chríoch chum a dtàngamairne gurab amhlaidh
 dhuitsi. ané aguinne, aniugh agadsa. Do bhi
 seal aguinne chum àr ngníomha chur abfeidhim
 air an saoghal, do bhadhmair seal óg, laidir,
 slainteamhail, mar a tairsi anois, agus níór
 chúimhnídhemair acht chómh-beag leatsa, air an
 nidhsi chum a dtàngamar, agus marthusa chuir-
 eamair àr mían ansna suathránachaibh agus
 ansna solaisibhsì nàch feàdfamaois do shealbh-
 ùghadh air feadh mìlion thamail bhig? Agus uime
 sin do rinneamair neamh shuim don tsiorruigh-
 eacht. Truaileànacha díthcéillídh mar do
 bhadhmair, do thoghamair bheith inàr sglabh-
 aidhthe ag an Saoghal cealgach, do nidhthe
 neamh chomhachtacha so-bhasaighthe, do threig
 sinn chómh luaithe sin roimh reir an Tighearna
 agus an uáchdarain, sin do dheanamh ag nach
 bàsaighean aoinnidh. Q a Chríostáighe gabh-
 amaid an rogha so. Múineadh droichiomp-
 char an oiread úd eile, ciall dhúinne. Nà léig-
 eomaid àr gcroidhthe air an Saoghal anacrach-
 so; nà aoinnidhe do mheas abheith fóirthabh-
 each acht é sin ata siorruighe.

you are now, and thought as little as you, of what we are now come to; like you, we set our hearts upon those trifles and toys, that we could not enjoy for a moment, and for these we neglected eternity. Senseless wretches as we are, we chose rather to be slaves to a cheating world, to inconstant, perishable creatures, which abandoned us so soon; than to serve our Lord and Master, to whom nothing dies, and who neither in life nor death ever forsakes those who do not forsake him. O! christians, let us take this warning: Let the miscarriages of so many others, teach us to be wise; let us not set our hearts upon this miserable world; nor look upon any thing truly great, but that which is eternal.

AN VI. CAIB.

Air Shonas reit De do dheanamh.

AN SEISIUGHA LA.

SMUAIN, san gcéad ait, Na briathra só an Fháigh Isaias, Abair leis an Bhfioreun, atà go maith, *Isaiah*, 3. Agus machtnaigh air nà tairbh-idhe niomdha do chiallan agus do dheimhnios an gearrfhocalso don bfioreun, do lathair agus san tsiorruigheacht. Ag so no neithe air ar mó abhfuil meas agan Saoghal, ónoir, saidhbhrios agus sólàs; acht ni bfuilid le faghail sa nait, ag cuarduigheann iad, acht ambain ann séirbhis De. An a bhfághadh aon onoir air talamh dul anioma le bheith ina óglaoch, ina charaid agus ina mhac ionghghabhtha ag Aídríge na bhflaithchios. Is mo is ionmheasda a shamhail sind'anam aradharc Dé agus na naingiol iona an Timmpire is mó san gcruinne. Is leanabh don Athair siorrúighe i, céile don mhac siorrúidhe, oighre air righeacht neimhe deirbhshiur agus comhlocaidh dona hainghil. A Chuisle mo chroidhe, go mo hiad a samhuilsi d' onoraibh fá cosboir dod mhian-aibh.

Smuain, san dara ait go bhfuil an saidhbrios is firionidhe, le'n fhaghail a séirbhis Dé; go deimhin ni hiad do gnáith na sealbhaithe saoghaltas do tharraingios an oiread san sgima agus éagla; ata go laetheamhail chómh mor san a nguaiseacht agus a bpeiriacail, nàch bhfuil

CHAP. VI.

On the Happiness of serving God.

THE SIXTH DAY.

CONSIDER, first, those words of the Prophet Isaias: "Say to the just man, it is well." Isai. 3. And reflect on the manifold advantages which this short word, "well," comprises, and insures to the just, both for time and eternity. Honour, riches, and pleasure are the things on which the world sets the greatest value; but they are not to be found where the world seek them, but only in the service of God. Can any honour upon earth be comparable to that of being a servant, a friend, an adopted son of the great king of heaven? Such a soul is far more dignified in the eyes of God and his angels, than the greatest emperor in the universe. She is a child of the eternal Father, a spouse of the eternal Son, a temple of the eternal Spirit; heiress to the kingdom of heaven, and sister and companion to the angels. O! my soul, let such honours as these be the only object of thy ambition.

Consider, 2dly, That the truest riches are to be found in the service of God; not indeed always those worldly possessions, which are attended with so many cares and fears; which are daily exposed to so many accidents; and which are not capable of satisfying the heart: but the inestimable treasure of the grace of God, which is the seed of everlasting glory;

air gcumus dhoibh an cróidhe do shàsamh :
 acht sasdhbhrios do-mheasda ghràsadh Dé, is
 siól don ghloire shiorrúidhe ; tìohlaicidhe
 an spioraid naomh. gràdh Dé ; a naonfhocal
 Dia fein, nàch bhfuil air gcumus don domhán
 uile a sgaradh leis an anam muna mbeidh sé
 chómh-hann-dall san, agus a dhíbert chum sibh-
 ail leis, an bpeacadh marbh. Cuir leis seo,
 airdréimheas aithreamhail Dé ós na
 fireunaibh, go bhfuilid a shuile ortha do gnaith
 ag tabhairt aire da ndeigh-sheun, go bfuilid a
 Aingiolla do gnaith a bhíoslóngphort ina dtimp-
 chioll dà gcoimbhead d'oidhce agus do lo, *Salm*,
 38, *rann* 38. Do réir mar a dúbhairt se le
 Habraham anallód, *Gen.* 15. Is é fein a sgiath-
 dhighin agus a luach saothair anmhor. Is
 é a gcarad é agus togha na gcarad, aodhaire
 a nanama do threoghruigheas iad ona Mhagh-
 adhabh iongantacha chum tiobraidibh d'uisg-
 idhibh marthanacha. Saruighean a chion-
 dóibh cion an Athar no fòs cion na Mthar is
 gradhmhaire air bith. *Os. c.* 40. 15, 16, v.
 Go hathchumair, is é Dia an uile neithe doibh-
 si aga bhfuil eagla roimhe. O! a dhian ghradh
 na loirg saidhbhrios eile air bith acht è—Nà
 biodh eagla ort nìdhe air bith eile do chail-
 leamhain acht è, Mà tá sèision agad, nì dheanfadh
 nìdh air bith anacrach thu, acht an eùgmais nì
 dheanfadh nìdh air bith seùnmhar thu.

Smuain, san treas ait, An t'aoibhneas do
 chluicigean le beatha subhailcioch an sasamh

the gift of the Holy Ghost; the love of God; in a word, God himself, whom the whole world cannot take from her soul, unless she be so miserably blind as to drive him away by mortal sin. Add to this, the fatherly providence of God over the just; that his eyes are always upon them to take care of their welfare; that his angels always encamp about them, to guard them by night and by day: Ps. 33. v. 38. that, as he formerly said to Abraham, Gen. 15. "He himself is their protector, and their reward exceeding great." He is their friend, and the best of friends; the shepherd of their souls, who leads them out of his admirable pastures, to the fountains of living water. His tenderness towards them is beyond a father, nay, beyond that of the tenderest mother. Isai. 49. v. 15, 16. In short, God is all things to those that fear him. O! my soul, seek no other treasure than him.—Fear nothing but the losing of him. If thou hast him, nothing can make thee miserable; but without him, nothing can make thee happy.

Consider, Sdly, The pleasures that attend a virtuous life, the satisfaction, peace, and joy of a good conscience, which by the wise man is likened to a continual banquet; the consolations of the Holy Ghost; the comfortable expectation of a happy eternity, after our exit out of this vale of tears; a holy confidence in the protection and providence of God; and a

agus suilt siotchain cogúais maith, do shamhlú-
ighean an Teagnach le fheadh shiorbhuan ;
sólaisighe an spioraid naoimh tnuth-samhasach le
siorruigheacht shonaidh dèis dhuinn an gleann
so na ndéur d'fagbhail. O Anaomh-dhànacht a-
dtarmain agus anàirdreimheas Dè, agus a gceart
eireamhuint dà naomhthoil ansna huile nìdhthe.
Ona-tiobruidighsi lingid na soláis seo nàch fei-
dir le seaghaltanaigh a thuigsint ag nàch bhfuil
aoin èirim ionta, aoibhnois ghlana spioraideamh-
la do mhillsigheas an uile chrosa na beathaso,
is còmhfhortacht do-labhartha ambàs iad,
agus beireas leo reamhbhlas dheimhneach dho
luathgharaibh do-mharbhta na bhflaithios.
Gidheadh, aoibhneas uile an tsaoighil, amhail
an saoghal fein, atáid cealgach, cailleadhnach,
spreuchta do ghnaith le nìdh, eigin seirbhigh-
eacht, feithmhe lè mìoshuaimeas faoi dheoigh
le dobròn siorrúighe.

Smuain, san gceathramhadh ait, An ràidh-
teachas san ar slanaightheora, “Ata aoinnidh
ríochtànach.” Agus creud e an taoinnidhe
sin, O m'anam, nòch ambain lèar feidir thu
dheúnamh sonaidh annso agus ina dhiaigh so?
Is e rèir Dè do dheunamh, agus saláthar dari-
ribh do dhèunamh don tsiorrùigheacht. An
uile aimsir agcomhortas ris an tsiorrùigheacht
is lúghadh è ina neimhnidhe. Is marsan don
uile chùram aimsiorùha ma samhluighthear e
leis an tsiorrùigheacht. Agso go fìrinneach d'
aon gnò madh thugair faillighe ann atà an

perfect conformity in all things to his blessed will. From these fountains flow such delights, as cannot be conceived by worldings who have no experience of them; pleasures pure and spiritual, which sweeten all the crosses of this life, are an unspeakable comfort in death, and carry with them a certain foretaste of the immortal joys of heaven. Whereas all the worldly pleasures, like the world itself, are false and deceitful; always besprinkled with something of bitterness; and attended with uneasiness; followed with remorse; and end at last in eternal sorrow.

Consider, 4thly, that saying of our Saviour: "One thing is necessary." Luke 10. v. 42. And what is that one thing, O my soul, which alone can make thee happy, both here and hereafter? It is to serve thy God, and to provide in earnest for eternity. All time, compared to eternity, is less than nothing. So are all temporal concerns, if compared with the concern of eternity. This, in reality, is the only business: if thou takest care of this, all is well; if thou neglectest this, all is lost, and lost for ever. As for all other things which thou mayest stand in need of in this life, give ear again to our Saviour, Matt. 6. v. 33. "Seek first the kingdom of God, and his justice, and all these things shall be given you over and above." Conclude then, my soul, since both thy temporal and eternal welfare

uile nìdh caillte, agus caillte go bráth, acht a dtaobh na huile nìdhthe eile léna bhfuil féidhm agad san mbeatha so, tabhair eisdeacht arís don Slanaightheoir ceàdna, “Iarruighe air dtuis Flaithios Dè, agus asbireuntacht san, agus is eigion dibh na neithesi uile d’faghail do bhreis. *Matha 6. r. 33.* Anois, a leinibh mo chleibh, crìochnaigh, òs le reir Dé do dhèunamh ata do leas aimsiordha agus siorruighe, chum d’aon churam do dheanamh de si feasda, leis seo amhàin gheabhair teangmhail le fortacht eigin annso, leis seo amhain thiucfair chum aoibhnis siorruighe ina dhiaighse.

AN VII. CAIB.

Air an Mbas.

AN SEACHTMHADH LA.

SMUAIN, air dtuis nàch bhfuil air bith aoineidhe is dearbhtha inà an Bàs, Atà se cìnte don uile dhuine bàs d’faghail uair eigin, agus ina dhiagh san Breithbheamnas. Atà an bhreith choitchion, ata si fuagartha air chlann Adhaimh go huilidh. Nì shaorfadh saidhbhrìos, na neart; na eagna; na còmhachta an tsaoghail uile aon duine ón mbreith coitchion so. On gceud mhoimeid dár mbeatha atamaoid ag luathúghadh chum bais, Tugan an uile mhoimeid nìbhus fuigse dhuinn è. Tiocfaidh an Là, is dearbhtha go dtiucfadh sè, agus ag Dia amhain ’ta fios a luaidhe, anuair ’na faicfioim go brath an oidhche. Nò tiocfaidh an oidhche nuair nach faicfioim go brath an mhaidin air na mhàrach.

depend on serving God, to make this for the future thy only care. Thus only shalt thou meet with some comfort here; thus only shalt thou come to never-ending happiness hereafter.

CHAP. VII.*On Death.***THE SEVENTH DAY.**

CONSIDER, first, That there is nothing more certain than death. "It is appointed for all men once to die, and after that, judgment." The sentence is general, it is pronounced upon all the children of Adam; neither wealth, nor strength, nor wisdom, nor all the power of this world, can exempt any one from this common doom. From the first moment of our birth, we are hastening to our death; every moment brings it nearer to us. The day will come, it will certainly come, and God only knows how soon, when we shall never see the night. Or the night will come, when we shall never see the ensuing morn. The day will most certainly come, when thou, my soul, must bid a long farewell to this cheating world, and all that thou hast admired therein, and even to thy own body, the individual companion of thy life; and take thy journey to another country, where all that thou settest a value upon here, will appear like smoke:

Tiocfaidh an lág ro-dhearbhta, anuair, caithfir-se (a chuisle mo chroidhe) slàn fada chuir leis an saoghal meangach so, agus an uile nìdh lenar ghabhais pàirt ann : agus fiu do chodlan fein, compànach do-dhèighilte do bheatha, agus do thuras do ghabhail chum tìre eile an àit a ndeallrochas gach nìdh do bhì taithniombach agad air an saoghalso mar dheatach. Uime sin foghlum an saoghal anacrach so do thar-cuisniughadh, agus a shealbhuighthe uile lear ab eigionn dhuit sgaramhuint chomh luaith ce olc maith leat e.

Smuain, san dara ait, O nàch fuil aoinnidhe is dearbhta, agus is do-sheachanta iona an bàs air gceadna nì bhfuil aoinidhe is neimhdheimhnidhe iona an t'am, an ait, an modh agus an uile ghnè oile d'ar mbàs. "O m'anam ar naomh Proinnsias de Sales," dar bo eighon sgaramhuin là eigin leis an gcodlanso acht ca am do bhìadh an Là san? Cia aco san ngeimhre nò san tsamhra? san Gcathair no air tuaithe. San lò nò san oidhche? An mbeadh obain no an dtiubhradh forogra? an mbiadh am agad chum tsfaicidín do dheunamh? An mbiadh congnamh tathar spioradalta agad? Faraoir! nì bhfuil fios aoinnidhe dhiobh so agad. Acht amhàin go bfuil se chinnte dhuit bàs dfaghail, agus san mar is gnàthach, abhfad nibhus luaithe ina shaoilean tu.

Smuain, san treas ait, o ta an bàs chomh-deimhneach san, agus an tam agus an modh

learn then to despise this miserable world, and all its enjoyments, which thou must part so soon, whether thou wilt or not.

Consider, 2dly, That, as nothing is more certain and inevitable than death, so nothing is more uncertain than the time, the place, the manner, and all other circumstances of our death. "O my soul, (says St. Francis of Sales) thou must one day part with this body; but when shall that day be? Shall it be in winter or in summer? In the city or in the country? By day or by night? Shall it be suddenly, or on notice given thee? Shalt thou have leisure to make thy confession? Shalt thou have the assistance of thy ghostly father? Alas! of all this thou knowest nothing at all: only certain it is, that thou must die, and that as it almost always happens, much sooner than thou imaginest.

Consider, 3dly, That, death being so certain, and the time and manner of it so uncertain, it would be no small comfort, if a man could die more than once; that so, if he should have the misfortune once to die ill, he might repair the fault by taking more care the second time. But, alas! we can die but once; and when once we have set our foot within the gates of eternity, there is no coming back. If we die once well, it will be always well; but if once ill, it will be ill for all eternity! O! dreadful moment, on which depends an endless eternity!

chomh-léidimhin nar bheag an sasamh aigne
dà dtigeadh le duine bas d'faghail nìbhus mi-
onca iona aon uair, ionas da mbiadh se do
dhonas air drochbhàs d'faghail aon uair amhain
go dtigeadh leis alocht do leasughadh le aire
nìbhus fearr do thabhairt an dara uair, Acht
Faraoir! nì bhfuigham bàs acht aon uair amhain,
agus 'nuair chuirfom ar gcois taobh a stigh
do gheata na siorrúigheachta nì bhfuil aon
fhaghail easta. Mâ gheibhmid bàs maith aon
uair amhain biadh go maith do shìor. Gidheadh
aon uair amhain go holec agus biadh go holec air
feadh na siorrúigheachta. Och! a phoinc uath-
bhàsaighe air a seasuighean an tsiorrúighe-
act gan chriochn. Och! a Thìghearna naomh-
tha ollamh sian don uair chineamhnaigh sin.

Smuain, san gceathramhadh ait. Dithceile
agus neimhthuigsin ná druinge is mo do dhaoinibh
air son go bhfaicid cuid eigin dà gcaraid, dà
gcaidreamh no da gcomharsain dá sguabadh
don tsaothal ag an mbàs, agus san go ro-
mhinic, le bas obann: go dtuigid fèin go bfuil
an bàs tapal uatha: chomh maith is nach
roigfeadh na soidheada so an bhàis atá ag tuit-
im air gach taobh dhìobl, iad fein mar chách;
no go mbiadh uirúigheacht aca fèin do bhreis
air an oiread san do fuadaighthear chum siub-
hail go laetheamhail. A shaolta na chach gan
chéil, creud uime ná ch fosglan sibh bhur suile,
Creud fath a meastar dhìbh bheith as baoghal
òn urchurzan an bhàis an trath nàch fèidir libh

O blessed Lord prepare us for that fatal hour !

Consider, 4thly, The folly and stupidity of the greatest part of men, who, though they daily see some or other of their friends, acquaintance or neighbours, carried off by death, and that very often in the vigour of their youth, very often by sudden death, yet always imagine death to be at a distance from them ; as if those arrows of death which are falling on all sides of them, would not reach them too, in their turn ; or as if they had any greater security than so many others who are daily swept away. Senseless worldling, why will you not open your eyes ? Why will you fondly imagine yourself secure from the stroke of death, when you cannot so much as promise yourself one single day of life ! How many will die before the end of this month, that are as young as healthy, and as strong as you are ? Who knows but you may be of that number ? Ah ! christians, take care that you be not surprised, Set your house in order, and for the future fly from sin, the only evil which makes death terrible. Live always in those dispositions in which you would be gladly found at the hour of your death. To act otherwise, is to renounce both religion and reason.

Consider, 5thly, The state and condition of this corruptible body of ours, as soon as we are dead : alas ! it immediately becomes pale, stiff, loathsome, and hideous ; insomuch that

anoiread le aon l  amhain saoghail do gheal-
lamhaint dhibh fein? ca mheid do gheubha b s
  geionn an mhidh so, ata ch mh h g ch mh
laidir chomh slainteambail leatsa ca fios nach
beirsi don uimhar san? A! a Chr staighthe tu-
gaidhe aire n ch bearfaidhe gearr oraibh bi dh
bhur dteaghlach an ord ghadh; agus   so
suas, teith  n bpeacadh, an taon  c do ghnidh
an b s uathb fhasach, c mhnaigh do ghn ith ann
sna hinntinnibh si 'nar mh ian leat do bheith an
am do bh is; do ghni mhadh air mhalairt
so do mhodh is ionnan agus di lta do chreidiomh
agus do chi ll.

Smuain, san gc igeadh ait, staid agus coin-
ghiol an chorpain so thr aillighthe so aguinne,
chomh luath agus do gheabham b s. Faraoir!
iompi ghean gan mhoill liathbhan, leacanta,
fuathmhar agus graineamhail, chomh m r san
agus gur tearc fhuilingeochar a'r b  b iorcha-
raid aon oidhche amhain do thabhairt ag faire
an aon tseomra l is; nibhus l ghadh go m'or
luighe an aoinleabain leis. Agus lu ithighean
chomh mor san chum breuntais agus tru illigh-
theachta, gur ab iad a ghaothalta is fuigsi is
lu ithe d'iaras a bhreith amach as an dtigh,
agus a chur go doimhin f  thalamh ionas n ch
galarochadh an taodhar. Achd creud i d an com-
panaigh, creud an lucht fritheoilte theangmhus
air annso? Piastaidhe, agus cnuimh. Doibhsi,
O! a dhuine ataoir ag gleus feadh an feadh
at  tu ag ardchothughadh do chodluinne. Agso

our dearest friends can scarce endure to watch one night in the same room with it, much less bear to lie in the same bed. And, so fast does it tend to stench and corruption, that its nearest relations are the first that desire to get it out of the house, and lay it deep under ground, that it may not infect the air. But what companions, what attendants does it meet with there? Worms and maggots. For these, O man, thou art preparing a banquet, whilst thou art pampering thy body: these are to be thy inheritance, or rather they are to inherit thee. Whatever thou art to-day, to-morrow thou art to be the food of worms. Ah! worldings, that are enamoured with your own or others beauty, and thereby too often drawn from your allegiance to God, vouchsafe, for once, to reflect upon the condition to which both you and they must soon be reduced; and you will see what little reason you have to set your affections upon these painted dunghills, which will so quickly betray what they are, and end in noisomeness and corruption. We read that St. Francis Borgia was so touched with the bare sight of the ghastly countenance of the empress Isabella after her death, whom he had seen, a little before, in all her majesty, and in all her charms, as to conceive an eternal disgust of the world, and

iád toighrighéacht, no is iad san fós do sheal-
bhóchas tusa. Ge be thu anigh ata tu amair-
each chum abbeith ad chothughadh Piast. A !
a shaoltanacha, ata fà throm ghradh do bhur
sgeimh fein do sgeimh daoine eile agus go
romhinic tríd air seachran o bhur nDia deonaidh
aon uair amhain machtnamh air an gcoingíol
chum a nglodhfir tusa agus iad san an gearr-
aimsir, agus chidhfir féin chomh beag 'gus an
fáth ata agad tinninn do dhorta air na salach-
áin daitheannacha so, d'foillsighes iad fein,
agus do chriochnochas ambreuntas agus loch-
facht. Leighmid go raibh N. Proinsias Borgta
chomh bíodhgaighthe sin le feicsin, amhain,
gneis sgannraightheach na beanimpre Isabella
air eis a bàis, nach do chonaic se aga bheag
roimhe sin coirighthe an iomlán a hornailleach
flaitheasa agus amedhan a huile aileachta, ionas
gur glac se gnaith fhuath sierruidhe don saogh-
also agus iantinn shonúidhe e fein do shabhairt
suas go hiomlán a nògláchas an Rìgh nàch
bhfaghan bás choidhche. Deicadh a shamhuil
sin do learsmuaine inntin don tsamhail sin d'
oibriùgbadh ionnainne.

AN VIII. CAIB.

*Air an Mbaramhuil do bheadh aguinn air uair
armbais.*

AN TOCHTMADH I.A.

SMUAIN, air dtuis a Chríostaighe ionmhuin,
cread an bharamhail do bhiadh agad an am do
bháis a dtaobh an tsaoghailsi agus a ionmhuis

a happy resolution of consecrating himself wholly to the service of that King who never dies. Let the like consideration move us to the like resolution.

CHAP. VIII.

On the Sentiments we shall have at the Hour of our Death.

THE EIGHTH DAY.

CONSIDER, first, christian soul, what will be thy sentiments at the hour of death, with regard to this world and all its perishable goods, vain honours, false riches, and cheating pleasures. Alas! the world must then end in thy regard; it will turn upside down before thy eyes, and thou wilt begin to see clearly the nothingness of all those things on which thou hadst here set thy heart. How wilt thou then despise all worldly honours and preferments, when thou seest thyself at the brink of the grave, where the worms will make no distinction between the king and the beggar! How little account wilt thou then make of the esteem of men, who will then think no more of thee! How wilt thou then undervalue thy riches, which must now be left behind thee, when six feet of land, a coffin, and a shroud, will be all thy possession! How despicable then will all worldly pleasures seem to thee, which, at the best, never could give thee any true satisfaction, and now fly from thee

shoghluaiste uile, a onòir dhìomhaoin, a shaidhbhrìos bhreugach agus a ghreanta meabhlacha. Faraoir! biadh deire le'd chuidsi don tsaoghal ann san. Iompogha se cu'l ar aghaidh, as comhair do shùl, agus an san thosanochairse air fheicsin go sòlèir neimhnidhe na neithisi air ar thugais do chroidhe.— Cionas ann san mar bhearfair dìmheas do gach uile onòir agus uachtarantacht shaoghalta an tan chidhfir thu fein air bhruch na huaigh, a nait nàch déunfadh ná Pìasta edirgheilt ider an Rìghe seach an Deircoir! Nach beag an tabhacht do deunfair anuair san do mheas na ndaoine ort, noch d'faillighean go hiomlan thu anois? Cionas mur do thaircujsneóchair do shaidhbhrìos, noch is eìgion dhuit anois do threigion no do fhagbhail tair heis 'nuair gur 'be do sheilbh iomlan se troighthe fearain, eomhradh agus aiseine! Nàch suathrach do thiugfir do gach uile ghreann saoghalta noch san am dobfhearr nach tuibhradh fìorshasamh dhuit go brath agus anois lingios uaith agus leighios san aodhar mar dheatach ad t'fhiagh-naisi. A! m'anam bhoich t, eirighe a steach anois ansna baramhlaibh do bhiadh agad gan amhras air uair do bhàis. Marso, agus mar so amhain do bheir as baoghal do mhealta leis an saoghal cealgach.

Smuain, san dara ait creud iad do smuainte an uair sin a dtaobh do pheacúidhe! anuair thoisighid na sgaitheadh, air dtarraing do

and dissolve into smoke in thy sight! Ah! my poor soul, enter now into the same sentiments which thou shalt certainly have at the hour of thy death: thus, and only thus, shalt thou be out of danger of being put upon, by this deceitful world.

Consider, 2dly, What will then be thy thoughts with regard to thy sins, when the curtain will begin to be withdrawn, with which thy busy self-love has industriously hidden or disguised the deformity and malice of thy crimes, and they shall be set before thy eyes in their true light: when so many things, which thou wast willing to persuade thyself were but small faults, or none at all, will present themselves before thee in other kind of colours, as great and heinous offences: when that false conscience which thou hast framed to thyself, and under the cover of which thou hast passed over many things in thy confessions, as light and inconsiderable, which thou wast ashamed to declare, or unwilling to forsake, shall no longer be able to maintain itself at the approach of death. Ah! what anguish, what confusion, what dreadful temptations of despair must such a sight as this give to the dying sinner! Learn thou, my soul, to take better measures now in time, and thus prevent so great a misery.

Consider, 3dly, And take a nigher view of the lamentable state of a sinner at the hour of

cheill go toirbheartach do dhian ghradh gnóthach fein, graineamhlacht agus máilís do choirtheacha; agus cuirfear os comhar do shúl iad go fíor shoillsighthe iona angneithibh fein núair thaisbeanas an oiread san neithe iad fein os do chomhair ina dtromchortha adhmhal-mhóra, noch araibhsi toiltionach gonnigisi a shuidheabh ort fein nách raibh ionta acht beigchionta no neamh chionta air fad, 'nuair nách feudfadh an coguas fallsa san do chruthaighis dhuit fein agns ar ghábhais tar mhorán neithe fana chlúid ann tfaoisidin mur neithe saomhnosacha, neamhthabhachtacha bo nairéach leatd'faisneis no nar b'ail leat adtreigion e fein d'indhion le linn ionsaighe an bháis nibhus sia. Och! creud an tamhneuil, creud an buaireadh, creud na caithighe critheaglacha, eudòchuis nách fulair da shamhuilsi do radharc do chur air an bpeacach air uair a bhais! Foghluimsi anois m'anam slighe nios fearr do ghlaacadh an am, agus amhlaidh san toirmiosg do chur air anacra chomh mor so.

Smuain, san treas ait, Agus dein amharc ní bhus geire air staid dhólasach an Pheacaidh air uair an bháis 'núair chómhobhrúighean na huile nidhthe, go baramhlach an aghaidh; agus gé bé conaire óná sílean súaimhneas no fortacht d'faghail ní bfaghan e. Os comhair a shúl chidhfidh slúgaigh do pheacadhaibh cruinnighthe ina aghaidh; cuaineadh nathrach neimhe da threibh fein do cheanglas go dlúith dhe agus da

his death, when all things seem to conspire against him, and whichever way he looks for any ease or comfort, he can find none. Before his eyes he sees a whole army of sins mustered up ; a viper's brood of his own offspring, which stick close to him, and assailing him with their united forces, make him already begin to feel the bites of that never-dying worm of conscience, which shall be the eternal torment of the damped. O ! how gladly would he shake off this troublesome company ! But all in vain ; they are resolved not to leave him. If he looks back into his past life, to seek for some good work to oppose to this army of sins ; alas ! he finds the good he has done has been so inconsiderable, so insignificant, as to give no hopes of weighing down the scales, when balanced with his multiplied crimes. His very prayers, the confessions, and communions, which he has made, fly now in his face, and upbraid him with his wretched negligence, and his sacrilegious abuse of these great means of salvation. The sight of all these things about him, his wife, his children, his friends, his worldly goods, which he has loved more than his God, serve for nothing now but to increase his anguish. And what is his greatest misery ? That the agonies of his sickness give him little or no leisure or ability to apply himself seriously to the greatest and most difficult of all concerns, which is a perfect conversion with God

aïmsiughadh le na bfoirneart aonda, ag cur
 treighde na peiste domharbhtha san a choguais,
 a bfeidhm, air cheana fein nóch do bhiadh ina
 pheanaidsiorruighe, dona Hiffrionnaigh, (eadhoin
 an drong daor, no damanta) O ! creud chomh
 luathghaireach agus do sgarfadh sè leis an gcuid-
 eachta chulóideachso, acht is ollbhaois do sin;
 níl dúil acasan deighilt leis. Ma fheuchan
 tareis san mbeatha do caithse ag lorg roinn
 deaghoibreacha chum cur anaghaidh an tsluagh
 aóigir peacadh so. Faraoir ! do gheibh se na
 deaghoibreacha do rinn go bhfuilid chómh
 neamhthabháchthach san, chómh suathrach
 san, nách tugaid dochus air bith go nisleochaid
 an mheadh an trath comhthromóchar í le
 na churtháchaibh iomadamlha (no ann-mhéud-
 aighthe). A urnaighthe féin, a fhaoisidiníge
 agus a chumaoineacha, do rineadh ag eitiola
 anois ina aghaidh agus ag deunamh casaoide
 leis air a fhailíth ro-tháirr agus a aithis naomh-
 bhradamhail air na moirmheodhannaibh sin a
 shlánaighthe. Radharc an uile ncithe ina thimp-
 chiol, a bbean, a chlann; a charaid amhaoin
 tsaoghalta do ghradhaigh sè níbus mo na Dhia,
 ní fhonaid anois acht chum a pheánaid do
 mhéudughadh; agus creud an anacra is mó ata
 air, eadhoin, nách tugaid taimhneula a thinnis
 a bheag dh'am na do chumus do air e fein do
 thabhairt go dáiriribh air na gnothaibh is mó
 agus is docamlha isé sin iompógha iomlán chum
 De, taireis gnath fhada an pheacadh. O !

after a long habit of sin. O! how truly may the sinner now repeat the words of the psalmist: "The sorrows of death have encompassed me, and the pains of hell have found me!" Ps. 114. O! what unspeakable anguish must it be to see himself just embarking upon an eternity of infinite and endless duration, an immense ocean, to whose farther shore the poor sailor can never reach, and to have so much reason to fear that it will be to him an eternity of woe!

Consider, 4thly, my soul, What thy sentiments will be at the hour of thy death, with relation to the service of God, to virtue and devotion. How lovely then will the way of virtue appear to thee! How wilt thou then wish to have followed that charming path! O! what a satisfaction is it to a dying man to have lived well, what a comfort to see himself now at an end of all his labours and dangers, to find himself at the gates of eternal rest, of everlasting peace, after a long and doubtful war! He may now securely come down from his watch-tower, and repose himself for ever in the kingdom of his father. O! what a pleasure, what a joy, to look forward into that blessed eternity! "O how precious in the sight of God, is the death of his Saints!" Ps. 115. "Ah! let my soul die the death of the just, and let my end be like to theirs." Numb. 53. Christians, if you would die the death of the just, the only security for a good death, is a good life.

creud coimh frinneach agus d'eudfadh an peac-
ach anois na briathra so, an Tsalmadóra d'aith-
fhriotal "Do thimchiolladar doilghis an bhais me,
agus do fuaradar peiriaclea ifrinn me," *Ps. 114.*
O! creud an pheanaid dolabhartha nách fulair do
bheith oir, air na fheicsin do e fein ag glacadh
a loinge chum na siorruigheachta, buanas do-
choimsighthe, do-chriochnithe, aigean gan
teorain, go na thraigh thall nách feudfadh an
seoltóir bocht roigsin go bráth, ag a bhfuil an
oiread san adhbhair eagla gur siorruigheacht
mpairgeach do é!

Smuain, san gceathramhadh ait, M'anamsa,
creud é do bharamhail air uair do bháis, a
dtaobh oglachuis Dé subhailcidhe agus crabhadh.
Creud coimh taithniomhach agus dhealróchadh
slighe na subhailceadh dhuit? Creud mar do
bfearr leat go leantadha an choistlighe aoibhin
úd! O! creud e an sásamh do dhuine air f hágh-
ail báis do a bheatha do chaithiomh go maith!
Creud an fortacht dho é féin do bfeidir anois a
gcríoch a dhaorobair agus a ghuaiseachtaidh, è
féin dfaghail anois ag geata suain síorrúighe
síocháin marthanacha, taireis cogadh fhada
amhraiseach! Is feidir leis anois, Is feidir leis
teacht anuas óna thur-fhaire gan baoghal, agus
suamhnughadh go siorruighe a rioghacht a Athair.
O! creud an taoibhneas, creud an luthghair,
feuchain roimhe san tsiorruigheacht cheannaigh-
the sin! O! creud chomh morluach a radharc
Dé agus ata bás a naoimh. *Salm, 115.* O deo-

Consider, 5thly, or rather conclude from the foregoing considerations on death, To make it the whole business of your life to prepare for death. Upon dying well depends nothing less than eternity ; if we die ill, we are lost, and lost for ever. As then we come into the world for nothing else but to provide for eternity, so we may truly say, we come into the world for nothing else but to learn to die well. This is the great lesson which we must all study. Alas ! if we miss it when we are called to the trial, an endless woe must of necessity be the consequence. Ah ! how hard is it to learn to perform that well, which can be done but once !

naigh dhom anam bás na bhfíréun, agus bíodh mo chríoch cosmhuil lena gcríochsan, *Nuimh*, 23. Al a Chríostaighthe mäs mian libh bás na bhfíréun d'faghail, is deagh bheatha an taon-uradh chum deaghbháis.

Smuain, san gcuigeadh ait, No go ma rogha leat a thabhairt chum críche as na smuainte reamhraidhte air an mbás, iomlán gnódh do bheatha dheanamh chum thu fein d'olmhughadh dho. Ni bhfuil nídhe is lughadh ina siorruigh-eacht ag seasamh air deagh bhás d'faghail; Má gheibhmí droch bhás a tamaoid caillte, agus caillte go deoigh, deoigh. Is uime sin ó nàch tangamair san tsaoghal so chum aoinnidhe oile acht chum a fhoghluim bás d'fhaghail gomaith, agso an teagasg mór is eigion duinn uile do mheabhruighadh. Faraoir! má theibion san orainn, an trath glaodhfarsinn chum na trealach, is ríochtánach gur dolas shíorruighe, an tiarag-air do thiucas de. Och! creud é chómh doeamhuil agus a fhoghluim an nídhe sin do chóimhlíonadh go maith, nàch éidir a theacht acht aon uair amháin.

AN IX. CAIB.

Air an Mbreitheamhnas leithleasach, d'eis Bais.

AN NAOMHADH LA.

SMUAIN, air dtuis, Nàch luaithe sgarfar an tanam leis an gcodlain ina suightheair i gan mhoill alathair an Bhreithimh, chum tuarasgabail do thabhairt air iomlán a beatha, an gach uile nídhe dar smaoineadh, da ndubhairt

CHAP. IX.

On the particular Judgment after Death.

THE NINTH DAY.

CONSIDER, first, That the soul is no sooner separated from the body, but she is immediately presented before the Judge, in order to give an account of her whole life, of all that she has thought, said or done, during her abode in the body, and to receive sentence accordingly. For, that the eternal doom of every soul is decided by a particular judgment immediately after death, is what we learn from the gospel, in the example of Dives and Lazarus; and the sentence that is then passed will be ratified in the general judgment at the last day! Christians, how stand your accounts with God? what would you be able to say for yourselves, if this night you should be cited to the bar? It may, perhaps, be your case. Remember that your Lord will come when you least expect him; take care then to be always ready.

agus da ndearnadh, air feadh a chomnaighthe san gcodlain, agus breith do ghlacadh dà réir. Oir isé tuigthear dhuinn as eisiomlair Dives agus Lasarus san sgrìbhin dhiadha, go bhfuil cineanhuin shiorruidhe gach aon anma a leath taobh le breitheamhnas air bith gan stad taireis báis. Agus an bhreith tughtar annso daingneochar ag an mbreithamhnas choitichion an tlá déighionach í! A Chrìostaighthe, cionas asheasùighean sibh a lathair Dé! Creud d'feúdfadh sibh aradh dhibh fein, dá nglaothfúidhe chum an bharra anochtsibh? Dob-eidir gur ab è bhur ndàn e. Cuimhnigh go dtiocfadh bhur dtighearna an uair is lughadh bhiadh smuaine agaibh air. Tabhair aire dà bhrìge sin a bheith ollamh do shiòr.

Smuain, san dara áit, chómh spriocalta chómh daordhálach agus bheadh an breitheamhnas so, anait nách fagha fiu an fhocail dhimhaoin is lúghaidh dulas o gheàrrchuardúghadh an Bhreithimh. O creud an tionmhus mhalluightheacht do thiocthas chum solais annso, an tràth aisdriochar an folacha, do fhuiligheas anois ùrmhór ar bpeacaidhe o shuilibh an tsaoghail agus ó ar suilibh fein amhain, agus fhosclochar ionnar radharc stair iomlán ar mbeatha. A Dhé mhóir! cia fheudfas an radharc sganramhailsi d' fulang? Annso bheurfar an t'anam bocht chum sgrúdadh ró gheire air gach nìdh da rinn, no dfág gan deunamh agcaitheamh iomlan a aimsire, a hoilearthaigh san

Consider, 2dly, How exact, how rigorous this judgment will be, where even the least idle word cannot escape the scrutiny of the Judge. O ! what numberless iniquities will here come to light, when the veil shall be removed, that hides, at present, the greatest part of our sins from the eyes of the world, and even from our own ; and the whole history of our lives shall at once be exposed to our view ! Good God ! who can be able to bear this dreadful sight ? Here shall the poor soul be brought to a most exact examination of all that she has done, or left undone, in the whole time of her pilgrimage in this mortal body ; how she has corresponded to the divine inspirations ;

gcodlain somharbhtha so; cionas do choimhreagair si do na spreaganaibh dhiádha: creud an an fheidhm do rinneadh si do ghrassaibh Dé; creud tairbhe do bhuain si ona sacrameintidh do ghlac si: o bhriathar De, do chualadh no leaghadh. Creud an tairbhe do rinn dona slighthibh sobhéusacha so ann do chur Dia uileachómhachtach i; Cionas do chuir sí abhféidhm na tioidhlaicthe le'ar aontaobhaidh se í. Fiu na noibreacha is fearr dá rinn si criarthóchar go glan iad; a hurnaighthe, atrosgadha, a deircghniomha; an intinn lepar ghaibh si le a hais iad; an módh ionnar choimhlion si iad, meadhfar iad uile; ni a gcothrom cealgach breitheamhnais daoine, acht a gcothram na coisreagan. A! creud an mhéid dár ngniomhartha do gheabhthar an uair sin air easbadh meadhchàin, do réir rádh an Fhaigh Domhnaid. Do meadhaigh thu san meadh; agus do frith air bheaganmeadhachain thu. *Cab 5.* O! na teigh ambreitheamhnas le t'oghlách; oir ad lathairse ni fireúntar aoinneach ina bheatha.

Smusin, san treasait, càil an Bhreithimh nar eigion dhuinn teacht ina lathair. Ata se dochuimsighthe an eagna, agus dá brígh sin ni feidir a inhealladh. Atá se dochuimsighthe a gcómhacht; uime sin ní fèidir seasamh an aghaidh; Ata se dochuimsighthe a gceart; agus dà brigh sin, "iocfadh le-gach naon do reir a oibreacha." Ni bhfuil maith abeith ag suil le cairdeas an lá san. Atá aimsir an luacht saogthair, iongh-

what use she has made of God's graces ; what profit she has reaped from the sacraments which she has received ; from the word of God which she has heard or read ; what advantages she has made of those favourable circumstances in which God Almighty has placed her ; how she has employed the talents with which he has entrusted her ; even her best works shall be nicely sifted ; her prayers, her fasts, her alms-deeds, the intention with which she has undertaken them, the manner in which she has performed them ; all shall be weighed, not in the deceitful balance of the judgment of men, but in the scales of the sanctuary. Ah ! how many of our actions will there be found to want weight, according to that of Dan. 5. "Thou hast been weighed in the balance, and art found of too little weight." "O ! enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord, for no man living shall be justified in thy sight !" Ps. 142.

Consider, 3dly, The quality of the Judge before whom we must appear. He is infinitely wise, and therefore cannot be deceived ; he is infinitely powerful, and therefore cannot be withstood ; he is infinitely just, and therefore will "render to every man according to his works." No favour is to be expected this day ; the time of merit and of acceptable repentance is now at an end. O ! christians, think well

abhtha gcrioch. A! a Chríostaighe, smuain go maith air anois, an fhad agus gur ab é do lá é. Is feidir leat anois do pheacuidhe do níghe dhìot le dearaihb aithrighe; agus mar so iad d'follacha o shuilibh an bhreithimh bhias ort fòs. Is eidir leat anois lathair le hurnaighthe umhla a lamha do chúibhreach; Is feidir leat thu fèin do chur air aith-eisteacht ona cheart go cathaoir a thrócaire, agus a chur d'fhiachaibh air an bhreith ata le ad haghaidh do chur air neimhnidhe. Achd an la san do gheabhair e neamhshuimeamhuil ann tathchuinge.— Tiocfadh do dheora agus t'urnaighthe annsan ro dheighionach.

Smuain, san gceathramhadh ait, an fortacht do-mheasda do gheabhadh anamna na bhfireun an la so o chòmluadhar andeagh oibreacha, do thimchillochus iad air gach uile thaobh mar bhabhdhunn dochlaoidhte ag congbhail a-namhaid ifrionda amach uatha. O m'anam tug amaoidne aire a samhulsea do chòmlúadar do 'shaláthar dúinn fèin agcuinne na huair sin atá chum ar gcineamhuin siorrúighe do chur a gcrích. Is caraid dearbhtha, iadso nách treigfeadh sinn san mbás fein, agus bhuaidhfheadh ár gcuis go heifiochtach ós comhair cathaoir bhreitheamhnais Dè, anáit nách beadh tabhacht anaon chaoirrádh eile.

Smuain, san gcúigeadh ait, creud an riocht anachruitheamhuil iona mbíadh an peacach nách rinn sgim d'aon ionmhus deaghoibreacha

on't now, whilst it is your day. You may now wash away your sins by penitential tears, and thus hide them from the eye of your future Judge ; you may at present tie up his hands by humble prayer ; you may appeal from his justice to the court of his mercy, and cause him to cancel the sentence that stands against you. But, at that day, you will find him inexorable. Your prayers and tears will then come too late,

Consider, 4thly, The inestimable comfort that the souls of the just shall receive at that day, from the company of their good works, which, like an invincible rampart, shall surround them on all sides, and keep their hellish foes at a distance. O ! my soul, let us take care to provide ourselves such attendants as these, against that hour which is to decide our eternal doom, These are friends, indeed, that will not forsake us even in death, and will effectually plead our cause at the bar, where no other eloquence will be regarded,

Consider, 5thly, In what a wretched plight the sinner, who has taken no care to lay up any such provision of good works, shall now stand

don tsamhuilsi do chnuasach, ag seasamh do lathair an Bhreithimh O! creud mar labhras an uile nídhe anois don cheacht dhòlasach so, atà go díreach chum tuitim air a cheann cionntach. Gè bé ait ionna bhéuchfadh, ní fhaicfeadh aoinnidh do bhéurfadh fortacht do; acht anádhaigh sin, an uile nídhe do bheircóngnamh chuma dhólais, agus a sgannra do mhéudúghadh. Fá na chosaibh do chídih ifrionn fhosgailte olamh chum a shloigthe síos; os a chionn breithiomh feargach ag olmhúghadh chum na daorbhreithe síorrúighe, gan chasadh do phleusgadh amach anághadh. Air a lámh dheis do chídih a aingiol cosanta anois dá thréigion, air a laimh chlí, na Díabhail, a namhuide neamhthrôcairighe, olamh glan chum beartha air, agus gan do mhoill orrtha acht sméide on Bhreithimh.— Mádh fhéuchan ina dhíagh nochtan an saoghal cealgach e fein do, nóch do theithionn uaigh anois. Mádh fheuchan roimhe, ní theangbhas aoinnidhe leis acht síorrúigheacht dhíamhair, ann a stigh airighionn soigheada dofhulaingthe coguais ciontach; agus air an uile thaobh de mothaighean slúagh athach úrghrána, a pheacadha fein níbhús uathbhásáidhe do anois, ina Diabhail ifrinn. A Dhè mhoir, saor mise o bheith rannpháirteach chaoidhche ann a leitheid do radharc anacrach.

Smuain, san séisiughadh ait, Air mhodh go gcoisgfeadhmaois breitheamhnas Dé, o thuitim orainn go trom tairéis báis, caithfeadhmaoid aire do thabhairt anois feadh ár ré; sinn fèin

before his Judge ! O ! how all things now speak to him the melancholy sentence that is just about to fall upon his guilty head ! Whatever way he looks, he sees nothing that can give him any comfort ; but, on the contrary, all things that contribute to his greater anguish and terror. Beneath his feet, he sees hell open, ready to swallow him up ; above his head, an angry Judge preparing to thunder out against him the irrevocable sentence of eternal damnation. On his right hand, he sees his guardian angel now abandoning him ; and, on his left, the devils, his merciless enemies, just ready to seize upon him, and only waiting for the sentence. If he looks behind him, he discovers a cheating world, which now retires from him : if he looks before him, he meets with nothing but a dismal eternity. Within him, he feels the intolerable stings of a guilty conscience ; and, on all sides of him, he perceives an army of hideous monsters, his own sins, more terrible to him now than the pains of hell. Good God, deliver me from ever having a share in such a scene of misery !

Consider, 6thly, That, in order to prevent the judgment of God from falling heavy upon us after death, we must take care now, during life, to judge and chastise ourselves, by doing

do smachtughadh agus do dhaoradh le deunamh aithrìge dhúthractach ionár bpeacúidhe. — Mar so, agus mar so amháin, feudfamaoid ceartbhreitheamhnas Dé do dhiotharmúghadh do faidíghthead le nár bpeacúidhe. Leanam combhairle an te úd do bhias mar Bhreithiomh orainn, nóch do ghlaodhan orainn uile chum faire agus urnaighthe do dhéunamh anúile amm; ionas go measfuidhe go mfiú sin dul as os na peirfacailighe sgannramhalla so; agus seasamh go dóchuisseach alathair mac an duise. *Luc 21, f. 36.* A! biodh an breitheamhnas so ós cómhair ar sul do ghnaith. Machtnúighmid go laetheamhail air an gcuntas ata lá eigin aguin le tabhairt. Ná dearmámaoid choidhche go bfuil súil shuas do chídh an uile nídh; go bhfuil lámh do sgríobhus, ar smuainte, ar mbriathra agus ar ngníomhartha uile, ann Leabhar an mhorchuntais; go ngluaision ar ngníomhartha uile ó ar lamhaibhne chum lamhaibh nDé; an nídh deuntar anaimsir, nàch imthidheadh le haimsir; acht go seasuidhean d'eis an uile aimsir d'imtheacht. O gan na daoine eagnadha, agus na firinnidhe so do thuigsin, agus solathar do dheunamh da gcríoch dheighionnach. *Deut. 32.*

AN X. CAIB.

Air La an mhorchuntais.

AN DEACHMHADH LA.

SMUAIN, air dtuis, Nàch eidir aoinnidh do mheas ní bhus uathbhàsaighe iona an teasbeanadh do bheir an sgrìbhinn diádha air lá an bhuntais dhéighonaigh, maille le gach iongantais

serious penance for our sins. Thus, and only thus, shall we disarm the justice of God, enkindled by our sins. Let us follow the advice of him who is to be our judge, who calls upon us all to watch and pray at all times, that so we may be found worthy to escape these dreadful dangers, and stand with confidence before the Son of Man. Luke 21. v. 36. Ah! let this judgment be always before our eyes; let us daily meditate on this account that we are one day to give. Let us never forget, that there is an eye above that sees all things; that there is an ear that hears all things: that there is a hand that writeth down all our thoughts, words and deeds, in the great account-book; that all our actions pass from our hands to the hands of God; and that what is done in time, passeth not away with time, but shall subsist after all time is past. "O! that men would be wise, and would understand these truths, and provide in earnest for their last end!" Deuter. 32.

CHAP. X.

On the great Accounting Day.

THE TENTH DAY.

CONSIDER, first, That nothing can be conceived more terrible than the prospect which the Scripture gives us of the last accounting day, with all the prodigies that shall

dá ngeabhadh roimhe, an grian air ndorchúdh-adh an gheallach chòmh dearg le fuil; na réulta gan solus; agus a gcosmhúlacht tuitioma òn spéir; an talamh air bailichrith le madhman-naibh fíochmhara; an fhaírge ag at, agus a geimionaigh le hanfadh neamhghnáthach, na dúile uile ag cómhbhúaireadh, agus an chruinne iomlán air mearúghadh. Lá an tighearna, adeir an Fáigh Joel, *Caib 2*. lá dorchadas agus díamhaireacht, lá néulta agus gaoth-ghuairnein. Roimhe teíne lèirsgriosach; agus iona dhàigh lasaracha loisgidhtheach, crithfeadh an talamh air thaidhbhseadh na neithe sí; agus gluaisfid na Flaithehis leis an radharc; ataid an ghrian agus an gheallach iar ndorchúghadh, agus do chúaidh iomlán solais na réulta air gcúl. Agus eighmhion an Fhaidh Sophonias amach, an lá san, lá díbheirge; lá búartha agus peannaide; lá díombhuadh agus anacra; lá dorchadais agus duaibhsighthe; ceofheartain agus anfadh, *Caib 1*. An feidir le haonnidhe bheith nìbhus sgannramhla iona an turasgabhailse. A! creud fad smuainte an duine pheacamhuil an lá san, an tráth chídfeadh sé na còmhharthaoise ag bagairt air? Faraoir! feóchadh sé go biomlán le heagla, ag feithiomh leis an aoidheadh, nách fulair go leanfas na sambuilte sgeimhleachso.

Smuain, san dara áit, Air dteacht an lae dheíghionnaigh, go loisgfeadh teinne cuthaigh, mar thuile bhorb, le hordúghadh Dê, uachdar na h-
an go biomlán, agus an uile nìdhe dà bfuil

go before it. The sun darkened; the moon red as blood; the stars without light, and seeming to fall from the firmament; the earth shaking with violent earthquakes; the sea swelling and roaring with unusual tempests; the elements all in confusion, and all nature in disorder.

"The day of the Lord, (says the prophet Joel, chap. 2.) a day of darkness and obscurity, a day of clouds and whirlwinds. Before its face devouring fire, and behind it burning flames. The earth shall tremble at the appearance of it, and the heavens be moved at the sight. The sun and moon are darkened, and the stars have withdrawn all their light." And the prophet Sophonias, (c. 1.) cries out, "That day, a day of wrath, a day of tribulation and anguish, a day of calamity and misery, a day of darkness and obscurity, a day of mists and whirlwinds." Can any thing be more frightful than these descriptions? Ah! what will then be the thoughts of sinful man, who sees himself threatened with all these signs? Alas! he shall perfectly wither away with fear, in expectation of that tragedy, which must follow these dreadful preludes.

Consider, 2dly, That, the last day being come, a fire, raging like an impetuous torrent, shall, by the command of God, consume the whole surface of the earth, and all that is there-

air: nì rachfadh aoinnidhe as úadhb, O a shaoghaltanaigh, cá bhfuil do dhúnta uaisle uile an tan san, do shuigheacháin aoibhinne, do gharaidhte, dolingtheacha agus t'foirisidhe. Cá bhfuil do chuid óir, airgid, agus clocha úaisle? &c. Faraoir! an uile nídhe air ar dhoirtis do chroidhe san saoghalso, fágfar na luaithre a bhfeoithe aimsire: chum ollbhaoise na neithe do ghradhaidheas do theasbeanadh dhuit, agus do dithceillidhe fein, an taighe do dhórtadh air a samhail do niamhsaile, do bhreúgan dathanacha. Foghlaim uime sin, m'anam bocht an saoghalso do tharcainníghadh agus a ulmhaithios uile, os luaithre, agus deatach an deire uile; agus leag súas dhuit fein saidhbhríos air neamh, os air amháin nàch biaidh cumus agan dteine dhéighionnaigh se.

Smuain, san treas ait, Air mbeith dho chríoch dhéighionnach an tsaoighilse, anois air dteacht, aídfeadh an tArdaingiol an stoic déighionnach; agus ardóchadh a ghuth le *Surgite Mortui*—"Eirighidhe amhairbh, agus tigidhe chum bhreitheamhnais:" Guith do chluinfear an einfeacht tríd an gcruinne, agus rachas tríd an bhfiathas is aoirde agus thollfas síos tríos an bpoll is doimhne anifríon. Leis an nguithse tré ardchomhachta nDé eireochadh clann Adhaimh uile d'aon bhig, an chéud duine agus an duine deighionnach o'n luaithre; agus ceangléochar gach aon anam dá chodluin cheart fein arís; go siorruighe arís, gan sgaramhaint-air feadh na sìorruigheachta. O! m'anam biodh

on ; nothing shall escape it. Where, O world-ings, will be then all your stately palaces, your pleasant seats, your gardens, fountains, and grottos ? where your gold, silver, and precious stones ? &c. Alas ! all that you have set your hearts on in this world, shall, in a moment, be reduced to ashes ; to shew you the vanity of all things you loved, and your own folly, in placing your affections upon such glittering shadows, upon such painted baubles. Learn then, my soul, to despise the world and all its goods, since all must end in ashes and smoke ; and lay up for thyself a treasure in heaven, which alone will be out of the reach of this last fire.

Consider, 3dly, That the final end of this world being now come, the archangel shall sound the last trumpet, and raise his voice with a *Surgite mortui !* " Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment : " a voice that shall at once be heard over all the universe, that shall pierce the highest heavens, and penetrate down to the lowest abyss of hell. At this voice, in an instant, by God's almighty power, all the children of Adam, from the first to the last, shall rise from the dust, and every soul shall be again united to its respective body, never more to part, for eternity. O, my soul ! let this trumpet always echo in thy ears. O ! take care to pre-

fuaime an stoic so ad chluasaibh do shíor ! A !
 tabhair aire d'uathbhfas an ordúghadhas do chosg,
 le eistíocht anois le ordúghadh oile mhór stoic
 an spioraid Naoimh, do ghlaodhas ort tré bhéul
 an Absdail; mûsgail suas tusa chodlas, eirghe
 o'n marbh (omharbhaibh an pheacadh) agus seilt-
 séochadh Críost tu, *Eph. 5.* Is mur so o bheith
 pairteach san gcéud eiseirghe, dhéunfair so-
 lathar a gcoinne na huairé uathbhasaighe sin.
 Ní bhíadh aimsir ann ní bhus mó. *Apoc. 10.*—
 Is marso racha tu as o'n dara bás.

Smuain. san gceathramhadh ait, An neamh-
 chosamhlacht iongantach do bhías, anam an
 eiseirghe choitichion, idir chodlannaibh na
 bfireun agus na malaightheoirighe. Eirgheo-
 chaid na fíreun a gcodlanaibh rò-aluinne ní bhus
 glainne iona na reulta, ní bhus taithneamhúidhe
 iona an ghrian; do-mharbhtha agus do-fhula-
 ingthe; acht eirgheochaidh codlana na malaigh
 theoirighe ariocht oireamhnach dá dtuilionh;
 truaillighthe; dubh, gráineamhail, agus fuath-
 mhar agus do-fhoighnighthe ann gach aon
 tslighe; do-mharbhtha, is fiór, acht gé gur
 abeadh, ní chum aon chríche, acht chum pianta
 do-mharbhtha d'fhulaing. Creud an pheánaid
 do-labhartha dona hanamnaibh truaghacha so,
 a néiginiughadh a steach agconabluighibh do'n
 tsamhuilsí, do bheith daortha chum géibhíonn
 siorruighe, adteaghalach chómh graineamhail
 chómh salach so ! A ! tabhairse aire m'anam
 sa do chodlain a choimbeud glan anois o
 thruaillightheacht, drúis-pheacadh, air eagla

vent the terror of this summons, of the great trumpet of the Holy Ghost, who calls upon thee by the mouth of the apostle: "Awake thou that sleepest, and rise from the dead, (that is from the death of sin,) and Christ shall enlighten thee." Eph. 5. It is thus, by having part in the first resurrection, thou shalt provide against that dreadful hour, when "time shall be no more." Apoc. 10. It is thus, thou shalt escape the second death.

Consider, 4thly, The wonderful difference there will be at the time of this general resurrection, between the bodies of the just, and those of the wicked. The just shall rise in bodies most beautiful; more clear than the stars, more splendid than the sun, immortal and impassable; but the wicked shall rise in bodies suitable to their deserts; foul, black, hideous, and every way loathsome and insupportable; immortal, it is true, but, to no other end, than to endure immortal torments. What an inexpressible rack will it be to those wretched souls, to be forced into such carcasses, to be condemned to an eternal confinement, in so horrid, so filthy an abode! Ah! take thou care, my soul, to keep thy body now pure from the

go mbladh sé ina adhbhar méudaighthe **dod** anacra là eile air a mhalairt.

Smuain, san gcuigeadh ait, mèud an tsasaimh agus an luathgháradh le a ngeabhaid anamna na bfireun seilbh ionna gcodlannaibh arís, ní do shanntuigheadar an f baid sin; creud é 'ghradhmhaireacht agus d'fhailteochaid roimh a gcòmhphàirtighthe ionna saothar agus a dtreagnas uille, agus anois a nairighthe, tre chuiduighadh anghloire Shion neamhdha, chum breise do chur air a sonas sìorrúighe. Acht, O! creud iad na heascuinne uathbhásacha do bhías ag teagbháil na mallaightheoirighe.— Achorpain mhaluighthe, a dearfadh an t'anam, an chum do shàsaighthe, chum toil do thabhairt do tainmhiantaibh do dhìolasa aoibhneas mharthannach na Bhfaithchios? A a thruaghnaí! chum sásamh salach móimeide do thabhairt dhuitsi, is eadh, do dhaor misi agus tusa air feadh na sìorruigheachta. O! malacht fà thri ort a spaid! is ceart tusa ós tu dob adhbhar damanta dhamhsa, abheith ad phàirtighe agam, an amhgar sìorrúighe! Acht nár chirte dhuitsi, fòs a anam dhona, míle malacht d'fhaghail o'n gcodluin, o dob è do ghnòdh, aguse ad chomhacht a hainmhianta agus a drúise do chlaoidh, chum umhlugheacht, ceile agus creidimh: agus fòs, do thoigise mar rogha air son moimeid sgléipe, leadrán do dheúnamh dhìot féin dá claontaibh toilteneacha, agus mur sin ifrion do shaorthuagha dhuit fein agus dod chodlain? A chrìostaighthe! foghlamúighmidne a bheith eagnaigh tre learsmuaine air dhonas daoine eile.

corruption of carnal sins, lest, otherwise, it be **one day** an aggravation of thy eternal misery.

Consider, 5thly, With how much satisfaction and joy the souls of the just shall be united again to their bodies, which they have so long desired; with what affection they shall embrace those fellow-partners of all their labours, of all their sufferings and mortifications, and now designed, by sharing in the glory of heavenly Sion, to give an addition to their eternal happiness. But O! what dreadful curses shall pass at the melancholy meeting of the souls and bodies of the reprobate! Accursed carcass, will the soul say, was it to please thee, to indulge thy brutish inclinations, that I have forfeited the immortal joys of heaven? Ah, wretch! to give thee a filthy pleasure for a moment, have damned both thee and myself to all eternity! O thrice accursed carrion, it is just, it is just that thou, who hast been the cause of my damnation, should be my partner in eternal woe. But oughtest not thou rather, unhappy soul, to be a thousand times accursed by thy body; since it was thy business; and was in thy power to have subjected its passions and lusts to the rule of reason and religion, and thou didst rather choose, for the sake of a momentary satisfaction, to enslave thyself to its sensual inclinations, and so to purchase hell both for thyself and for thy body? Ah! Christians, let us learn to be wise by the consideration of others' misfortunes.

AN XJ. CAIB.

Air an Mbreitheamhnas Coitichionn.

A T'AONMHADH LA DEUG.

SMUAIN, air dtúis, na mairbh uile do bheith éirighthe, beid gan stad tionólta abhfochair a cheile, san ionad cinnte chum an Breitheamhnais dheionnaigh, sí an cheadfadh choitichion gur 'be gleann Josaphat lámh le Hiarusalem, a radharc sleibhte Olibhet agus Chalbhair, san ait ar dhoirt ar Dtighearna a chuid fola chéana chum ar bfuasgalta. Creud an radharc é clann Adhaimh uile d'fhaicsin anso, an sluagh do-airmhighthe sin dona n'uile chinne, aois agus céim ag seasamb le chéile gan eidirgheilt air bith anois, do shaidbhir na do bhocht, do mhór 'na do bheag, do Thighearna 'na d'oglach, do Fhlaithe 'na d'fhómósach; acht amhain deighilt an uile agus an mhaith, do bhíos iongantach agus siorruighe; Faraoir! chòmh suathrach 'guis an teasbanadh do dhèunfadh Alasdrom, no Caesar ag an dtionolso, na aoinneach do na curradháibh móra so analód, na gcuireadh a nainim amháin críocha iomlaine air crith: Na Flaithe combachtacha san agá raibhan Dómhan mhor ag a gcuil seal, ataid anois leagtha chómhisioll leis na moghaibh is taire dá raibh aca, agus go m'fearr leo míle úair nàch air iomcharúighdear riamh antslat riogha, agus nàr chaithidear an choroim.

Smuain, san dara ait, Air mbeadh dona marbhaibh anois tionólta a bhfochair a cheile,

CHAP. XI.

On the General Judgment.

THE ELEVENTH DAY.

CONSIDER, first, That the dead, being all risen, shall immediately be assembled together in the place designed for the last judgment, commonly believed to be the valley of Josaphat, near Jerusalem, in the sight of Mount Olivet and Mount Calvary, where our Lord heretofore shed his blood for our redemption. What a sight will it be, to behold here all the children of Adam, that innumerable multitude of all nations, ages and degrees, standing together without any distinction now, of rich or poor, great or little, master or servant, monarch or subject, excepting only the distinction of good and bad, which shall be wonderful and eternal! Alas! how mean a figure will an Alexander, or a Cæsar, make at this appearance, or any of those great heroes of antiquity, whose very name has made whole nations tremble! Those mighty monarchs who had once the world at their feet, are now levelled with the meanest of their slaves, and would wish a thousand times never to have borne the sceptre, or worn the diadem.

Consider, 2dly, That the dead, being now assembled together, the great Judge shall de-

tiocfadh an breithiomh mór anuas o neamh, le glòire agus còmhachta mhor; air dtimchiollúghadh leis an mbúidhionn neamhdha agus sluaighte uile na naingiol. O chomhneamhchosamhuil le na chéud theacht agus bhías an dara tiosbànadhso aige. Do bhí a cheud theacht agceannasacht agus a nûirsleadh mhór, mar dób é sin ar la 'ne, iona dtàinig chum sinn d'fhuasgla léna thrócaire. Acht air an dara taisbeanadh aige, bo he sin a la san, an tràth choireochadh sè é fein le sgeimhlibh uile acheirt chum sasaimh do bhuaint don pheacach i.e. adhbhar tar cuisne a thrócaire, maille lé diogh-altas dèighionnach aonaranach air shon an iomlàn. A pheacaidh anacracha cionas do bheirsi eumusach air theacht iona lathair, chum a ghnúis fheargach d'fhulaing. A! an san ghairfir air na sleibhte agus air na cairgíbh tuitim ort agus tu d'folacha, ó ghnúis an té shúigheas air an riogh-chathaoir agus ó fhearg an uain. Ní headh amhain bearfadh fiu radharc an Breithimh fheargach a leithéid d'eagla agus sganradh leis go m'fearr leat mile úair go bfeudfadha do bhathas ciontach d'falacha san ifrionn is iochtarrúighe níbus luaithe iona fhulaingeofadh an taidhbhse geiteamhuilsi; acht ní bhfuil tabhacht ann, caithfir a sheasamh amach.

Smuain, san treas ait, Go niomchurochar roimh an mbreithiomh méirge ríghtheamhuil na croise níbus soillsíge go mór iona an

ascend from heaven with great glory and majesty, environed with all the heavenly courtiers and all the legions of angels. O! how different from his first coming will this, his second appearance, be! His first coming was in great meekness and humility, because that was our day, in which he came to redeem us by his mercy; but at his second coming, it will be his day, when he shall arm himself with all the terrors of his justice, to revenge upon sinful man the cause of his injured mercy, with a final vengeance once for all. Miserable sinners, how will you be able to stand before his face, to endure his wrathful countenance? Ah! then it is you will begin to cry out to the mountains and rocks to fall upon you, and hide you from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the Lamb. Nay, such a dread and terror will the very sight of the incensed judge carry with it, that you shall even wish a thousand times to hide your guilty heads in the lowest hell, rather than endure this dreadful appearance; but, all in vain, you must stand it out.

Consider, 3dly, That, before the Judge, shall be borne the royal standard of the cross; shining more bright than the sun, to the great com-

ghrian chum fortach mhór do na fiérin, agus peapnaide agus combbhuaireadh dolabhartha na malaightheoirighe, adtaobh loighead an tairbhe do rinneadar do thiodhlaithe do-mheasda a bhfhuasgalta. An so chídhdid go follus, creud è mheid d'fulaing a Ndia air son a slanaighthe; chòmh mór agus an gràdh do chríochnaighthe: do-shámhailte úd do thug anúas o riogh sluigh-cuchain na gloire é, agus do chúibhraigh air an gcrois é. Och! mar do dhaorfaidh anduircacht fein anois san bpeacadh, a ndaileadh agus a miochuman; cionas mar do dheunfadh an eòmarthaglórmharso, leithsgeul, bhreitheamh-nais Dé, agus siorrúigheacht pianta ithfrinn do ghàbhail alathair an domhain mhoir! creud níbhus lúghadh, iona siorruigheacht anacrach is lor mar phionos don anoiread san olc, deis anoiread sa gràdh.

Smuain, sangceathramhadh ait, Mar do thoghfear muintir dhílis Dé as ceartlar an tsluaigh mhóir sin le aithne an airdbhreithibh, nóch dà ngeilfear gan mhoill agus suighfear go honoir-each air a laimh dheis; an trath tiománfar na malaightheoirighe leis na hannspioraidibh sin uile le ar thaobhúigheadar, go míodhchlúdhach chum an taoibh clè. O! adhealúghadh sganramhaill shiorrúighe! tairéis nách teagmhochadh an dá chuideachta so go siorruighe arís. Agus tusa m'anam, cà bhfuil suil agad seasamh ar an lá san? Cía aca don dà chuideachta iona súighfear tu? Atà anois do roghadh agad. Togh anois an chuid ud is farr, nách béurfar uait

fort of the good, and the unspeakable anguish and confusion of the wicked, for having made so little use of the inestimable benefit of their redemption. Here they shall plainly see, how much their God has suffered for their salvation; how great has been his love for them, that boundless and unparalleled love, which brought him down from the throne of glory, and nailed him to the cross. O! how will they now condemn their own obstinacy in sin, their blindness and ingratitude! O! how will this glorious ensign justify, in the face of the whole universe, the judgment of God, and the eternity of hell's torments: for what less than a miserable eternity can be punishment enough for so much obstinacy in evil, after so much love?

Consider, 4thly, How, at the command of the sovereign Judge, which shall be instantly obeyed, the servants of God shall be selected from the midst of that vast multitude, and placed with honour on his right hand; whilst the wicked, with all those evil spirits, whose part they have taken, shall, with ignominy, be driven to the left. O! dreadful and eternal separation, after which these two companies shall never more meet. And thou, my soul, where dost thou expect to stand at that day? In which of these two companies shalt thou be ranked? Thou hast it now in thy choice: chuse, then, now that better part which shall

choidhche, Luathaidh anois as lár Bhabìlon. Duiltaigh anois do riaghalachaibh breugachà, do cleachtaibh truailliche, agus do sgléipibh peacamhlà na saoghaltanacha. Deighil tu fein ò na mallaightheoiribh, anam, ionas nàch tuitfeadh asteach ionna ndamaint shiorruighe.

Smuain, — san gcúigeadh ait, Creud na smuainte bhias san am san ag daoine mòra an tsaoighilsi; creud an cuthach, creud an tnuith creud an pheanaid sgalaoidiach, agus an còmh-bhùaireadh lúighfeadh air a nanamnaibh an trath chìghfid na boicht a spioraid, na ceannsaighthe agus an lucht ùiriosal, do dhìmhheasadar còmhnuorsan an feadh do bhàdarsan mbeatha sobhàsaighthesi anois, air nònòrúghadh agus n'ardúghadh a radharc an dòmhain uile, agus iad fein dà dtarcuisniúghadh le na uiread san droichmhais, Eist le na ngearàn do reir mur do chuireadh sìos iad leis an eagnach; ag so an mhuintir fàna ndearnamair gàire roimhisi, agus dá ndearnamair cosbóir ar míghrinn.—

Budh sinne na donáin gan chéil: Do mheasamar gur bhaois a mbeatha, agus a gcríoch gan onoir; Feuch mar d' airmhighthear iad anois am easg chloinne Dé, agus leis na naomhaibh ann a mir shiorrúighe. *Ergo erravimus a via veritas.*

Eag. 5. Faraoir! Tairéis gach uile nìdhe, is sinne na daoine do bhì meallta, is sinne go misheunmhar do rith san tslighe aincheart, agus 'siad san do bhì eagnaigh go firinneach a dtaobh rogha nìbhus fearr do dheunamh nóch, do thug

never be taken from thee. "Fly now from the midst of Babylon," renounce now the false maxims, the corrupt customs, and sinful diversiments of worldings, separate thyself from the wicked in time, that thou mayest not be involved in their eternal damnation.

Consider, 5thly, What then will be the thoughts of the great ones of the world; what fury, what envy, what bitter anguish and confusion will oppress their souls, when they shall see the poor in spirit, the meek and humble, who were so contemptible in their eyes whilst they were here in this mortal life, now honoured and exalted in the sight of the whole universe, and themselves treated with so much contempt? Harken to their complaints, as they are set down by the wise man: Wisd. 5. "These are they, whom we heretofore laughed at, and whom we made the subjects of our scoffs. Senseless wretches that we were; we esteemed their lives madness, and their end without honour. See! how they are now reckoned amongst the children of God, and with the saints in their eternal lot." *Ergo erravimus a via veritatis.* Alas! after all, we are the persons that have been mistaken! we that have unfortunately run in the wrong way. And they were truly wise in making a bet-

fortacht ambeatha dhoibh ; agus anois do bheir ceart dhoibh air luathgháir gan críoch.

Smuain, san sèisiughadh ait, chomh mór agus meudòchar peannaid, agus còmhbbhuaireadh na mallaightheoirighe, air fhoscladh leabhair na gcoguas, an tràth nochtfar cionta iomlàn a mbeatha a radharc an tsaoghail uile òs àrd. A pheacaidh bhoicht! creud iad do smuainte anuair nochtfar do choirthe do rìis san uaignios is mo agus nàch foillséochadh, air an saoghal ; na gnìomhartha san do bhraithis abheith clúdaighthe le dìamhaireacht óidhche, agus dorchadais, agus ar bhreúgais tu fein nàch fagha do chairde na do lucht comhludair fios choidhche ortha.— Na hoibreacha eugchoraeha san go mbfeidir nàch faighfeadh ód chróidhe aninnsin d'aoinneach amhuil do bheith fà chuibhreach an uile dhlíge chum gnath-ruin iona ndathanna firinneach anois foillsighthe dhó shuile an dombain go leir, aingil agus daoine, maith agus olc, chum do naire shiorruidhe : A chrìostaighthe ! ata anois ann bhuir gcòmhachta le haithrighe agus faoisidin fhirrinnighe an còmhbbhuaireadh so do theibeàdh nòch do caithfir a fhulang lá eigin air amhalairt.

AN XII. CAIB.

Air bhreith dheighionnaigh an uile agus an Mhaith.

A DARA LA DEUG.

SMUAIN, air dtuis, mar do crìochnochar an triail mhór so le saoir bhreith suidhte, gan

ter choice, which offered them no comfort in life, and has now entitled them to endless joys.

Consider, 6thly, How much the anguish and confusion of the wicked will be encreased at the opening of the book of conscience, when all the guilt of their whole lives will be laid open in the public view of the universe. Poor sinner ! what will thy thoughts be, when those crimes, which thou hast committed in the greatest secrecy, and which thou wouldst not have known for the world ; those abominations, which thou imaginedst covered with the obscurity of night and darkness, and which thou didst flatter thyself that thy friends and acquaintances would never know ; those works of iniquity which ; perhaps, thou couldst not find in thy heart to discover to one person, tied by all laws to a perpetual secrecy, shall all now be exposed in their true colours to the eyes of the whole world, angels and men, good and bad, to thy eternal shame. Ah ! christians, it is now in your power to prevent, by a sincere repentance and confession, this confusion which you must otherwise one day suffer.

CHAP. XII.

On the Last Sentence of the Good and Bad.

THE TWELFTH DAY.

CONSIDER, first, How this great trial shall be concluded by a final, definitive sentence

chasa air thaobh na bhfireun, agus daoir bhreith damainteach air thaobh na mallaightheoirighe, agus air dtuis, an tard bhreithiomh agà iom-poghadh fein air athogha, le gnúis ro-mhillis ro-gheannamhuil, bhféurfadh cuireadh dhoibsi dul a steach a dteaghlach shonaídh an aoibhnis shiorruighe (ag radh) Tigidhe a lucht beannaighthe m'athar, gabhaguighe seilbh san righeacht do hollmhuigheadh dhíbh ó thosach an domhain, *Matha 25*. O a chuifreadh shonuidhe! is sonuidhe, fá thrí an drong do gheibhthear fiuntach chum an bhreith chomhfhortambuilse do chluisdin, creud an sásamh do-aithriste, creud na tuiltighe lúathghara agus aoibhnis do bheúra a chlos don drong beannaighthe san. Ataim air lionadh le luathghàir adeir an Fhàidh, rightheamhail, *Salm, 121*, ag an sgeul sonaidh do chualas, atamaoid le dul a steach a dtigh ar dtighearna. Acht mo bhròn! creud an tnúth, creud an fíoch, agus an mhiosgais d'aireochaid nu mallaightheorighe air chlos na cuireadh so, an tràth chidhfídh mórán dá lucht aitheanta gairmthe chum seilbhe na righeachta síorruidhe sin, nóch ar bhféidir leo a cheannach chómh saordhalach; acht tre na ndíthi ceile agus a mairinntinne fein do mhalartuigheadar go dall é air lasrachaibh ifrinn.

Smuain, san dara áit, agus meas ar do shocaracht an bhreath shonnaidhse, Tigidh (adeir an breithiomh) alucht beannaighthe m'athar, &c, Tigidh ó ghleann na ndéor a náit le

in favor of the just, and for the condemnation of the wicked. And first, the sovereign Judge, turning himself towards the elect, with a most sweet and amiable countenance, shall invite them into the happy mansions of everlasting bliss : " Come, ye blessed of my Father, take possession of the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world." Mat. 25. O happy invitation ! Happy, thrice happy, they that shall be found worthy to hear that comfortable sentence ! What unspeakable satisfaction, what torrents of joy and pleasure, will the hearing of it give to those blessed creatures ? " I am filled with joys, (says the royal prophet) at the happy tidings which I have heard ; we are to come into the house of our Lord." Ps. 121. But O ! what envy, what rage, and malice, will the reprobate feel at the hearing of this invitation, when they shall see several of their acquaintances called to take possession of that eternal kingdom, which, by their own folly and stupidity, they have blindly exchanged for the flames of hell !

Consider, 2dly, And ponder at leisure upon this happy sentence, " Come (says the Judge) ye blessed of my Father, &c." come from the vale of tears, where, for a little while, you ha-

hordúghadh m' airdreimheasa, do bhadbhar fa chrúadhas agus fá bhuaireadh; feadh tamail bhig chum ríoghachta luthghára do-chrionch-naighthe, an àit nách beadh cumhadh na brón ni bhus mó. Tigidh ó ionad na hionarbadh, anáit arabhabhar sealead ag osnadhail agus ag cneadaigh a bhfad o bhur dtir neamhdha, chum bhur ndúthchais bhuaintseasamhaighe, anáit a dteangmhrochadh sibh le gach uile nidh bo mhian le bhur gcroidhte chum bur naoibhneas do leiriúghadh, anáit ambiadh sibh go siorruighe sàsaighthe lé hiomad mo thighe, agus anolfadh sibh coidhche aig tobar na beatha, Eirighe a chuisle mo chleibh! 'ta an geimhre anois imighthe 'taid na tuilighe agus na hanfaidh sgaipighthe, Eirighe, agus gluais leat. O a bheannocht choitchion, shíorruidhe! Cionas mar do tharcnisighean m'anam bocht an uile aoibhneas oile an doith go bhfaghadh pairt là eigin san mbreith bheannaighthe se.

Simusin, san treas ait, Taireis d'on mhor bhreithiomh cuireadh do thabhairt don a firéin teacht dà rioghact ghlórmhar, mar do chasadh se e fein air na mallaightheoríge air a lamh chlí, le teinne ionna shúile agus sgannra iona ghnúis. Blaomfaidh amach ina nádhaigh breathuaimhneach a gcríche síorróidhe ansna briathra so, Imthighe uaim a lucht na mallacht go teinne síorruidhe ollmhaighthe don Diabhal, agus dà ainglibh. A chríostaighthe m'anma, meadh-aighidh go maith gach focal don bhreith dhíamh-

been tried and afflicted by the appointment of my providence, to the kingdom of never-ending joys, where grief and sorrow will be no more; come from the place of banishment, where, for a time, you have sighed and groaned at a distance from your heavenly country, to your everlasting home, where you shall meet with all your hearts can desire, to complete your happiness; where you shall be for ever satiated by the plenty of my house, and drink for ever at the fountain of life. Arise, my beloved, the winter is now past, the floods and storms are over, arise and come. O universal and eternal blessing! how my poor soul contemns all other happiness, in hopes of having a share one day in this blessed sentence!

Consider, 3dly, How the great Judge, after having invited the just to his glorious kingdom, turning himself towards the wicked on his left hand, with fire in his eyes, and terror in his countenance, shall thunder out against them the dreadful sentence of their eternal doom in these words: "Go from me, you cursed, into everlasting fire, which was prepared for the devil and his angels." Christian souls, weigh well every word of this dismal sentence: Go for ever from me, and from the joys of my

airsi, Imthighe go siorruidhe uaim, agus o aoibhneas mo rioghachta bhioth bhuan. Och! a choingiollbháthadh sgannramhuil! Och a dheighilt chruadhalaighe! och a ionaibadh shiorruidhe! Cia fheudfas a aithris, cia dheudfas a smuaineadh creud a bheith deighilte chaoidhche ô ar nDia, ar gcéud chuis, ar gcricoch dheidheanach, ar nárd mhor mhaitheas? Trúaileanaighthe! do rinn anois còmhbeag san do bhúr nDia do chailleamhuin le peacadh marbhta, creud air a smuaineochasibh an tráth daorfas sibh chum a bheith dióbartha go siorruidhe uaigh, a bheith ag cinneamhuin dhibh a lorg airfeadh na siorruidhe achta, agus fos gan teagmhail leis an aon dá chailligheachta acht ionna cheart dhioghaltaiseach amheadhchansan do air-eoghcha sibh go siorruidhe. Acht tabhair, dod taire cabhfuil re dul, an tráth dhimtheochaidh ò sibh Dhía, faraoir! a dteine bhiothbhúan chum beatha síorbhàis do chaithiomh ann, chum bàs gan chríoch dfulaing ann, a gcuideachta an Diabhail agus a aingiolla. dà ndearnabhar sglabhaighthe dhibh fein agus dheunfas anois gan toirmiosg a mhoghsuinne dhimirt oraibh go siorruidhe.

Smuain, san gceathramhadh áit, An mhal-lacht choitichion uamhannach san do cheanglas an bhreith cheart gidh diamhairsin. Imthighe uainn, alucht na mallacht adeir an tàrd bhreithiomh. Amhuil agus do dhearfadh; Imthighe, bighidhe air siubhal úaim, acht go nimthighe

kingdom. O terrible excommunication! O cruel divorce! O eternal banishment! who can express, who can conceive what it is to be for ever separated from our God, our first beginning and last end, our great and sovereign good! Wretches, who make so little now of losing your God by mortal sin, what will you then think, when you shall be sentenced to eternal banishment from him, doomed to seek him for all eternity, and yet never to meet with him in any of his attributes, only in his avenging justice, the weight of which you shall feel for ever! But take notice whither you are to go when you go from your God: alas! into everlasting fire, there to lead a never-dying life, there to endure a never-ending death, in the company of the devil and his angels, to whom you made yourselves slaves, and who shall now, without controul, exercise for ever, their tyranny over you.

Consider, 4thly, That dreadful and universal curse, which this just, but dismal sentence, involves:—Go from me ye cursed, says the sovereign Judge; as if he was to say, Go, depart from me, but let my curse go with you. I would have given you my blessing, but you

mo mhallacht libh. Do bheurfainnsi mo bheannacht dhíbh, acht nior bh'aíl libh í.— Malacht do thoghabhar; agus isí an Mhalacht san bhur noighreacht shiorruidhe, leanfadh sí dhíbh mur bhrat air feadh na síorrúigheachta. Rachfadh sí a steach tri bhur ninidhibh; agus cúardochadh fiu smior bhur gcnamha, malacht air bhur súile, choidhche gan lias dà loíghead do sholus fortachta d'faicsin. Malacht air bhúr gcluasa chum abheith oidheachtaigthe air feadh na síorrúigheachta le gárthaibh agus le sgreadacha sganramhla. Malacht air bhur gcluasa chum abheith oidheachtaighthe air feadh na síorrúigheachta le gárthaibh agus le sgriadacha sganramhla. Malacht air bhur mblas chum a bheith càoidhche air searbhuighadh le domblas Dreagain. Malacht air bhur mbo-laith, chum bheith pránta do ghnaith le bolath graineamhuil phoill ifrinn, Malacht air bhur mothúghadh agus air an uile bhall do bhur gcorpaibh chum losgagh agus chaoidhche gan oidhdiúghadh, san dteinne sin nacht múchtar chaoidhche, Malacht air bhúr dtuicsin gan a bheith soillsighthe caoidhche le deallraibh na fírrinne, Malacht air bhur gcúimhne chum a bheith ag athchasa do ghnaith air shearbhas aithríge dheighionnach, neamthearbhaigh, giorra agus ollbhaoisi an ghrionn 'ta imighthe, Malacht air chur dtúairim, chaoidhche ag cur a niul dhíbh na hanacra laithreach agus le teacht Malacht air bhur dtoil seasamhach anolc, rialta na mbloghnaibh le míle mian d'asachtoch,

would not have it : a curse you chose, and that curse shall be your everlasting inheritance. It shall stick close to you like a garment, for all eternity ; it will enter into your very bowels, and search into the very marrow of your bones. A curse on your eyes, never to see the least glimpse of comfortable light ! A curse on your ears, to be entertained to all eternity with frightful shrieks and groans ! A curse on your taste, to be for ever embittered with the gall of dragons ! A curse on your smell, to be always tormented with the noisome stench of the pit of hell ! A curse on your feeling, and on all the members of your body, to burn and never to be consumed, in that fire which shall never be quenched ! A curse on your understanding, never to be illustrated with any rays of truth ! A curse on your memory, to be always revolving on the bitterness of a late and fruitless repentance, the shortness and vanity of past pleasure ! A curse upon your imagination, ever representing present and future miseries ! A curse on your will, obstinate in evil, torn in

agus iad uile buinascionn agus gan ar gcumus aon dìobh do chur abhfeidhim. Malacht faoi-déigh air iomlán bhur nanma, chum a bheith a nIfrionn di féin air feadh na síorrúigheachta! A Dhé mhaith, nár budh hé ar ndonasane go bráth an mhalacht uamhanach so do thuilliomh.

Smuain, san gcuigeadh ait, Tairéis na breithese do thabhairt, mar do rachadh an togha gan mhoill a steach a seilbh na righeachta biothbhuaime, a tà ollamh aig Dia do'n mhuintir do ghnidh a réir, anáit nàch bhfuil aon ionad ag an dobrón. Acht a dtaobh na mallaightheoir-íghe fosgalocha an talamh agus sloigfeadh si síos aneinfeacht iad uile, mar aon leis na Diabhail do mheall iad, san duibheagan gan bhonn agus iathfar na doirse chum gan an osgla nìbhus mó go déoigh, déoigh. Agso deire an uile shúbhachas na colna. Och! nach uathbhasach an nìdh tuitim a làmhaibh an Dè bhithbheo.

AN XIII. CAIB.

Air Ifrionn.

AN TREAS LA DEUG.

SMUAIN, air dtúis, O tà sè ráidhte san sgríbhinn diadha, nàch feacadh suil, agus nàch cualadh cluas, agus nàch tainig a gcroidhe an duine, na neithe ollmhuigheas Dia do'n droing ghradhuigheas é; uime sin is éidir linne a ràdh go firinneach, a dtaobh peannaid Ifrinn nàch féidir le teangadh dhaonaidhe a bhfriotal, nó le croidhte a dtuigsin. Do réir diaghairidhe

pieces with a thousand violent, and withal, opposite desires, and unable to accomplish any of them! A curse, in fine, upon your whole soul, to be a hell to itself for all eternity! Good God, let it never be our misfortune to incur this dreadful curse.

Consider, 5thly, How, after sentence is given, the elect shall enter, without delay, into the possession of that everlasting kingdom, which God has prepared for those that serve him, where sorrow can have no place, and joy no end. But, as for the wicked, the earth shall immediately open and swallow them all down at once, with the devils that seduced them, into the bottomless pit, and the gates shall be shut, never, never more to be opened. This is the end of all worldly pride; this is the end of all carnal pleasures. "O! how horrid a thing it is, to fall into the hands of the living God!" Heb. 10.

CHAP. XIII.

On Hell.

THE THIRTEENTH DAY.

CONSIDER, first, That, as it is said in holy writ, that "neither eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man, what God has prepared for those that serve him;" 1 Cor. 2. v. 9. so we may truly say, with regard to hell's torments, that no mortal tongue can express them, nor heart conceive them. Beatitude, according to divines, is a

an staid iomlàn do-chríochnaighthe bheannaightheacht, ag fòrlìona an aon tsuim gach uile mhaithios, gan aon mheasga oilc, Uime sin, mäs buinnsgionn do bheannaightheacht ata an damnúghadh, nì fulair gur d'aoin shion shìorruidhe é do gach uile olc, gan a bheag d'on mhaith tríd, gan a bheag do dheallra saimhe, sgaramhuing o hiomlàn o an uile shonas; agus meall dona n'ulle anacra.

Smuain, san dara ait, nìbhus cinnte. Creud é an nidh é damnúghadh; agus cà lìa agus cá mhéad, na nanacradha do sheolann sé, beatha mharbhtach, no fòs bàs mharthanach. Braighdionas dorch, carcair dheistionach; Cuibhreach làmh agus cosa a slabhraidhibh sìorruidhe, talamh úrghrain agus anacra; loch teine agus ruimhe; clais gan ìochtar; lasaracha sgriosta: oilphèist ag sìorchnaoi; cnudha nàch basuighthe; corp ag sìorlosgadh agus go deoigh gan aoidiughadh caitheamh; ollamh do ghnath chum fulaingthe; sìoriota gan chosg: sìorchaidhe ochlàn agus giosgan fiacal, gan aon chuideachta acht Diabhail agus donàin dhamanta, atà go huile ag fuathúghadh agus ag malúghadh De: Spioraid do ghnath an daoirpheannaid agus a dtinnios Bais; acht chaidhegan teagmhail leis an mbàs so do iarraid choimh diánsan: teilgte amach ò ghnuis Dé, go tìr an dearmaid; air bhfuathúghadh agus air naithisiughadh ag Dia agus aga naomhaibh: gan aon chum fortachta, gan aon chum truaighe

perfect and never-ending state, comprising, at once, all that is good, without any mixture of evil. If then damnation be the opposite to beatitude, it must needs be an everlasting deluge of all that is evil, without the least mixture of good, without the least allay of ease, without the least glimpse of comfort, a total privation of all happiness, and chaos of all misery.

Consider, 2dly, more in particular, What damnation is, and how many, and how great the miseries it involves: a dying life, or rather a living death: a darksome prison, a loathsome dungeon; a binding hand and foot in eternal pains; a land of horror and misery; a lake of fire and brimstone; a bottomless pit; devouring flames; a serpent ever gnawing; a worm that never dies; a body always burning and never consumed; a feeling always fresh for suffering; a thirst never extinguished; a perpetual weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. No other company but devils, and damned wretches, all hating and cursing one another, all hating and cursing God; spirits always in agony, and sick to death; yet never meeting with that death which they so much desire; cast forth from the face of God into the land of oblivion; hated and derided by God and his saints; none to comfort, none to pity them; wounded to the heart with the sense of lost happiness, and oppressed with the feeling of

do dheunamh dhòibh, gontadh go croidh re smuaineadh air shonas caillte; agus còmh-bhuadhartha le hairiughadhan anacra laithreach; agus na fulaingthe sì uile gnathbhuan, gan suil dá loigheadh le deireadh le spail, nà le laigheadúghadh. Atà an tuarasgbhail aithghearr so, an chuid is mò dhe, tarraingthe ó bhreithir dearbhta Dé, air an anacra do chialluighean damnúghadh síorruighe. Is é so an corn searbh úd dar ab éigion do pheachaibh uile na Talmhan ól dè. S. 74. v. 8.

Smuain, san treas ait, Go bhfuil Dia 'do-chuimsighthe ann a chailligheachtaibh uile; amhuil ionna chòmhachta, a eagna, a mhaithios, &c. mar sin dó ionna bhreith díoghaltais air ceadna. Atá sé ina Dhia an ifrion chòmh maith agus 'ta se an neamh. Ionas tré mliéud a ghráidh, a thrócaire agus a fhoighne ann so, d'fheadfamaois méad a fheirge agus a dhìoghaltais ina dhiaigh, so an aghaidh pheacadhaibh neamhathrígheacha do thomhas. Trè na mhaithios do-chuimsighthe do tharraing sé iad as neimhvidhe. Do chomhéulaidh agus do chongmhaidh suas iad tréimhsè fhada. Do thainig sé anuas ambain óna ríoghchathaoir glórmhar, agus d'foighneadh e féin do thathúghadh air chrois amhnàireach chum a slánúghadh síorruighe. Do shaor se iad go minic óna contabhairtibh dá rabhadar go laetheamhuil ambaoghal: d'fhulaing go foighideach lena mìiomchar, agus lena meirliochas ghnath ag

present misery : and all these sufferings everlasting, without the least hope of end, or intermission, or abatement. This short description, drawn for the most part from God's unerring word, of the miseries which eternal damnation imports: this is that "bitter cup of which all the sinners of the earth must drink." Ps. 74. v. 8.

Consider, 3dly, That God, in all his attributes is infinite ; as in his power, wisdom, goodness, &c. so in his avenging justice too. He is a God in hell as well as in heaven. So that by the greatness of his love, mercy and patience here, we may measure the greatness of his future wrath and vengeance against impenitent sinners. By his infinite goodness, he has drawn them out of nothing ; he has preserved and sustained them for a long time ; he has not only descended from his throne of glory, and suffered himself to be nailed to a disgraceful cross, for their eternal salvation ; but he has frequently delivered them from the dangers to

sìor thabhairt cuireadh dhòibh go gràsamhuil chum aithrìghe. A ! nàch ceart dhiompuigheas a fhoighide deis a fhaid do tharcuisne, fà dheòigh chum feirge. Faraoir ! do bheir tròcaire ionad do'n cheart, agus mìle mairg air na mallaigh-theoirighe do chaithfeas meadhachan uadhbbhasaidh làn dhìoghaltais Dé d'iomchar go sìorruidhe.

Smuain, san gceathramhadh ait, agus air mhòdh go dtuigfeadhmaois nios fearr creud an nìdh Ifrionn, cur òs còmharr do shul duine bocht, tinn, ina luighe air a leabadh, ag losgadh le fiabhras plaghach, lìonta le pian choitichion an iomlàn a chuirp, a cheann go huile raobtha ó chèile, a shùile rèigh chum sginnte amach, a fhiacra air cuthach, a chlàbh thollta le gream-anaibh uathbbhàsacha ; a uchd go léir air lasadh, a bhòlg dà thnàithe le tréighid ró ghèur ; a dhúbhain raobtha leis an gloich, nó an garbhual ; a gheuga uile a dtáimhe le pian reumadh agus a altaibh go léir, a chroidhe do ghnaith dhà losgadh le daorpheanuid, agus é agsgreadadh amach ag iaradh braon uisge chum a theangan d'fuaradh. Air bhféidir aoinnìdhe amheas ní bhus anacradha ? Agus fós innsighim dhuit, nàch bhfuil annso, acht lagchosmhulacht, sgaile dona neithibh is éigion do'n drong damanta a fhulaing go sìorruidhe ; anàit ambeidh na conablaighesi atá iodhbhartha dho bhreitheamhnas Dé, soillte tríotha agus tarsa le teinne : agus ag fulaing a goeadfadhaibh agus

which they were daily exposed ; patiently borne with their insolence and repeated treason ; still graciously inviting them to repentance. Ah ! how justly does his patience, so long abused, turn at length into fury ; mercy at length gives place to justice ; and a thousand woes to those wretches, that must for ever feel the dreadful weight of the avenging hand of the living God !

Consider, 4thly, and in order to understand something better what hell is, Set before your eyes, a poor sick man, lying in his bed, burning with a pestilential fever, attended with an universal pain all over his body ; his head perfectly rent asunder, his eyes ready to fly out, his teeth raging, his eyes pierced with dreadful stiches, his breast all on fire, his stomach racked with a violent cholic, his reins with the stone and gravel, his limbs tormented with rheumatic pains, and all his joints with the gout ; his heart ever burning with anguish, and he crying out for a drop of water to cool his tongue. Could any thing be conceived more miserable ? and yet, let me tell you, this is but an imperfect picture of what the damned must endure for eternity ; where these victims, immolated to the justice of God, will be salted all over with fire, and endure, in all the senses and

a mballuibh uile a gcuirp, agus a gcomhachtaibh uile ananma pianta ro-mhóra.

Smuain, san gcúigeadh áit, Dà thrúagh-anta d'feuchann staid an duine bhoicht thinn air ar labhramair anois a bheith, gidheadh do b'féidir súil bheith lena thinneas do loigh-eadhúghadh no do shaoradh, no fortacht éigin do thabhairt dó. Leabadh mhaith le luighe uirthé : cáraid mhaith chum misnigh do chur air. no, achlan do dheanamh tríd ; coguas maith chum é do neartúghadh ; toil tugtha do thoil Dè agus fá dhéioigh, fios deimhneach go loigh-eadochaidh a phianta go luaith, no go gcuirfid deireadh le na bheatha. Ach ní bhfuil dada dhi so ag an drong damánta. Is é is leabadh dhóibh a nifrion loch no clais ag dothadh le tinne agus ruimh, dá bfuilid daing-nighthe le slabhrúighibh síorrúighe. Is é is cuideachta dhóibh Diabhail neamhrócaireacha, no ní bhus measa, dhóibh sin, ina Diabhail, eadhoin pairtighthe misheunmhara a bpeacadha. Ataid a gcógúais air dtnaithe go bráth leis an bpéist nách básuigthear caoidhche. Atá a dtoil air seachrán ó Dhiá, agus ag síor chómh-rac gan tairbhe le na thoil dlíadha. Agus is é nídhe, thagan chum a ndanúghadh d'feirlsóna, eudochus ann teagbhail chaoidhche air chríoch na lagsaine ionna bpeannaid. O Dhia! creud an nídhe nách déunfadh duine glie chum dul as o luighe acht feadh non oidhche, a bpiantaibh san mbeatha so ? agus uime sin, cá bhfuil ar

members of their bodies, and in all the faculties of their souls, most exquisite torments.

Consider, 5thly, That the state of the poor sick man, of whom we have just now been speaking, how deplorable soever it may seem, might still be capable of some portion of ease, or some degree of comfort. A good bed to lie on, a good friend to encourage or condole with him, a good conscience to support him, a will resigned to the will of God, and, in fine, a certain knowledge that his pains must shortly abate, or put an end to his life. But the damned have nothing of all this. Their bed in hell, is a lake or pit, burning with fire and brimstone, to which they are fastened down with eternal chains. Their companions are merciless devils, or what will be to them worse than devils, the unhappy partners of their sins. Their conscience is ever gnawed with the worm that never dies. Their will is averse from God, and continually struggling in vain with his divine will. And what comes in, to complete their damnation, is a despair of ever meeting with an end or abatement of their torments. Good God ! what would not a prudent man do, to prevent the lying. but for one night, in torments in this life ? and where then

creidiomh agus ar gcéill an trath ghnéidhmídh
chómh beag san, chum dul as o dhíche sgan-
ramhuil lasracha neamhrócaireacha Ifrinn.

AN XIV. CAIB.

Air Phiantaibh foiriomlach Ifrinn.

AN CEATHRAMHADH LA DÉUG.

SMUAIN, air dtuis, An tuarasgbhail do bheir
Jób naomtha air Ifrinn, (*Job*, 10.) an tán goireas
se dhe “talamh dhorchadh, follaighthe le díamh-
aireacht an bháis; duithche anacra agus dorch-
adais, anáit nàch cômhnúighean ordúghadh
air bith acht sgannradh, bíothbhuan.” Annsa
Críoch dhubhach so, nì thaisbeannan grian
na rae na reulta ann, gan aon lonnra soláis,
gan fíosg dá loighead le faicsin go síorruidhe
ann. An teine fein do dhóghas ann, buisgionn
dá cailidheacht nadúrtha, ata si dubh dorchadh;
agus ní bheir si solas air bith dona donáinibh
a bpèin acht chum a nochta dhóibh na neithe
sin mheuduigheas a nanacra. A a Chríostaighe,
creud iad bhúr smuainte, dà mà é bhuir mbreath
an chuid eile do bhúr laithibh do chaithiomh a
gcarair, na a bpoll éigin fhúathamhar dhoimh-
inn fà thallamh anáit nàch faicfeadh an solus
go síorruidhe? Nàch tóghfadhá bás féin roimh
a leitheid do phionós? Agus creud é so anaice
leis an oidhche síorruidhe úd dà bfuilid ná
mallaightheoiridhe fà bhreath. Do bhádar
na Hegipti a gcoinghiol dhona, an tràth do bhí
ad talamh go hiomlán a ndorchadas ghràineambail

is our faith and reason, when we will do so little, for escaping the dreadful night of hell's merciless flames?

CHAP. XIV.

On the Exterior Pains of Hell.

THE FOURTEENTH DAY.

CONSIDER, first, The description which holy Job gives us of hell, (Job, 10.) when he calls it, "a darksome land, and covered with the obscurity of death; a country of misery and darkness, where no order, but everlasting horror dwells." In this gloomy region, no sun, no moon, no stars appear: no comfortable ray of light, not even the least glimpse is ever to be seen. The very fire that burneth there, contrary to the natural properties of that element, is black and darksome, and affords no light to the wretches in torment, except it be to discover to them such objects as may increase their misery. Christians, what would you think, were you to be sentenced to pass the remainder of your days in some horrid dungeon or deep hole under ground, where you could never see the light? Would not death itself be preferable to such a punishment? and what is this to that eternal night, to which the damned are sentenced? The Egyptians were in a sad condition when, for three days, their whole kingdom was

air feadh trí Lá, do bhídh tiubhas na sgamaí chómh mór san go nairighedís le na lámhaibh íad. Acht do bhí an donus so tarsa go luaith, agus do fuairedar sàimhe trí chasa an tsolus.— Ni mur sin do bhudhionn ifrinn, aga noidhche nàch biadh maidin chaoidhe, na spíl go síorruidhe le heirghe lae,

Smuain, san dara àit, Go madh uathbhfas na hoidhche síorruidhe meudaighthe tar meodhain leis an gceol dolásach do sinnfear do na donánaibh bochta so san tígheas diamhairse, nàch é a mhalairt acht mallachtaighe millteacha agus Diamhasla, aithiseacha na gceastánach, agus ualfurta oenacha agus sgreada na droinge ceusda, brosgar slabhradha, greada laisg, &c. Agus ionnas go dtigidís na ceudfadha oile a steach, air a gcuid do'n anacra, biadh an bolath go deoigh grainighthe le sgamallaibh déisdionach na gcarcara ifriunda agus le breuntas do fhulaingthe no gconablaigh leathloghtha a' ag fiucha ann. Béidh an blas, fá daoirbhruid le hocras agus le tart ro chiocrach, agus an mothughadh le teine do-íomchair.

Smuain, san treas àit, Tar a bhfuil do phónos chorpardha dár bhfeidir a fhulaing san saoghalso, nàch bhfuil aon díobh chómh uathbhfasach le losgadh beo. Acht Faraoir! ní bhfuil aon iomarbhaidh idir losgadh annso agus losgadh an Ifrionn. Ní! an iomlán ar dteinte air talamh acht cosmhulacht sgaile, dà gcuirfidhe íad aniomadh le teine Ifrinn. Do rinneadh teine

covered with frightful darkness, caused by such gross exhalations. that they might even be felt by the hand. But this misery was soon over, and they were comforted by the return of light. Not so, the damned in hell, whose night shall never have a morning, nor ever expect the dawning of the day.

Consider, 2dly, That the horror of this eternal night shall be beyond measure aggravated by the dismal music, with which these poor wretches shall be for ever entertained in this melancholy abode; which shall be no other than dreadful curses and blasphemies, the insulting voices of the tormentors, and the howlings, groans, and shrieks of the tormented, the rattling of chains, lashes of whips, &c. And, that the other senses may also come in for their share in misery, the smell shall be for ever regaled with the loathsome exhalations of those infernal dungeons, and the intolerable stench of those half putrified carcasses which are boiling there. The taste shall be oppressed with a most ravenous hunger and thirst, and the feeling with an insupportable fire.

Consider, 3dly, That, of all bodily torments which we can suffer in this world, there is none more terrible than to be burnt alive: but, alas! there is no comparison between burning here, and burning in hell. All our fires upon earth are but painted flames, if compared to the fire of hell. The fire of this world was made to serve us, and to be our comfort; that of hell

an tsaoghailsi chum maithiosa dhuinne agus chum ar gcómhfhortúghadh: do cruthuigheadh teinne ifrinn mar oirnéis do dhioltas Dé, air Pheacachaibh. Nì mbairion teine an tsaoghailso gan a cothúghadh le nídhe éigin iondoighte, nósh bhrostuigheann agus caithionn go heusgadh. Teine ifrinn, air na fhadúghadh le hanál Dè feargaidh, ní iaran cothúghadh air bith acht an peacadh; agus mairionn air so gan meath gan caitheamh go déoigh, O! a shal ghraineamhuil an pheacadh, nóch is leor chum teine bhiothbhuan do chothúghadh. Ní éidir le teine an tsaoghail so buaint acht leis an gcorp, síneas teine Ifrinn chum an anama fein, agus líonan é le pianta ro-anbhuaineach. Och! a pheacacha, cia aguibh uile fhèudfas cómhnuidhe a bhfochair na teine ainmheasardha so? Cia aguibh uile fhuil-ingeochar an losgadh slorruidhe so?

Smuain, san gceathramhadh àit, Agus air mhodh baramhail éigin níos fearr do chumadh air phiantaibh ifrinn, tabhair èisdeacht do aising rò-fhirinneach aithriste le N. Teresa, "La n'aon dà rabhas ag urnaigh, (ar an naomh) air obainne do fuaras me féin an ifrionn. Nífeas dhamh cionnas do rugadh ann mé: acht do thuigios gur b'e toil ar dTighearna go bhfeicin an ionad do bhà ag na deamhnaibh ann ollamh, agus do thuillios adtaobh ma pheacúidhe. An tráth do theangmhadh dhamh annso nìor sheas a acht tamal beag, acht gidheadh, dà mbéidís

was created to be an instrument of God's vengeance upon sinners. The fire of this world cannot subsist without being nourished by some combustible matter, which quickly dissipates and consumes. The fire of hell, kindled by the breath of an angry God, requires no other fuel than sin; and feeds on this without ever decaying or consuming. O dreadful state of sin, which suffices to maintain an everlasting fire! The fire of this world can only reach the body; the fire of hell reaches the soul itself, and fills it with most exquisite torments. Ah! sinners, which of you all can dwell with this devouring fire? which of you all can endure this eternal burning?

Consider, 4thly, and in order to frame some better notion of hell's torments, Give ear to a most authentic vision, related by St. Teresa, Chap. 32, of her life: "As I was one day (says the Saint) in prayer, on a sudden I found myself in hell; I know not how I was carried thither; only I understand that our Lord was pleased that I should see the place, which the devils had prepared for me there, and which I had deserved by my sins. What passed here with me, lasted but a very little while, yet, though I should live many years, I do not believe I should be able to forget it. The

agam le maireachtaín, ní chreidim go rangòchadh liom a dhearmad caoidhche. Do taidhbhreadh agam gur chosmhuil adhul a steach le dorus bacúis, rò-iseal, ro-chúmhaing agus ro dhorchadh. Budh ro chosmhuil an talamh le múileach, go niomad salachair breuntais, agus do-iomchair, agus líonta le hiliomad d'aithid, ighe fuathmhara; Aga eudan do bhi ionad airighe folamh, amhuil agus gur faisgeán beagan balla è, anàit abhtuarasa mi féin sathaidhte agus faisgthe suas go dluith. Anois air son go raibh so uile abhfad nìos agannramhla ann féin ionna mar d'aithris mise é; gidheadh ní raibh ann acht samhachas a gcómhórtas leis an nídhe d'fhulaingis san gceantuir so, Do bhí an daorphian chómh uathbhasach san nách feidir le haon bhríathra an chuid is lughadh dhe d'aithris. D'arrigheas m'anam dà losgadh a-dteine chómh uathbhàsach san agus nách feudaim achur a gcéil. Dob'eol damh na pianta is do-iomchara, do réir tuairim Leagha dar ab éidir a fhulaing san tsoghal so, go corpordha, chómh maith o shreangadh suas mo fheitheacha uile, le an iliomad peanaide oile a mórán do ghneithibh. Acht bo neimhnídhie iad so uile anaice na bpianta d'fhulaing me san bforculair sud a gcómhpharaid, leis na smuainte agannraightheach nach raibh deire na sgíth le bheith leis air feadh na síorruigheachta, agus is beag so féin anaice na treabhluighide ina raibh an *anam; chidhtear dhi go bhfuil se mùchda,

entrance appeared to me to resemble that of an oven, very low, very narrow, and very dark. The ground seemed like mire, exceedingly filthy, stinking, insupportable, and full of a multitude of loathsome vermin. At the end of it, there was a certain hollow place, as if it had been a kind of a little press in a wall, into which I found myself thrust, and close penned up. Now, though all this which I have said was far more terrible in itself than I have described it; yet it might pass for a pleasure, in comparison with that which I felt in that press: this torment was so dreadful, that no words can express the least part of it. I felt my soul burning in so dismal a fire, that I am not able to describe it: I have experienced the most insupportable pains, in the judgment of physicians, which can be corporally endured in this world, as well by the shrinking up of my sinews, as by many other torments of several kinds—but all these were nothing in comparison with what I suffered there, joined to the horrid thought, that this was to be without end or intermission for ever; and even this itself is still little, if compared to the agony the soul is in; it seems to her, that she is choaked, that she is stifled, and her anguish and torture rise to a degree of excess that cannot be expressed. It is too little

agus tríd abuaireadh agus a peannaid a gcéim chómh dioblasach san nàch éidir a labhairt. Ata se ro bheag le na radha go dtuigthear d'f go bhfuil si tnaighthe agus sracaighthe ina greamanaibh; air an adhbhar go dtiucfuidhe go mbeith eascáraid éigin leith amuigh do thrialas chum a leirsgrios; acht annso is í féin a ceustunach féin, agus bracan í féin ina greamanaibh. Anois maille ris an dteine inmheodhanach san, agus an teudochus dolabhartha noch do thig chum an oiread peanaide gbrain-eamhla do chóimhlíona; admhaim nàch acfuinneach me chum a ninnsint. Ní fhacas an te do cheus me, acht do bhreithnidheas me féin ag dothadh, agus san am gcèadna, do bheith gearrtha, leadartha mar bheith ann spoluidhe. Anáit chómh geitreamhail agus nàch raibh suil saimhe da loighead, suidhe na luighe sios, ní raibh tràcht air le leitheid. Do bhàdhas sásaichte a bpoll do bhi san mballatha, agus luighid na balluidhe so a steach air na príosúnaibh bochta agus faisgid agus múchaid iad. N'íl dadamb acht dorchadas tiugh, gan aon tsolus thrid: agus fós nífeas dhanh cionnas atà, agus ar son nàch bhfuil aon tsolus ann, chidhean duine an uile nídhe ata gráineamhail do'n radharc. Air son go bhfuil sí a dtimpchioll sé bliaghna o do thuit an nídhe so d'innsighim annso amach, atáim anois féin, air sgríobh dhanh air, chómh sganraighthe sin, ionus go bhfhuaram m'fhuil am fheitheachaibh ionus gé bi olc ná annró, d'fhulangaim anois,

to say, that it seems to her that she is butchered, and rent in pieces; because this word expresses some violence from without, that tended to her destruction; whereas, here it is she herself that is her own executioner, and tears herself in pieces. Now, as to that interior fite and unspeakable despair, which comes to complete so many horrid torments, I own I am not able to describe them. I saw not who it was that tormented me; but I perceived myself to burn, and, at the same time, to be cut, as it were, and hacked in pieces. In so frightful a place, there was no room for the least hopes of comfort; there was no such thing as even sitting or lying down; I was thrust into a hole in the wall; and these horrible walls close in upon the poor prisoners, and press and stifle them. There is nothing but thick darkness, without any mixture of light: and yet I know not how it is, and though there be no light there, yet one sees every thing that is most mortifying to the sight. Although it be about six years since this happened which I here relate, I am even now, in writing of it, so terrified, that my blood chills in my veins, so that whatsoever evils or pains I now suffer, if I do but call to remembrance what I then endured, all that can be suffered here, appears to me just no-

muna ndeinim acht ar fhulang, mè an uair sin de do ghlaodhach chum mo chuimhne, ní taidhbhrightheach dhamh an iomlán abhfeudfuidhe a fhulang anso, acht neimhníde.” Chomh fadaso an Naomh, dà dtuilleann a friotal a mhachtnamh le suaimhneas. Oir ma do hollmhúigheadh a samhail agus a nainmhéid sin do phiantaibh d’isi aga raibh beatha ónacliabhán, acht amhain beagán ollbhaoise shaoghalta do chleacht sí treimsi ghairid do beagan a leath taobh, chomh neimhchiontach san, creud is dóigh le peacaidh a gheabhaid fein là éigin?

Smuain, san gcuígeadh ait, nach bhfuil aoin fhear air talamh nár chaill go hiomlán a chjall do bheirfadh a thoill, fu air thighearnas an tsaoghail do bheith bruighte air ghreidiol amhuil Labhrás, no bruighte air feadh leath uaire air theinne mhall, sud is go mbeadh deimhneach air theacht as iona bheatha. Ní headh, acht cà bhfuil an duine dfeuchadh amhairc lena mheur do chongmhail ann lasair coinnle feadh ceathramhadh uaire, air aon luadhacht d’fhèad-fadh an saoghal do bhronnadh? Uime sin cà bhfuil eirim na coda is mo do chriostaighthe, do leigean ortha fèin geile go bhfuil Ifrion ann, agus fós do mhairionn feadh iomad bliaghanta gan mòran smuaine na sgeime, a gciontadh an pheacadh mhairbh, a gcontabhairt shíor thuitim san dteinne úathbhfasach shíorruidhe so, gan ní bhus mo iona treas na ruibe (is é) sin snaithe caol éidimhneach na beatha idir ananmnaibh

thing." So far the saint, whose relation deserves to be pondered at leisure. For if such and so terrible torments had been prepared for her, whose life from her cradle, setting aside a few worldly vanities, which for a short time she had followed, had been so innocent, what must sinners one day expect?

Consider, 5thly, That there is no man on earth, that has not quite lost his senses, who would be willing, even for the empire of the world, to be broiled, like a Laurence, on the gridiron, or roasted for half an hour by a slow fire, though he were sure to come off with his life. Nay, where is the man that would even venture to hold his finger in the flame of a candle for half a quarter of an hour, for any reward that this world can give? where is then the judgment of the greater part of Christians, who pretend to believe a hell, yet live on with so little apprehension and concern for years together, in the guilt of mortal sin, and in danger every moment of falling into this dreadful and everlasting fire; having no more than a hair's breadth, that is, the thin thread of an uncertain life between their souls and a mis-

132 *Air phiantaibh inmheadhanch Ifrinn.*

agus síorruigheacht anacrach? A Dhè mhaith !
saor sinn an daille misheunmhar so, òn amaid-
eacht agus òn mbainnidhe èugdhochmharso.

AN XV. CAIB.

Air phiantaibh inmheadhanach Ifrinn.

AN CUIGEAADH LA DEUG.

SMUAIN, air dtúis, Go bhfuil teine Ifrinn,
maille leis an gcuid eile dona piantaibh foirim-
liocha fuilinghearann, uathbhfasach go deimhin:
acht neamhchosmhúil ar aon mhodh le piantaibh
an anma: an "*Pœna Domini*," sin, no dith
síorruidhe Dé, agus anuile mhaithios; an
bhuaireadh gan teoruiun do leanas an dichtsí; an
doilghíos fad chómhach san; d'aithrighe ghéir
acht neamhthairbheach, a bhfaraid eúdochuis
agus bainidhe síorruidhe; an foirlíonad sin
air gach uile dhaoirphian diobh sud, air gach
càil agus gach cómhachta inmheadhanach an
anma, is planta iad nàch sámhlaigheach le
haoinidhe dàr fhéidir a fhulaing san gcodlain.

Smuain, san dara áit, An phian san na
dithe air beith, nóch is mó do phiantaibh uile
ifrinn, do reir baramhuil diadhaighrighe, ar son
gur docamhuil le saoghaltánaigh annso a thuig-
sin cionus dob' éidir sin. Faraoir! na peacaigh
bhochta, ata a dtuairim chómh beagsan a dtáobh
eadail síorruighe, agus atáid basgaighthe chómh
doimhin sin aneithibh an tsaoghail so, dà
mealladh féin le heugsamhlacht chas-boiribh
chruthaighthe, d'iompúighionn a smuainte ó

rable eternity? Good God! deliver us from this unfortunate blindness, from this desperate folly and madness.

CHAP. XV.

On the Interior Pains of Hell.

THE FIFTEENTH DAY.

CONSIDER, first, That the pains of hell, with all the rest of the exterior torments which are endured there, are terrible indeed, but no way comparable to the interior pains of the soul, those *Pæna damni*, or eternal loss of God, and of all that is good: that extremity of anguish which follows from this loss: their rueful remorse of a bitter but fruitless repentance, attended with everlasting despair and rage. That complication of all these racking tortures in the inward powers and faculties of the soul, are torments incomparably greater than any thing that can be suffered in the body.

Consider, 2dly, in particular, That pain of loss, which in the judgment of divines, is the greatest of all the torments of hell; though worldlings here have a difficulty of conceiving how this can be. Alas! poor sinners, so weak is their notion of eternal good, and so deeply are they immersed in the things of this world, amusing themselves with the variety of created objects, which divert their thoughts from God's sovereign goodness, that they cannot

mhórmhaithios DÉ, ionnus nàch cuirid agcèil dòibh fèin go bhfuil an chailleamhuinse DÉ ina pheanaid chómh mór agus chómh doilbhir sin, a deirid naoimh agus seirbhiseacha uile DÉ, 'ta treoruighthe le soillse nibhus fearr, noch do thig le chéile go beacht. Acht beidh a mhalairt do cheudsfadh aco an tan gheabhaid iad fein a nIfrionn. Ann san do dheimbneochas a neirim fein doibh go danaideach, creud an dochar dòibh a nDia do chailleamhuin go hiomlán; a chailleamhuin gan athghlaodhach tair ais, a chailleamhuin go síorruighe, a chailleamhain ann féin, a chailleamhuin iona chreuturaibh uile; do bheith diobartha go síorruighe uaidh sin, do b' aon tsonas dóibh, a gríoch dhéighionnach, agus a mórmhaithios, tiobruid líonmhar na maithiosa: agus ionna chailleamhuin sin, an uile nidhe atà maith do chailleamhuin, agus san go deoigh. An fhaid agus bhíd peacaigh san mbeatha shobhàsaighthe so, rannphartígtid a mòran slighthe do mhaithios DÉ, an té thug-an fa níearra air a ghrian eirighe air an maith agus air an olc, agus fheartanan air an bhfior-eun agus air an eugchórach. An uile nidhe áta taitnhiomhach san saoghalso, an uile nidh ta soilbhreach a gcreutuiribh, an uile nidhe 'ta sámh ambeatha, is cuidiughadh amodh éigin do'n mhaithios dhiàgha. Ni hiongnadh, dá brigh sin, go mbeith an peacach an feadh do chuidighionn sé ann a noiread san slighthe do mhaithios DÉ, anainbhios san mbeatha so, cia an nidh

imagine that this loss of God can be so great and dismal a torment, as the saints and servants of God, who are guided by better lights, all agree it is; but the case will be quite altered, when they shall find themselves in hell. There they shall be convinced by their own woeful experience, what a misery it is to have lost their God; to have lost him totally, to have lost him irrevocably, to have lost him eternally, to have lost him in himself, to have lost him in all his creatures, to be eternally banished from him, who was their only happiness, their last end and sovereign good, and overflowing fountain of good; and in losing him, to have lost all that is good, and that for ever. As long as sinners are in this mortal life, they, many ways, partake of the goodness of God, "who makes his sun to rise upon the good and bad, and rains upon the just and unjust." All that is agreeable in this world, and all that is delightful in creatures, all that is comfortable in life, is all, in some measure, a participation of the divine goodness. No wonder, then, that the sinner, whilst he so many ways partakes of the goodness of God, should not in this life be sensible of what it is to be totally and eternally deprived of him. But in hell, alas! those unhappy

a bheith go síorruidhe a neugmhais. Acht an ifrion, Faraoir! do gheibhid na donáin so, a gcailleanmhúin a nDè gur chailleadar mar angceudna an uile chineul maithiosa na fortachta, da raibh air chumus dá chreutuiribh do thabhairt go nuige so; amionad san do gheibhid anois an uile nidh ag eirghe ina nadhaigh, agus gan aoin tslighe fágtha chum a smuainte do mhealladh óndith so; ata do lathair an inntine do ghnaith, agus chealgas iad le piantaibh do-inniste.

Smuain, san treas áit, Go mbladh gach aon anam damanta ina ifrionn di féin, agus go mbeidh a ifrionn féin f6 leith ag gach aon dá comhachtaibh, agus dá brioghaibh. Biadh a meabhair go brath buadhartha, ag athchasa gan sgith air a diacéile analód, a mairinninne agus a bainidhe ann aoibhneas shíorruidhe na Bhaithios do mhalartughadh an Fhairge shéin sin noch a bfeidir leo do shealbhuighadh chómh saorluach san, agus abhfuil anoiriad san do caidreabh anois ina seilbh, air shult fholamh, shuathrach, nár sheas acht mómaid agus nár fhág aoinnidh ina dhiaigh acht salpheacadh deilghios choguaia chionntaigh, no air son beagthairbhe éigin, no saobhmhian onóra, le ar sladagh an uair sin í dá hionmhas uile agus dá honóir uile, agus air son abhfuil si anois chómh hanchruthamhlach bocht san agus chómh tair, cosarálta go síorruidhe fà chosaibh diabhal mhaslaighteach. O! creud é a breitheamhnas féin ansan air an saoghal so-ghluaiste so

wretches shall find, that in losing their God, they have also lost all kinds of good or comfort, which any of his creatures heretofore afforded; instead of which, they find all things now conspiring against them, and no way left of diverting the dreadful thoughts of this loss; which is always present to their minds, and gripes them with inexpressible torments.

Consider, 3dly, That every damned soul shall be a hell to herself, and all and every one of her powers and faculties shall have their respective hells. Her memory shall be for ever tormented by revolving, without ceasing, her past follies, stupidity, and madness, in forfeiting the eternal joys of heaven—that ocean of bliss, which she might have obtained at so cheap a rate, and which so many of her acquaintance are now in possession of—for an empty trifling pleasure that lasted but a moment, and left nothing behind it but the stain of sin, and remorse of a guilty conscience; or for some petty interest, or punctilio of honour, by which she has been robbed of all her treasures and all her honours, and upon account of which she is now so miserably poor and despicable, eternally trodden under foot by insulting devils. O! what will her judgment then be of this transitory world,

agus a hoilbhaoisidhe meabhlaicha uile, 'nuair bhiadh si tairèis miliuin do shaoghalaibh a nIfrionn, air fhéuchain tar a hàis di òn tsíorr-
uigheacht fhoirleathann, agus ní maith do gheibh amach, san aimsir imchian san, an ponc beagso na beatha mharbhtaigh, samhlochadh si aimsir síorr-
uigheacht, aoibhneas imighthe agus pianta láithreach, subhailce agus dubhailce, Neamh agus Ifrionn.

- Smuain, san gceathramhadh ait, Go mbiadh a hifrionn ag an dtuigsin air gcèadna, air mbeith dhi sgartha go brath re solas na firinne, toigthe suas do shíor a mbreitheamhnás bhreug-
acha dhiamhaslaightheacha, agus a mbaramh-
lacha a dtimchioll Dé agus a chirt, chum móir mheudaighthe a hanacra fèin : agus go brath ag machtnamh air smuaintibh na pianta láith-
reach agus le teacht, gan air gcur di smuaineadh feadh aon túslog amhain air aoinnidh eile : ionnas go mbid uile agus gach aon dona piantaibh fhuilingid agus fhulaingeochaid an drong da-
mánta air feadh na síorr-
uigheachta, do ghnath ós comhair sul a dtuigsi-
ona; agus is mar so iomcharaighid ualach do-iomchair síorr-
uigheachta anacraigh gacha mómaid.

Smuain, san gcuigeadh áit, O sé toil duir an Pheacaigh is cionntaighe, gur ab í an chomhachtas an anma is mo fhulaingeochas pianta dá réir, go deoigh ag iarradh na neithe nach fágtha si choidhche; agus ag teithe do shíor ón-
nidh chaithfeadh si fhu-
laing choidhche.

and all its cheating vanities, when, after having been millions of ages in hell, looking back from immense eternity, and scarce being able to find out in that infinite duration, this little point of her mortal life, she shall compare time and eternity, past pleasures and present pains, virtue and vice, heaven and hell.

Consider, 4thly, That the understanding of the damned shall also have its hell, it being for ever deprived of the light of truth, always employed in false and blasphemous judgments, and notions, concerning God and his justice, to the great increase of its own misery; and ever dwelling upon the thoughts of present and future torments, without being able for a moment to think of any thing else; so that all and every one of the torments which the damned endure, and are to endure for all eternity, are every moment before the eyes of their understanding; and thus, in every moment, they bear the insupportable load of a miserable eternity.

Consider, 5thly, That, as the obstinate will of the sinner has been most guilty, so this power of the soul shall suffer in proportion the greatest torments, always seeking what she will never find, and ever flying from what she shall ever endure. Ah! what fruitless longings, what

A! go dé an tnuthán gan tairbhe, go dé an mian dhiomhaoineach le a mbiadh si toigthe auas do ghnaith, an feadh ata si fá bhreith choidhche gan da loighead mir dá mianaibh do shealbhughadh air feadh na siorruigheachta. Och! cia fhéadfas a fhriotal an mhíre bhoirb sin le a ngluaistear toil na ndonán so anois chum Dé, feasach mar atáid dá sheilbh sin! Acht, Faraoir! do gheibhidh agcómhnuidhe lámh do-fhaicsigthe thiománas tar 'nais iad, no fós, gheibhidh iad féin do ghnaith fá chuibhreach dhaingionn síos a slabhradhaibh síorruidhe, ag comhrag gan fath ris an lámh ud nách féadaid a chlosg, agus gan air gcur dhóibh ionnsaighe dá loighead a gcionn cosbóir amiana mishuaimhneasacha. Uime sin sgartaid amach a míle easgáine. Is uime sin ata an tanam sracaighthe go hiomlán ina mionrannaibh le harmáil iomlán boirbe, agus le anuile ainmhian feirge, tnuth, fuaith, éudochas, &c. Atáid na pianta so comhachta innmheodhnacha ananma a gcomhdhail na péiste sin an chuguais, nach' básuighthear choidhche, ag déunamh foghladh air na tuibisteoiribh so: leis 'so cialluighthear doilghios shíorruidhe, aithrighe gheur acht neamhtharbhach, ata go deoigh ag cnaoidh a nanam eudóchaiseach. A Iosa mhilis saor sinn ona shamhuil do chruiniughiadhuamhanach oilc

vain wishes, shall be her constant entertainments, whilst she is doomed for eternity never to attain to any one of the least things which she desires. O! who can express that violent impetuosity, with which the will of these wretches is now carried towards God, sensible as they are, of the immense happiness, which is found in the enjoyment of him? but, alas! they always find an invisible hand that drives them back, or rather, they always find themselves bound fast down in eternal chains, struggling in vain with the hand which they cannot resist, and unable to make the least approach towards the object of their restless desires: hence, they break forth into a thousand blasphemies; hence, the whole soul is torn in pieces by a whole army of violent, and, withal, opposite passions of fury, envy, hatred, despair, &c. These torments of the interior powers of the soul, are attended with that never-dying worm of conscience, which will for ever prey upon these miscreants; by which is meant an eternal remorse, a bitter, but fruitless repentance, which is ever racking their despairing soul. Sweet Jesus, deliver us from such a dreadful complication of evils!

AN XVI. CAIB.

Air shiorruigheacht anacrach.

AN SEISUGHADH LA DEUG.

SMUAIN, air dtúis, Gur ab i shíorruigheacht a phianta, tar anuile nìdh, do ghuidh Ifrionn do-fhulaingthe. Sì an tsíorruigheachtso is mór mheudúghadh do-chuimsighthe dóibh uile agus do gach naon aca. 'Sì an suaitéamán searbhas do ghnìdh gach aon bhraon do'n chorn úd an dìoghaltais diagma darab èigíonn do gach aon pheacach ól de, chomh do-iomchair sin. Dà mbiadh aon mhuinghin go mbeith crìoch lá èigin air anacra na droinge damanta, siud is gur ab tairéis miliuin d'aoisibh, níor budh Ifrionn, Ifrionn ní bhus siadh; óir do braithe fídh roint comhfhortachta ann. Acht na pianta do-fháisnéise seo uile do bheith bíothbhuan, an fhaid agus a bheidh Dia ina Dhia, gan a bheag do shuil le crìoch d'faicsin ortha! Och! ag so an pian is mò dona mallaightheoiribh! O a shíorruigheacht! a shíorruigheacht! go dé chomh beag agus a thuigid saoghaltánacha dhuit anois! Go dé chomh huathbhàsach agus mheasfaid tu lá éigin, 'nuair gheabhaid iad féin sloigthe ad uaigh gan fochtar, chum bheith ad chuaile agus ad chomhartha ag gaotha chirt, díoltaiseach Dé ann go brath.

Smuain, san dara áit, Mádh thaidhbhrionn aon oidhche amhain ghairid chomh fada agus chomh sraighteach san ag duine bocht tinn

CHAP. XVI.

On a Miserable Eternity.

THE SIXTEENTH DAY.

CONSIDER, first, That what, above all things, makes hell intolerable, is the eternity of its torments. It is this eternity which is an infinite aggravation to all and every one of them; it is this bitter ingredient which makes every drop of that cup of the divine vengeance of which the sinners of the earth must drink, so insupportable. Were there any hopes that the miseries of the damned would one day have an end, though it was after a million of ages, hell would be no longer hell, because it would admit of some comfort. But, for all those inexpressible torments to continue for ever, as long as God shall be God, without the least hopes of ever seeing an end to them! O! this it is, that is the greatest rack of the damned. O! eternity, eternity! how little do worldlings apprehend thee now! How terrible wilt thou be to them one day, when they shall find themselves ingulphed in thy bottomless abyss, there, for ever, to be the butt and mark of all the arrows of God's avenging justice.

Consider, 2dly, If one short night seems so long and tedious to a poor sick man in a burning fever; if he tosses and turns, and no where

o bhfiabhras loisgtheach; madh ghnidh iom-poghadh agus unfairt, agus nach fágla suaimh-neas a naonáit; madh airmhidheann gach aon uair, agus má tá cur andiaigh aige comh mío-fhoighneach san an mhaidin d'faicsin, nach tiubhradh fòs agus beagàn cabhra no fortachta chuige; creud thuigir don oidhche uamhanach so na sìorruigheacht, a gcuideachta phianta ionmheodhannacha agus foirimiolacha uile Ifrinn. Ní cheannóchadh aoinfhear ionna chiall righeacht air acht luighe air leabadh shámh feadh deich mbliadhna gan a faghháil. A! nach anacrach an nidh uime sin do bheith ceangailte sios do leabadh theine agus neimhe, ní air feadh deich mbliadhna amháin, ná fòs air feadh deich míle fò dheich; acht air feadh anoiread do chéadaibh mílte míliuin saoghailta agus ata do dhéaraibh uisge san bhfairge, no cáinthinidhe san aodhar, a naonfhocal, air feadh síorruigheachta gan teóruin.

Smuain, san treas áit, Agus chum gur fearrde bhréitlúneochamaois cia an nidh an tsíorruigheachtso, tuig dhuit féin dá mbiadh aoinneach dona damántachaibh gan a shileadh acht aoin-déor amhain agcionn gacha míle bliaghain; no go sílfadh anoiread agus do líonfadh an fhairge nach do-airmhighthe an aimsir nach fulair a dearfadhsa. Níl sé mhíle bliaghain fós ó thosach an domhain, ionas nach roigfeadh leis an goead duine do damnuigheadh sé dheor do sgeith, agus fós, a shíorruigheacht uathbhàsaigh!—

finds rest; if he counts every hour, and with so much impatience longs for the morning, which yet will bring but little relief or comfort, what must this dreadful sight of eternity be, accompanied with all the interior and exterior torments of hell? No man in his senses would purchase a kingdom at the rate of laying for ten years on a soft bed without coming off. Ah! what misery then must it be to be chained down to a bed of fire and brimstone, not for ten years only, nor yet for ten thousand times ten, but as for as many hundred thousand millions of ages, as there are drops of water in the ocean, or atoms in the air; in a word, for an immense eternity.

Consider, 3dly, and in order to conceive still better what this eternity is, imagine with thyself, That if any one of the damned was to shed but one single tear at the end of every thousand years, till he had shed tears enough to fill the sea, what an immense space of time must this require? The world has not yet lasted six thousand years; so that the first of all the damned could not have shed six tears. And yet, O dreadful eternity! the time will certainly come, when any one of those wretches

Tiucfaidh an t'am go firinneach, ionna bhfead-fadh aoinneach don drong dona so a nifrionn, a ràdh le ceart, go mbeith an fhairsinge mhór slighe ata idir an talamh agus neamh-líonta agus an saoghal bathaidhte le na dheoraibh, do-rèir aoindeoir amhain ann-mìle bliaghain. Agus budh sonaidhe è, dà mbeith crìoch air a phianta an uair sin. Acht, faraoir ! tar èis anoirad so mìliùin do mhìliùnaibh bliaghan, biadh sè an fhaid o chrìoch a bheith air a anacra agus do bhi sé an chèud là do thuit sé a steach a nifrionn. Airmhigh ina dhiaigh so, mà's àil leat, a noiread ceudmìle milliùn do bhliaghnaibh agus is féidir le'd smuaintibh a roicsin ; ní héadh amháin, acht cuir agcás dá mbeith iomlán na talmhan fuilighthe le fìogharaibh comh-àirimh, caith suas madh fhéudair an suim do-àirmhighthe bliaghan so, agus ann san meudaigh iad féin arís fo chèile an dara uair ; agus ann san ag cos an chontuis iongantach soin, sgrí-obhaidh síos, annso thuisiodhas an tsìorruigheacht. O a shìorruigheacht uathbhásach ! an bhféidir go mbeith sé do dhánacht san muintir aga bhfuil eagla romhad, peacùghadh.

Smuain, san gceathramhadh áit, go mó fortacht bheag san tsìorruigheacht so dhon drong Damanta dà mbeith spàil na suaimhneas air a bpiantaibh mar bhíos air phiantaibh an tsaoghailse. Acht, faraoir is ionann a bpianta do ghnath ; ní bhíos spàil choidhche ó'n bhfiabhras shìorruighe so. Oir do réir mar is

that are now in hell, may be able with truth to say, that, at the rate of one tear for a thousand years, he might have shed tears enough to drown the whole world, and fill up the immense space between heaven and earth. And, happy would he be, if his torments were then to have an end. But, alas! after these millions of millions of ages, he shall be as far from the end of his misery, as he was the first day of his damnation. Compute after this, if you please, as many hundred thousand millions of years as your thoughts can reach to: nay, suppose the whole surface of the earth to be covered with numerical figures; cast up, if thou canst, this immense sum of years, and then multiply itself, and multiply again a second time the product by itself, and then at the foot of the immense account, write down, here begins eternity! O terrible eternity! is it possible, that they that believe thee, shall not fear thee? Is it possible, that they that fear thee, should dare to sin?

Consider, 4thly, That in this eternity, it would be some small comfort to the damned, if their pains, like those of this life, had an intermission or abatement. But, alas! their torments are always the same; this eternal fever never abates. For as their sins are always the same, and the gate of mercy and pardon is

ionann a bpeacadha do ghnath, agus go bhfuil geata na trócaire agus an mhaithfeadhchuis iadhlta ina gcuinne go síorruighe, leis sin biadh pionós a bpeacadha do ghnath a naoin-chéim daordhálaigh, gan a bheag do rèigtheadh ná do loigheadúghadh. Ní thig leis an Craosaire saidhbhir a nifrionn, *Luc. 16.* teacht fós air an taon bhraon amháin uisge sin d'faghail, noch diarr sé chómh dá rirbheach san, ná ni bhfagha sé é ag caitheamh na síorruigheachta. Nà fós ni dhéunfadh faid aimsire deimhniúghadh dona donánaibhse, ionas go mo-so-fhulaingthe an tanagra a ngabhaid thríd, ná ni chruaidhfeadh taitheadh na gnathamh iad ina gcuinne: acht tar éis miliúin do saoghalaibh, biadh a bpanta chómh nuadh agus a mothughadh cómhionann ina dtaobh leis an gcéad la. O a Dhé mhóir! cia fheadfas do láimh díoghaltais-each d'fulaing? O a oile uamhánach anpheaca mharbhthaich, noch fhéadfas an lasair shíorruighe so d'fadúghadh!

AN XVII. CAIB.

Air Fhlaitheamhnas.

AN SEACHTMHADH LA DEUG.

SMUAIN, air dtúis, mádh tá còir Dé chómh uathbhásach soin do thaobh a námhaid, ca mhéud níos mó fhoillseochas a thrócaire, a mhaithios agus a fheile iad fèin do leith a charaid. Is trócaire agus marthios is cáilioghta cáirdeambla dho, inar mó a bhfuil a ghreann.

eternally shut against them, so the punishment of their sins shall always continue in one and the same degree of rigour, without the least remission or diminution. The rich glutton in hell (Luke 16.) has not yet been able to obtain so much as that single drop of water, for which he so earnestly begged, nor will he ever obtain it for all eternity. Nor shall length of time inure those wretches to those evils which they suffer, so as to make them the more supportable, or use and custom harden them against them; but, after millions of ages, their torments shall be as fresh, and their feeling of them the same as the first day. O great God! who can bear thy avenging hand? O dreadful evil of mortal sin, which can enkindle this eternal flame!

CHAP. XVII.

On Heaven,

THE SEVENTEENTH DAY.

CONSIDER, first, That if God's justice be so terrible in regard to his enemies, how much more will his mercy, his goodness, and his bounty, declare themselves in favour of his friends, Mercy and goodness are his favourite attributes in which he most delights: "His

Adeir an Fháidh Ríghreamhuil, Atáid a thró-cairighe os cionn a oibreacha uile, *Salm, 144.* Uime sin creud an nidh an ríghheacht beannaighthe so, noch ata ollamh aige ionna mhór-mhaithios dà cbloinn ghràdhach. no foillsiughadh a shaidhbhríos, a ghlóire agus a mhórdhaile air feadh na síorruigheachta? Ríghheacht, noch do cheannaigh Mac dé féin duinn, ni air luach is lugha iona a fhuil mhòrluach féin. Dá bhrìgh sin ni hiongna mar eighmhios an tEasbul amach. Nách facaigh súil, nach cualadh cluas, agus nach deachaidh ag croidhe duine, creud ta ollamh ag Dia, dhon drong ghrádhuiheas è, *1 Cor. v. 9.* Ni hiongna go bhfuil an bheannaightheacht so tugtha suas ag diaghairibh, Ina stàid iomlán, bhiothbhuan, foirlíonta dona nuile nidh maith, gan a bheag d'òis thríd, *S. 35.* Maithios choitichionn, gan teoruin, ag líonadh go bruach cumas anmhór ar searca agus ar miana, agus d'ar dtarmain go síorruidhe o an uile eagla agus contabhairt uireasbadh ná aistriughadh. Och! ag so an tionaid ina mbéid seirbhiseacha Dè mar adeir an Salmadóir, air na sasughadh, *S. 35. f. 8.* no air meise le méitheas do thighe, agus go mbéuradh sé ortha ól d'aibhnibh a aoibhnis, amháin do'n tobar ud na beatha noch ata maille ris, agus ghluaisíonn uaigh ionna nanamnaibh shonnaidhe go deoigh agus choidhehe.

Smuain, san dara áit, Biodh go bhfuil fair-singe do gach nidh air ar fèidir smuaineadh

mercies (says the royal prophet, Ps. 144.) are above all his works." What then must this blessed kingdom be, which, in his goodness, he has prepared for his beloved children, or the manifestation of his riches, his glory and magnificence for all eternity. A kingdom, which the Son of God himself hath purchased for us, at no less a price than that of his own precious blood. No wonder then that the apostle cries out, 1 Cor. 2. v. 2. "That neither eye hath seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man, what God hath prepared for those that love him." No wonder that this beatitude is defined by divines, "a perfect and everlasting state, replenished with all that is good, without the least mixture of evil," a general and universal good, filling brimful the vast capacity of our affections and desires, and eternally securing us from all fear or danger of want or change. Ah! "here the servants of God," as the psalmist declares, Ps. 35. "shall be inebriated with the plenty of God's house, and shall be made to drink of the torrent of his pleasure; even of that fountain of life which is with him, and flows from him into their happy souls for ever and ever."

Consider, 2dly, That, although this blessed kingdom abounds with all that can be imagined

bheith maith na greannamhar, annsa Rígeacht Bheannaighthe so, gidheadh, ata aon mhaith amháin chaithréimeach san amharc, gradh agus seilbhughadh, noch is beannaightheacht fírinneach do'n anam, agus is é sin Dia féin agus re feithiomh air an sgeimh ró áluinn so (noch do chidh an drong beannaighthe do shíor aghaidh air aghaidh) curthar tre theine iad le lasair ghrádach ainglidhe, agus air na gcruth-rúghadh air mhodh amhuil agus Dia féin re haondacht ro ghlan, ro gheanamhuil; amhuil do bheith fionnbhruinn no iaranb treathollta le teine san bhfoirnéis, caillionn sé a'n nadúr féin agus deunann lasair theintidhe dhé. A! a chreutuirigh shonnaidhe, creud ta air iarraidh uaibh chum bhur luthghair do bheith iomlán? Sibhse ata a seilbh bhur nDe tobar sruth-fionmhar an tula mhaithios, ata ionnaibh a stigh agus a muigh an taigean do airmhighthe sin an tsoibhrios do chríochnaighthe. O nach ro-lomarcach fialmhaithios ar nDia, noch do bheir dá shearbhfòghantaibh a los andáiseacht maith chóimh mór ri aoinnidh is lughadh ioná é féin, luthghair do labhartha ná nAingiol! O! m'anam nach leor san chum do shonáis, noch do ghnidh Dia féin sonnaidhe.

Smuain, san treas áit, gloire agus aileadh an Jarusalem neamhdha, noch d'foillsighios an sgríbhinn dhiadha, chum í féin do chur a noireamhuin d'arlagacharne, dhuinne sághneithibh na neithe is mo d'at ab annsa linne annso

good and delightful, yet that there is one sovereign good, in the sight, love, and enjoyment of which, consists the essential beatitude of the soul, and that is God himself, whom the blessed ever see face to face, and by the contemplation of his divine beauty, are set on fire with a seraphic flame of love, and by a most pure and amiable union, are transformed, in a manner, into God himself, as when brass or iron in the furnace is perfectly penetrated by the fire, it loseth its own nature, and becometh all flame and fire. Ah! happy creatures, what can be wanting to complete our joys, who are in perfect possession of your God, the overflowing source of all good, who have within and without you the vast ocean of endless felicity? O! the excessive bounty of our God, who giveth to his servants, in reward of their loyalty, so great a good, which is nothing less than himself, the immense joys of angels. O! shall not that suffice, my soul, to make thee happy, which makes God himself happy?

Consider, 3dly, The glory and beauty of the heavenly Jerusalem, which the holy scripture, to accommodate itself to our weakness, represents to us under the notion of the things which we most admire here below. So St. John in the

shíos. Mar dheimhnios N. Eoin duinn san
 tiosbánadh ag deunamh lèirnochta air an gcath-
 air bheannaighthe so, gur ab do chlochaibh
 uaisle a balladhaibh, agus a sráide air 'nurúgh-
 adh le habhuinn d'uisge na beatha, chómh
 soillsioch le Criostal, noch do ritheann ó ríogh-
 chathaoir Dè; agus go' bhfásann crann na
 beatha air Phortaibh na habhann air gach taobh;
 nach solus ann ni bhus mo, na grian na éusg,
 agus gur ab è an Tighearna Dia a solus go
 bràth, O a Jarusalem bheannaighthe! ó go
 dé chómh glòrmhar agus na neithe ata ráidhte
 dhìot, a Chathair Dè! Acht creud an-tion-
 gantas, oir mádh thug ar nDia a shamhuil sin,
 agus ionad chómh honòireach so dhuinn annso
 shíos sa nionad ionarach so, sgiamhaighthe
 le na ghrian, a ghealach agus a réulta; coimh-
 lìonta agus lán diairbhis eugsamhuil, do-chrí-
 ochnaighthe fais, blaithe, crainn agus creutuir
 bheodha dona nuiread cineul, an tiomlán fá-
 smacht an duine. Madh shalathair sé dhuinn,
 a deirim, chómh foirlfonta san sa ngleann so
 na ndeor, agus a gcríoch agáile an bháis, crèad
 is féidir a mheas d'ar nàitreabh síorruidhe a
 dtìr na mbeo? Anàit a bhfuil sé chómh fial san
 dho fìu a nánhuid ann ionad cómhnaighthe
 chómh hoireamhnach, chómh huasal san do
 thabhairt dóibh, créud leis a mbiadh suil agá
 cháirdibh agus agá shearbhfóghantaibh ionna
 ríoghacht shíos ruidhe, ionnar agus tre ar mian
 leis a mhórdhacht agus aghlóire d'foillsiughadh

Apocalypse, describing this blessed city, tells us, that its walls are of precious stones, and its streets of pure and transparent gold; that these streets are watered with the river of the water of life, resplendent as chrystal, which flows from the throne of God; and that on the banks of this river grows the tree of life: that there shall be no night, nor any sun or moon, but that the Lord God shall be its light for ever. O blessed Jerusalem! O how glorious are the things that are said of thee, city of God! But what wonder? for, if our God has given us such and so noble a place here below in this place of banishment, beautified with this sun, moon and stars, accomplished and furnished with this infinite variety of plants, flowers, trees, and living creatures of so many sorts, all subservient to man; if, I say, he has so richly provided for us in this vale of tears, and region of the shade of death; what must our eternal habitation be in the land of the living? if here he is so bountiful even to his enemies, in giving them so commodious, so noble a dwelling, what may his friends and servants expect in his eternal kingdom, in which, and

dhóibh feadh saoghaltaibh do-chríochnaighthe a bhfeadh sìorruidhe, noch ata ollamh aige ann dhá dheaghlucht fein? Go mo beam-aighthe treas an uile chreutuir a mhaithios go sìorruighe.

Smuain, san gceathramhadh áit, Aitigh-theoirighe beannaighthe a rígeachta neamh-dha, na miliuin do mhiliunaibh do Aingíoláibh, da nabarann an Fhaidh Dónall, noch do chonaire Dia uile-chomhachtach a naisling, linn, go rabhadar milte do mhilitibh ag minis-trealacht dó, agus gur sheasadar deithionna do mhilitibh do chéadaibh dó mhilitibh ina lathair, *D. 7. Caib.* An nuimhir dō-chulm-aighthe sin naoimh agus martardha, searbh-foghantadha uile Dé; cruinnighthe as gach uile chríoch, treabh agus teanga, do gach cineul; agus os a gcionn uile, Maighdionn bheannaighthe Mathair Dé; banmrioghlan na naomh agus na naingiol; atá a nuimhir do-air-mhighthe. Acht, O! cia hé ar fèidir leis suil do bheith aige le bheith ameasg na cuideachtan bheannaighthe so! Ataid uile ró nasal ró ghlòrmhar ró eagnaidhe, ró naomhtha.— Ataid uile d'suil rioghthamhuil, riogha agus rioghbhan uile; iad uile ina glann agus ina noighreadhaibh do'n Dia ró-árd: àluinn agus óg do shíor; coróineacha do ghéugaibh blath-mhora an glóire mbarthannaich, agus ag taith-niomh nios ro-ghile iona an ghrian. Ata a gcarrthanachd agus angrádh dá chéile ni sa

by which, he designs to manifest to them his greatness and glory for endless ages in an ever lasting banquet, which he has there prepared for his elect? Blessed, by all creatures, be his goodness for ever!

Consider. 4thly, The blessed inhabitants of this heavenly kingdom; those millions of millions of angels, of whom the prophet Daniel having seen God Almighty in a vision, tells us, Dan. 7: "That thousands of thousands administered unto him, and tens of thousands of hundreds of thousands stood before him: that infinite multitude of saints and martyrs, and other servants of God of both sexes, gathered out of all nations, tribes and tongues; and above them all, the Blessed Virgin, mother of God, queen of saints and angels: their number is innumerable. But O! who can expect the happiness of enjoying this blessed company? they are all most noble, most glorious, most wise, most holy; they are all of blood royal, all kings and queens, all children and heirs of the most High God: ever beautiful and ever young, crowned with wreathes of immortal glory, and shining much brighter than the sun.

mho iona is fèidir a thuigsin. Nil aca uile acht aon chroidhe, aon toil, agus aon anam: Dá bhrìgh sin ata luthghàir agus sàsamh gach naoin méadaighthe fò chéile chòmh ionadambhuil agus ataid anamna beannaighthe agus aingil a Bhflaitheamhnas. Trid an aoibhneas do-fhaisneise do ghlasas gach naon aco a naoibhneas an iomláin, agus gach peach fò leith do'n chuid oile go léir. Uime sin a Chrìostaighthe, deunamaoidne aithris annso air a subhailcibh, ionas go dtiucfamaois chum a gcaidreamh shonaidhe tna dhiaigh so, agus maille riu san, abhràn mharthanach Shìon do chantain chum ar nDé.

Smuain, san gcúigeadh áit, Gur ab é do ghnidh luthghàir agus soilbhrios na Flaitios agus na droinge beannaighthe ceart-iomlán síorruigheacht anaoibhnis, agus deimhniughadh agus fìrinne do-mheallta ina seilbh go bhfuil anaoibhneas agcómh-cheangal le síorruigheacht Dé, an fhaid agus do bhiadh Dia ina Dhia go mbeid siad fairis ionna ríoghacht naomhta. O m'anam! nach sàsamhuil, nach aoibhin an nidh feuchain reomhuin san tsìorruigheacht mhòrsa, agus tu féin do léigionn a mughadh san radharc seunmhar san na saoghal gan chrìoch. O beannaigh do Dhia, d'ollmbaigh na luthghair mharthanacha so, mar luachsaothair air son na seirbhise suathrach san, agus do theasg duit iad o'n tsìorruigheacht! Nà ni theunfadh an tsìorruigheacht so gan teoruin, na

Their love and charity for one another is more than can be conceived ; they have all but one heart, one will, and one soul ; so the joy and satisfaction of every one is multiplied to as many as there are blessed souls and angels in heaven, by the inexpressible delight that each one takes in the happiness of all and every one of the rest. Christians, let us imitate their virtue here, that we may come to their happy society hereafter, and with them eternally sing to our God, the immortal songs of Sion.

Consider, 5thly, That what renders all the joys of heaven, and the felicity of the blessed completely great, is the eternity of their bliss, and the infallible certainty and security which they enjoy, that their happiness is ever linked with God's eternity, that as long as God shall be God, they shall be with him in his blessed kingdom. O ! my soul, how pleasant, how delightful it is to look forward into this vast eternity, and there to lose thyself in this happy prospect of endless ages : O ! bless thy God, who has prepared these immortal joys for the reward of such small services, and designed them from all eternity for thee : Nor shall this immense eternity render these enjoyments any ways disagreeable or tedious by the length of

sealbhaighthe, miothaithniomhach na túrseach tré fhaid na seilbhighe: acht ós aigean do-thraighte Dia dona nuile mhaithios, agus a chumas dhiagha ina oirchiste do-chaitithe, do-choimsighthe suaircis, uime sin biadh sonas na droinge shealbhuighean é, úr do ghnàth agus nuadh do ghnàth. Crìochnaigh do bhrìgh sin, a Anam Chrìostaighe, an uile nidh ata aimsfordha, talmhuighe, do thrèiglon agus do tharcuisnitughadh; agus o'n uair só do thuras do thoislughadh agtionn na rìoghachta glormhara, neamhdha agus sìorruighe. Ann san iseadh gheabhair an uile nidh is mian lead chroidhe; onóir mharthanach, saidhbhrios gan chuimsiughadh, sultghlan, shìorruighe, beatha, sláinte, síleacht gan tréigionn, &c. Och! isé só amhair do bhaile duthichais ceart, talamh na mbeo!

AN XVIII. CAIB.

Air bheag Nuimhir na Droinge Toghta.

AN TOCHTMHADH LA DEUG.

SMUAÍN, air dtúis, Na briathra só Chríost, Glaodhtar mórán, acht is beagán a toghthar; noch d'fóillsighios fírinne mhór, uamhanach, air na chur a niuil go minic le beul na fírinne fèin; chum peacuigh neamhthuigsionacha do dhusga ó'n marbhshuan inar shaltaigh anámhaid iad. Agso aon dona teagasgaibh do leag sé síos mar bhunadhas do'n deighbheus Chríost-amhuil, iona sheanmóir dhiadha air an sliabh,

the possession; but as God is an endless ocean of all good, and his divine essence an inexhaustible, infinite treasure of delights, so the happiness of those that eternally enjoy him, shall be always fresh, always new. Conclude then, Christian soul, to condemn and forsake all that is earthly and temporal, and from this hour to begin thy journey towards this glorious, heavenly, and eternal kingdom. There thou shalt find all that thy heart can desire; immortal honours, immense treasures, pure and endless joys, life, health, beauty never fading, &c. O! this alone is thy true home, the land of the living.

CHAP. XVIII.

On the Small Number of the Elect.

THE EIGHTEENTH DAY.

CONSIDER, first, Those words of Christ, "Many are called but few are chosen:" which contain a great and dreadful truth, frequently inculcated by the mouth of truth itself, to rouse unthinking mortals from that profound lethargy, into which the enemy has lulled them. This is one of those lessons which he had laid down, for a foundation of Christian morality, in his divine sermon on the mountain, where

an áit andeir sè linn: gabhaigh a steach san ngeata chumhaing, òir is leathann an geata agus is fairsing an tselighe threoruigheas chum damanta, agus is iomdha iad do ghabhann a steach ann. Och! is cumhaing an geata agus is díreach an tselighe threoruigheas chum na beatha, agus is beag do gheibh eolus air. *Matha 7. f. 13, 14.* Is uime sin do sgrúdann sè dhuinn san suibhsgeul céadná “nàch é gach aon adeir liomsa, a Thighearna, a Thighearna, rachas a steach go Rígeacht Neimhe; acht an té do ghnidh toil M'athar ata a bhFlaith-eamhnas. Sé sin, tre úmhaile dhílios do dhlíge Dé agus dà theagasc. Gan so, deimhnighion sé dhuinn nach bhfuil aon tairbhe dhuinn siud, agus go ndeunfamaois miorbhuileadha ina ainm. Deurfaid mórán liomsa an là san, (là an Bhreith-eamhnais) A Thighearna, nachar rineamair Faidhideoireacht ann t'ainm; agus nachar theilgeamair amach na Diabhail ann t'ainm; agus nachar rineamair mórán iongantais ann t'ainm? Agus annsan admhóchadsa nar aithin me riamh sibh: imthighidhe uaim alucht deunta an uilc.” A Dhé mhaith! créud deunfadhar linne madh diultaighthear do rígeacht síorruighe air fiu na muintire so noch do rineadh miorbhuileadha ad th'ainm!

Smuain, san dara áit, A liacht slighe a bhfuil an fhirinne uathbhásach so-foillsighthe no tiosbanta san tseanthiomna. D'aiteoiribh uile na talmhan, nior saoradh ó uisgeadhaibh na dile

he tells us: St. Matt. 7. v. 13, 14. "Enter in at the narrow gate; for broad is the gate, and wide is the way that leads to damnation, and many there are that enter by it." O! how narrow is the gate, and strait the way that leads to life, and few there are that find it. Hence, in the same sermon, he declares to us: that "Not every one that says to me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father that is in heaven;" viz. by a faithful compliance with the law of God, and his gospel. Without this, he assures us, that it will avail as nothing, even to have done miracles in his name. "Many shall say unto me on that day (of judgment) Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and cast out devils in thy name, and done many wonders in thy name: and then will I confess to them, that I never knew them; depart from me, you workers of iniquity." Good God! what will become of us, if those that have even done miracles in thy name, shall, nevertheless, be excluded thy eternal kingdom?

Consider, 2dly, How many ways this frightful truth has been declared or prefigured to us in the Old Testament; of all the inhabitants of the earth, only eight souls, viz. Noah

san Arc, acht amhain ochtar; sé sin, Naoi agus a mhuintir. Do shé chëad míle do chlainn Israel, do thainig as thír na hEigipte fa threoir Mhaoise, ní thainig chum talamh Chanain, talamh na geallamhna, acht dís amhain, Josua agus Caileb; fioghair noch do chuirionn an tEasbol Pol naomh a gcosmhulacht linne na Críostaighthe go fírinneach. 1 *Cor.* 10. Air an nós cëadna cuirionn an Fhaidh Isaías an drong do rachas as o'n díoghaltas diadha leis an mbeagan torrtha oluidhe d'fanais air na crannaibh tar éis na dtoirthe do chruinniughadh, *Caib.* 24. *f.* 13, 14. no leis an mbeagan craithin grapadh dogheibhthear air na fíonoiribh tar éis fíonfhoghmhar deaghchruinnighthe.— Ah! a Chríostaighthe, cluinighidhe dá bhrígh sin, agus úmbluighidhe do ghuith ar Slánaightheora an trath adeir sé libh dul a nioma (isé sin, dithchioll do dhéunamh le hiomlán bhur neirt) chum dul a steach san ngeata chumhaing: oir deimhnighim díbh go piarrfadh mórán dul a steach: agus nach beid siad àbalta. *Luc.* 13. *c.* 24. *f.* Air an adhbhar nach déinid urmhór na gcríostaighthe andithchioll le hiomlán a neirt (biodh agus go gcuirid roint duaigh eorrra féin.) Ní bhfuilid a ndàiriribh go hiomlán ionna lorgaireacht agus dá bhrígh sin ní bhfaghaid choidhche. Cluin arís le crith agus eagla an tEasbal mòr, Peadar, an trath fhiafruighean dinn.— Mäs air éigíonn do slánóchar na firein cà a dtiosbànfadh an peacach é féin. 1 *Peadar* c. 4.

and his family were preserved by the ark from the waters of the deluge. Of six hundred thousand of the children of Israel, who came out of the land of Egypt under the conduct of Moses, only two persons, Joshua and Caleb, entered Canaan, the land of promise ; which figure, the apostle St. Paul expressly applies to us christians. 1 Cor. 10. To the same effect the prophet Isaias, chap. 24. v. 13, 14. likens those that shall escape the divine vengeance, to that small number of olives that remain on the tree after the fruit is gathered, or to the few bunches of grapes that are found on the vines after a well-gleaned vintage. Ah ! Christians, hear, then, and obey the voice of your Saviour, when he tells you ; St. Luke, 13. v. 24. " Contend, that is, strive with all your force, to enter in at the narrow gate ;" for many, I assure you, shall seek to enter, and shall not be able : " because the generality of Christians, though they use some endeavours to enter, yet do not strive with all their force ; they are not thoroughly in earnest in their seeking, and therefore shall never find entrance. Hear again, with fear and trembling, the apostle St. Peter, when he tells us, that if the just will hardly be saved, where will the sinner appear ? 1st Epistle, chap. 4. v. 18. Oh ! my soul ! let us then " take care (as the same apostle admonishes, 2 Pet. 1.) by good works, to make our election

d. 18. O m'anam, tugamaoidne aire uime sin, do réir mar theagasgas an tEasbol céadna, Ar dtogha do bheith diongmhalta le deaghoibreachaibh: 2 *Peadar*, 1. c. agus madh théid daoine oile ina sloightibh go Hifrionn, gabhaimoidne orainn féin gan a leanmhuint do ghrádh cuideachtan.

Smuain, san treas áit, Ceadfadh na n'Aithreach naomhtha air an gcosboir so, aithriste ionna sgríbhinn, acht níos mo go mór ionna mbeatha aithrigheach agus san eagla ud, ionn ar mhàireadar agus ionna bhfuaradar bás, roimh bhreitheamhnais Dé, noch a raibh a fhios aco bheith neimhionann agus breitheamhnais na ndaoine. A Chríostaighthe, biodh ní bhus mó mheas aguibh air cheadfadhaidh na Clainne sin an tsoluis, iona air bharamhlaibh olbhaoiseacha, neamhthabhachtacha saoghaltanaigh mheallta, noch déimhios amach, "Síothchain agus neamheagla," an tráth bhíos léirsgríos obann ag tuirling air a gceannaibh. Och! tabhair éistíocht aon uaire do'n mhórnaomh Eoin Críostom, aon do phríomh dhochtúiribh Eaglaise Dé, noch do rin a dhianghnódh do mheabhrúghadh na sgríbhinne diagma, agus agà raibh congnamh spioraid Dé go leithleasach chum athuigsiona san, eist, a deirim leis an nidh do labhrann sé go deimhneach ann aon dà shearmonaibh do phobal Chonstaintínóple, do bhí san am san ina Ceannchathair air an saoghal, agus air na haîtreabhughadh le

sure ;" and if others will go in crowds to hell, let us resolve not to go with them for company's sake.

Consider, 3dly, The sentiments of the holy fathers upon this subject, expressed in their writings, but much more in their penitential lives, and in that fear, in which they lived and died, of the judgments of God, which they knew to be very different from the judgments of men. Christians, let the sentiments of these children of light weigh more with us than the vain and groundless imaginations of deluded worldlings, who cry out, "peace and security," when sudden destruction is just lighting upon their heads. O ! give ear, for once, to the great St. John Chrysostom, one of the chief doctors of the Church of God, who made the study of the scripture his constant employment, and was particularly assisted by the spirit of God, for the understanding thereof; give ear, I say, to what he positively pronounces in one of his sermons to the people of Constantinople, at that time the capital city of the world, inhabited by many hundred thousand of Christians, whose lives, in all appearances, were full as regular as ours are. "How many, think you, says he,

mórán do chéadaibh míle do Chríostaighibh, agá raibh beatha do réir gach aon deallra chomh riaghalta linne. Cā mhéud is doigfi libh (ar sé) slanóchar san gcathraigh so? – An nidh atáim air ti a rádha sgannrogha sé sibh; acht fós caithfeadh me é labhairt. As anoiread miltibh is air éigíon slanóchar aon chéud amháin; agus fós atáim a namhras ortha so féin.” Briathra an Naoimh go nuige sin. Agus an bhfuileamaoidne, m’anam, a gcontabhairt bheith do’n uimhir is mo? An blifuil ár mbeathane a slighe go mbeith muinghin aguinn muna slanóchar acht chómh fíor-bheag sango mbiadh-maoid féin air an lucht sonaidh.

Smuain, san gceathramhadh áit, Air son nach dubhairt an scríbhinn dhiagha ná na hAithreacha aoinnidh air bheagnuimhir na droinge toghtha; Gidheadh caithfeadh an fhírinne so bheith dearbh aguinn, madh ghnídhmid iomarbhádhdh idir bheatha, urmhór na gChríostaighthe agus suibhisgeul Chríost agus a Aitheanta naombtha. Más áil leat an bheatha mharrthanach d’fágáil, a deir ár dTighearna, coimheud na hAitheanta. Níl amhalairt do shlighe chum na beatha shíorruidhe. Agus agso an chéud Aithne agus an Aithne is mó, graidhfeadh tú do Thighearna Dia le hiomlán do chroidhe le hiomlán t’anma agus do neirt. *Matha. 22.* Anois nach beag ata choingmheas an Aithne so? Is furus arádh le urmhór na gChríostaighthe, go ngrádhamaoid

will be saved in this city? what I am going to say will terrify you: but yet I must speak it. Of so many thousands, there will hardly one hundred be saved; and I doubt even of those!" So far, the saint. And are we, my soul, in no danger of being of the greater number? Is our life such, as to afford any reasonable hope, that if so very few be saved, we shall be of that happy society?

Consider, 4thly, That, though the Scripture and Fathers have said nothing of the small number of the elect, yet, that this truth must appear evident to us, if we compare the lives of the generality of Christians with the gospel of Christ and his holy commandments. "If thou wilt enter into life, (says our Lord, Matt. 10. 19.) keep the commandments;" there is no other way to life everlasting. And the first and greatest of all the commandments is this: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy strength." Matt. 22. Now, how few are they that keep this commandment? It is easy to say, with the generality of Christians, that we love God with our whole heart; but what is the practice of our whole

Dia le hiomlán ar gcroidhe; Acht creud é gnathamh ar nbeatha uile? Nach teighionn a ngrádh féin, glóir, dhiomhaoin, drúiseamhlacht, &c. air taobh a stigh dho Dhia? Mádh tà san mar sin, is diomhaoin arádh, ata grádh aguinn dó ós cionn an uile níd. Agus fos ni'l aon tslánúghadh gan an grádh so.

Smuain, go maith air so. Tairis sin, a deir an tEasbal N. Séum. Gidh bé bhias ina cháraid ag an saoghal go mbiadh sé ina nàmhaid ag Diá. *Caib. 4. f. 4.* Agus N. Eoin. Madh ghrádhuidheann aoineach an saoghal ni'l grádh de ann. *Eoin. c. 2. f. 15.* Agus deir Críost féin nach féidir linn dhá Thighearna d'friotholamh. *Matha. 6. 24.* Uime sin cionas fhéadfamoid smuaineadh air iomchur urmhór na muintire so ghairmíos Críostaighthe dhiobh fein do chlodhúghadh? (dar ab è a meabh-rughadh go léir an saoghal do shasamh agus iad féin do chur anoireamhaint do chéadfadh-aibh mealltacha, béusaibh truaillighthe agus ollbhaoisibh seachránacha.) Le na suiligheacht le righeacht Fhlaitheamhnais, nidh, nach bhfuil le fágail gan feidhm èigin orainn féin, leis an saoghal peacamhuil so do sheunadh, agus le beatha chraibhteach, gan mheas orainn féin.

Smuain, san gcuigeadh àit, Meud na ndroich-bheus is gnathach a fhaghail a measg urmhór na gCríostaighthe deighchreidmhach féin; agus uaidh sin dèin faistine dà gcineamhain san saoghal re teacht. A loighead do dhiultaidbeam

lives ; does not self-love, vain glory, sensuality, &c. on every occasion, take place of God? If so, it is in vain to say, "we love him above all things." Think well on this. Besides, the apostle St. James declares, chap. 4. v. 4. "That whosoever will be a friend to this world, becomes an enemy of God;" and John, Epist. 1. chap. 2. v. 15. "If any one love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." And Christ himself declares: that, "we cannot serve two masters." Matt. 6. v. 24. How then can we think to reconcile the conduct of the greatest part of those that call themselves Christians (whose whole study it is to please the world, and to conform themselves to its false maxims, corrupt customs, and deluding vanities) with their expectations of the kingdom of heaven, which is not to be obtained but by using violence upon ourselves, by renouncing this sinful world, and by a life of self-denial and mortification.

Consider, 5thly, How great a corruption is generally found even among the greatest part of true believing Christians, and from thence make a judgment of their future lot. How few are proof against human respect, and the

do mhéas daonaidhe, agus eagla urchoideach an ní a déarfadh an saoghal? Faraoir! Crèud é nuimhir na muintire do bheir suas a slainte shíorruidhe do'n eagla mhaluighthesi le athóg-bhail do rogha grasa Dé do thabhairt suas air son na honóra breige sin, meas an tsaoghail so. Cá lia duine dhon drong san noch dhàrduibheas a bhfuil agus a maoin shaoghailta os cionn na codach oile dá gcomharsan, mhair-eas do ghnath a gcleachtaibh damanta tre mheodhain chuiripe gan masla d'fulaing choidhche, agus ag tabhairt tosach dá meas saoghailta air agcugas! Daoine dona! dheunfar a chosarail le diablaibh aithiseacha air feadh na síorruigheachta, tré oireamhuin do chéadfadhaibh bréige saoghailtánacha meallta? Cà loighead do chinn-uradh muintire bhios sgimeamhuil dáiriribh san lucht bhios fá na gcuram, ann aireachas do thabhairt gan teagasg do bheith dhuireasba ortha ná crabhacht do d'failith, &c. agus gan aoinnidh oillbhéimtheach ná peacamhuil d'fuireach air sgath abhfailith ná a neamshuim? Gidheadh dearbhann an tEasbal duinn madh ghnidh aoinneach failith d'haireachas a churaim, gur measa é iona ainchríostaighe.— 1 Tim. f. 8. Go dé loighead d'aithreachaibh do ghnidh sgim dáiriribh dá gclann do thabhairt suas óna noige a neagla Dé, agus fuath an pheacadh targach níd do chur a gcéill doibh go luath. A! is fíor go ndiongnaid an urmhúr an damnúghadh do dhublughadh tré na na-

pernicious fear of what the world will say? Alas! what numbers sacrifice their eternal salvation to this cursed fear, by rather chusing to forfeit the grace of God, than the false honor and esteem of this world! How many of those, whose birth and fortune have advanced them above the level of their fellow mortals, live continually in the state of damnation, by a cursed disposition of never putting up with an affront, and of preferring their worldly honor before their conscience! Unhappy men, who by conforming themselves now to those false maxims of deluded worldlings, will be trampled under foot by insulting devils for all eternity! How few masters of families are sincerely solicitous for those under their charge, to see that instructions be not wanting, devotions be not neglected, &c. and that nothing scandalous or sinful lurks in consequence of their negligence or connivance: and yet the Apostle assures us, that if any man neglects the care of his family, he is worse than an infidel. 1 Tim. 5. v. 8. How few parents effectually take care to bring up their children, from their infancy, in the fear of God, and early to inspire into them a horror of sin, above all evils. Ah! what a double damnation will the greatest part bring upon themselves, by sacrificing their children's souls to the devil and the world, which they

namnach bog óga do iodhbairt do'n diabhal agus do'n saoghal, an tráth bféidir leo a dtoirbhirt chómh aomh san do neamh ! Faoi dheoigh, gan rith tar gach aon chéim don bheatha fó leith, nach folas gur ab éagóir, neamhghlaine, díomha, aithis, &c. do, ríaghlúigheas amessg Críostaightheibh, agus gur beag è uimhir na droinge chaitheas a mbeatha do réir an tsóisgeil ? A Dhè mhóir dèin trócaire orainn; agus tabhair gràsa dhuinn bheith air nuimhir an bheagáin; ionas go roigfeadh linn bheith do'n uimhir shlan.

AN XIX. CAIB.

Air an Bpeacadh marbhtach.

AN NAOMHADH LA DEUG.

SMUAIN, air dtúis, Nach bhfuil air Talamh, ná fós a nifrionn féin, ainmhidhe is gráineamha, is sailighthe agus is aghfhuatbmhaire, iona an peacadh: ainmhidhe noch is céidghin do'n diabhal, no le labhairt níos ceirte, is é is tuisamhighbheoir dhon diabhal agus d'ifrionn.— Ni raibh sé san domhuin uile, crèutuir dob sílleadh, budh shuighte ná budh líonmhaire ionna nuile chinéul do thiodhlaictheibh do nádair agus do ghrásaibh, iona bhi an taingiol soillseach, úd eadhoin, Lucifer agus a chuideachta: Gidheadh d'athraigh aon pheaca amhain marbhtach iad, agus gan acht toil anaighe thabhairt leis sin féin trè smuaineadh, do chléochladh d'aon bhig, ionna ndiablaibh grána, coe-

might with so much ease have consecrated to Heaven! In fine, not to run over all states of life in particular, is it not visible that injustice, impurity, pride, detraction, &c. every where reign among Christians, and that the number of those who live up to the gospel is very small? Good God! have mercy on us, and give us grace to be of the number of the few, that so we may be of the number of the saved!

CHAP. XIX.

On Mortal Sin.

THE NINETEENTH DAY.

CONSIDER, first, That there is not upon earth, nor even in hell itself, a monster more hideous, more filthy, and abominable than sin: a monster! that is, the first born of the devil; or, to speak more properly, is the parent both of the devil and hell. There was not in the whole universe, a creature more beautiful, more perfect, more accomplished with all kind of gifts, both of nature and grace, than was that bright angel, Lucifer and his companions; yet one mortal sin, and that only consented to in thought, changed them, in an instant, into ugly devils, just objects of horror and abomination to God and men. What effect, think ye, will sin have upon man, who is but dust and ashes,

boirighe fuathmhara, gràineamhla do Dhia is do dhuine. Creud an taistriughadh, ionn bhur muinghinse, dhéunfas an peacadh air an duine. nach bhfuil ann acht smolt agus luathre, madh mheathan sé chómh foghtach san rèultana na bhFiaithíos? Dob é an tainmhidhe so, an peacadh, do theilg ar dtuismhitheoirighe amach as Pharrathas; agus do dhamnaigh iad fèin agus a sliocht chum anacair do-airmhighthe, agus chum báis aimsiordha agus shíorruiighe.— Isé an peacadh do bháigh an domhain le huisge na dile; agus dhiingios ifrionn go laetheamhuil le miliunaibh danamnaibh bochta, chum bheith mar sprios ag lasrachaibh gan chríoch. A Dhé mhóir! saor sinn o'n olc mhalachtachso.

Smuain, san dara àit, Gur ab é an peacadh bás an anama. Oir ò sé ànam an duine do bheir beatha do'n cholainn; agus dà bhrigh sin, ata an choluinn sin marbh, óna nimthighionn an t'anam, mar an gcéadna, is è grasa Dé is beatha do'n anam; agus ata an tanam san marbh noch do chaillionn Dia agus a ghrasa tre pheacadh mharbhtach. Uime sin, madh té corp marbh óna nimthighionn an tanam, chómh déisdionach chómh geiteamhuil sin gur rò bheag fheadhfadh aon oidhche amhain do chaitheamh air aon leabuin, le na shamhuil sin do chaomhuidhe; cionas is féidir leatsa, a pheacaigh dhona, conablach anama ata marbh a bpeacadh, d'fóighneadh agus d'iomchur do ghnath ad thimchioll, noch ata abhfad nios déisdionamhla

if it blasts so foully the angles of heaven? It was this monster, Sin, that cast our first parents out of Paradise, and condemned both them and their posterity to innumerable miseries, and to both a temporal and eternal death. It was Sin drowned the world with the waters of the flood; and daily crouded hell with millions of poor souls, to be the fuel of endless flames. Good God! deliver us from this cruel evil!

Consider, 2dly, That sin is the death of the soul. For, as it is the soul of man which gives life to his body, and consequently that body is dead from which the soul is gone, so it is the grace of God which is the life of the soul; and that soul is dead which by mortal sin has lost her God and his grace. If then a dead carcass, from which the soul is gone, be so loathsome and frightful, that few could endure to pass one night in the same bed with such a bedfellow, how is it possible, unhappy sinner, that thou canst endure to carry continually about with thee a carcass of a soul, dead in mortal sin, which is far more loathsome and hideous? Ah! beg of God that he would

agus ní bhus fuathmhaire. A! sirimh air Dhia go nógla se do shuile chum do sdaid aindeas féin d'faicsin, antáracht ifriondasan, an peacadh, d'fuathughadh, noch d'oilis ann t'ucht an fhaid sin, agus noch is cuis fhírianneach diomlán tanacra.

Smuain, san treas ait, Creud do chailleann antanam le peacadh, agus creud do thairbhigheann sé anaghaidh an chailleamhuin so. Cailleann sé grása Dé. noch is mó do stóirchiadighibh; agus san gcailleamhuin so cailleann sé Dia féin. Cailleann sé tearmainn agus muintearas aithreamhuil Dé. Caillionn sé meas leinibh do Dhia agus ceile do Chríost. Caillionn sé ceart agus teidiol Ríghheachta shíorruidhe. Nochtar í do thiodhlaicthibh uile an spioraid Naoimh: Sladta as luacht saothair iomlán a bheatha: tigionn sí chum bheith ina leanabh d'ifrionn agus ina aghlábhuidhe dhon diabhal; sealbh-uighthe a spioraid aige, agus mar aoin leis fá bhreith dhamaint shíorruidhe. Agus ag so a dtairbhigheann sé do'n pheacadh: do bhrígh gur bás is tuaradal do'n pheacadh. *Romh. 6.* Bás an anama annso, agus an dara bás, bás shíorr-uighthe ina dhiaighi so. Och! a pheacaigheadh dhona, fosglaghe bhur suile chum feuchain agus achlàn do dheunamh tre bhur ndailleacht dhubhach, ann Dia do mhalartughadh air an diabhal; Flaitheas air ifrionn.

Smuain, san gceathramhadh áit, Go bhfuil an peacadh, fíorfhuathmhar, gráineamhuil ann

open thy eyes to see thy own deplorable state, to detest the hellish monster, Sin, which thou hast so long nourished in thy breast, and which is the true cause of all thy misery.

Consider, 3dly, What the soul loses by sin, and what she gains to recompence this loss. She loses the grace of God, the greatest of all treasures, and, in losing this, she loses God himself; she loses the fatherly protection and favour of God; she loses the dignity of a child of God, and spouse of Christ; she loses the right and title of an eternal kingdom; she is stript of all the gifts of the Holy Ghost, robbed of all the merits of her whole life; becomes a child of hell, and a slave of the devil, spiritually possessed by him, and with him liable to an eternal damnation: and this is all she gains by sin: "because the wages of sin is death." Rom. 6. The death of the soul here, and a second and eternal death hereafter. Ah! wretched sinners, open your eyes to see, and bewail your lamentable blindness, in thus exchanging God for the devil, heaven for hell.

Consider, 4thly, That sin is infinitely odious and detestable in the sight of God, as being in-

radharc Dé, bheith agceartaigh a mhormhaith-
iosa. Fuaithigheann sè è le fuaith riachtannach
siorruighe, agus ni mó fhéadfadh sè staonadh
do fhuait dhó ioná fhéadfadh sè staonadh o
bheith ina Dhia. Leis sin, dà mbeith sè dhe
dhonas air an te is fioreunda air talamh, tuitim
ann aon phéaca marbhtach dá loighead, do
bheith sè san am cheadna ina námhuid ag Dia :
agus dà bhfaghadh bás san gcoir sin, is dearbh
go naireochadh sè troime ceirt d'foltaiseach Dè
air feadh na siorruigheachta. Och a Chrìost-
aighthe! nà biodhmaoidne choidhche chómh
mór san air buile, agus dul a geonntabhairt
choga le Dia, Faraoir! cà lia agus cà uath-
bhasach agus na Breitheamhnais dimireann
Dia go laètheamhuil air pheacadh agus air pheac-
achaibh! cà lia duine sgiubtar chum siubhail
a mblaith a nòige le bás obann, anaba, mar
phionos dà bpeacadhaibh! Cà lia duine gheibh
bás a neudóchais! Cà lia duine, faireis iomad
masla thabhairt do ghrásaibh Dè, do bhearthar
suas do thuairim dicbreidmheach, do chrudhas
croidhe, noch is measa agus is sgannramhia
da bhreitheamhnasaibh uile! Och! critheamais
le smuain air aleitheid dáindeise! Biodhmaois
deimhneach, nàch fàidir aon anacra bheith
chómh mór leis sin do thuilleamaoid le peacadh
marbhtach; agus gur ab mó atamaoid inar
námhaid duinn féin, agus gur ab mó dhar
ndochar féin do ghnidhmid tre thoil do thabh-
airt d'aon pheaca marbhtach, iona bhféidir le

finitely opposite to his sovereign goodness. He hates it with an eternal and necessary hatred, and can no more cease to hate it than he can cease to be God. Hence, if the just man upon earth were so unhappy as to fall into any one of the least mortal sins, he would, in that same moment, become the enemy of God; and, if he were to die in that guilt, would certainly feel the weight of God's avenging justice, for all eternity. Ah! christians, never let us be so mad as to venture to be at war with God. Alas! how many and how dreadful judgments does he daily exercise upon sin, and sinners? How many, in punishment of sin, are snatched away in the flower of their age, by sudden and unprovided deaths? How many die in despair? How many, after having long abused God's grace, are given up to a reprobate sense, to a hardness of heart, the worst and most terrible of all his judgments? O! let us tremble at the thoughts of so great a misfortune: let us be convinced that there can be no misery so great as that which we incur by mortal sin, and that we are more our own enemies, and do ourselves more mischief, by consenting to any one mortal sin, than all the men upon earth, and all the devils in hell could do to us, though they were all to conspire together to do their worst: because all that they can do, as long as we do not consent to sin, cannot hurt the soul: whereas we, ourselves, by consenting to any

feeraibh na cruinne agus diabhalaibh ifrinn. go huile a dheanamh dhuinn, biodh go mbeidis uile d'aon-intinn air a ndithchioll chum ar ndiobhála; Oir gach abhfeadfadaois sin, do dheunamh, an fhaid nach aontochamaois do'n pheacadh, ni dheanfadaois dochar do'n anam, gídheadh, tarraingeamaoid fein air ar nanamnaibh fein, bás namhanach, sìorruidhe, tre thoil do thabhairt d'aon pheaca amhain marbhtach. A Dhe mhaith! nà foighnigh dhuinne choidhche bheith chómh dall san agus ar namna fein do shláodmharbhadh.

Smuain, san gcúigeadh áit, O m'anam! agus bi air baill chrith tré iomadamlacht t'easumhlúigheacht anaghaidh do Dhé dfeicsin, tre ar dhárduighis a fhearg air feadh iomláine do bheatha. Faraoir! nach bhfuil sé rí-fhíor, nach luaithe thngais chum aois tuigsiona na thréigis do Rígh agus do Dhia, an té ar chaithis go sonaidhe laethe do naoidheandachta fà na sgiathánaibh? A! nach luaith do rithis air siubhal ó'n te is fearr d'aithribh; agus mar an leanabh dioblásach, ag caitheadh do sprè a dtalamh choimhighteach, ag iarradh go hollbhaoiseach t'aighe shasamh le measaibh inar na toirc? Gabh tar bhliaghnaibh do bheatha ann do chuimhne le doilghios t'anma; agus feic an storús mallaightheacht a smuaineadh a mbréithios agus a ngníomh thaisbeanfas iad féin dod shúilibh. Feuch chomhfada agus chómh neamhtabhtachtach agus rinnis do sgleip

one mortal sin, bring upon our own souls a dreadful and eternal death. Good God! never suffer us to be so blind, as to become thus the murderers of our own souls.

Consider, 5thly, O my soul, And tremble at the sight of that multitude of treasons against thy God, by which thou hast so often provoked his indignation, in the whole course of thy life. Alas! is it not too true, that thou no sooner didst come to the use of reason, than thou abandonest thy king and thy God, under the wings of whose fatherly protection, thou hadst happily passed the days of thy innocence? Ah! how early didst thou run away from the best of Fathers, and, like the prodigal child, squandering away thy substance in a strange land, soughtest in vain to satisfy thy appetite with the husks of swine? Contemplate, then, in the bitterness of thy soul, all the years of thy life; and see what an accumulation of iniquity, in thought, word, and deed, will discover themselves to thy eyes: see how long thou hast unconcernedly sported

air bhruch faille adhfhuathmhaires: Gan mí bhus mó ioná tarsna ruibe idir t'anam agus ifrionn. Bi maslaighthe a dtaobh do dhithcéile fán aimsir ata thort, adhraigh agus biodh iongantas ort tre mhaitheas do Dhia, agus anois féin, gabh ort a thròcaire do ghlacadh.

AN XX. CAIB.

Air an Bpeacach ath-thuitimeach:

AN FITHCHEAMHADH LA.

SMUAIN, air dtúis, Madh ta aon pheacadh amháin marbhtach ina choir chòmh fuathmhar san anaghaidh áirdrèimheas Mòrdhachta Dè agus do choncas duinn san gcaib: dheighionnaigh, madh ta gach peacadh do'n tsámhuil sin ina dhiabhaileacht, dar dTighearna, agus ina bhás d'anam an pheacáigh dhonā ata cionntach ann; créud do thuigfom do choingiol anacrach an pheacaigh ath-thuitimeach? eadhoin, dona Críostaighthibh do thuitios do ghnath arís agus arís annsna peacadhaibh marbhtacha cèadna, tairéis a nathfhaoisidne agus a ngeallamhnacha dìongmhálta, leasúghadh. Faraoir! créud is féidir linn a thuigsin, acht tríd an mhodh bheatha so, go bhfuilid ag coigilt dóibh fèin díoghaltas fò chomhair lae an díoghaltais: agus do réir gach aon chosmhulacht tarraingeochaid, luaith no dèighionnach, trom-dhíoghaltas air a mullaighibh féin! Do bhrigh go bhfuil a gcoir mèudaighthe tré gach ath-thuitim, agus is measa bhíos a gcoingiol fá dheire ioná a dtosach.

thyself on the brink of a dreadful precipice, having no more than a hair's breadth betwixt thy soul and hell. Be confounded at thy past folly ; admire and adore the goodness of thy God ; and now, at least, resolve to embrace his mercy.

CHAP. XX.

On the Relapsing Sinner.

THE TWENTIETH DAY.

CONSIDER, first, That if any one mortal sin be so heinous a treason against the sovereign majesty of God, as we have seen in the foregoing chapter ; if every such sin be an abomination to the Lord, and the death of the soul of that unhappy sinner who is guilty of it : what must we think of the miserable condition of relapsing sinners, that is, of such Christians as are continually falling again and again into the same mortal sin, after their repeated confessions, and solemn promises of amendment ? Alas ! what can we think but that, by this method of life, they are treasuring up to themselves wrath against the day of wrath ; and will, in all appearance, sooner or later, draw down a dreadful vengeance upon their own heads ! Because, by every relapse, their crime is aggravated, and their latter condition becomes worse than the former.

Smuain, sandára áit, An díombuidheachas, an meabhail, an tarcaisne a nDia, a bhfuil an peacach ath-thuitimeach cionntach ann; chómh minic agus chasan sé arís tairéis a athcháirdis, air nós an mhadra air a sgaithreach. Ata sè cionntach a míobhuidheachas anmhór treghrása an chàradais do chosarail lear togbhadh aga bheag roimhe sin é as chárnaoiligh an pheacadh agus fós a tharraing as ghiallachaihbh ifrinn; agus le trócaire suthantaiseach a naithsheilbh chàradais Dé chum meas leinbh do Dhia agus oighre air Fhlaitheamhnas. Ata sé cionntach a neamhdhiliseacht thair a mbrise fhocail naomhtha Dé ionna Fhaoisidin. Ata sè cionntach a dtarcaisne dbrochmheastamhuil san mhórdhacht, Dhiagma tre Dhia do dhibirt óna anam agus an taidhbhirseoir do thabhairt a steach a nionad: agus so tairéis lán fhios agus éirim ann gach taobh. A Dhè mhaith! Budh ró mhor an taithefear an chruinne go lèir do chur a gcomhthrom leat, ós lugha iona gráinne gainmhidhe na Fhlaithis agus a gcomhachta uile, an talamh agus an fhairge agus gach nidh da bhfuil ionnta a gcomhmortas leatsa. Leis sin créad tuigfear don dóchar eugsamhuil déuntar dhuit leis an bpeacach ath-thuitimeach, 'nuair chuireann tusa agus Satan ann na comhthrom, do bheir sé tosach do'n diabhal.

Smuain, san treas áit, An chontabhairt uamhannach ionna mbíonn an peacach ath-thuitimeach go laetheamhuil, ag cloidheamh an chirt

Consider, 2dly, The ingratitude, the perfidiousness, the contempt of God, which the relapsing sinner is guilty of, as often as, after his reconciliation, he returns like a dog to his vomit. He is guilty of the highest ingratitude in treading under foot the grace of reconciliation, by which he had been, a little before, raised from a dunghill of sin, and even drawn out of the jaws of hell, and, by a distinguishing mercy, restored to the friendship of God, to the dignity of a child of God, and heir of heaven. He is guilty of a base perfidiousness, in breaking his solemn word given to God, in his confessions. He is guilty of a notorious contempt of the divine majesty, in banishing God from his soul, after having invited him in, and introducing Satan in his place, and this after a full knowledge and experience of both sides. Good God! to put the whole universe in balance with thee, would be a most heinous affront; since heaven, and all the powers thereof, the earth and sea, and all things therein, are less than a grain of sand, if compared to thee. What then must we think of the unparalleled injury done thee by the relapsing sinner, when he forsakes thee, and gives the preference to the devil?

Consider, 3dly, The dreadful danger to which the relapsing sinner is daily exposed from the sword of the divine justice, hanging over his

dhiagha air croithe ós cionn a chinn cionntach, air na fheargúghadh go laetheamhuil le na mÍobhuidheachas agus a aithis. Faraoir! atamaoid uile so-mharbhthach. Ni aithnid dhuinn an uair ná an mhomaid dheighionnach aguinn. Madh thig an bás orainn san bpeacadh marbhthach do thig do mhiliúnaibh, atamaoid cailte gan fágáil tar nais. Uime sin más báinidhe air aon am contabhairt na síorruigheachta do rith, le toil do thabhairt do pheacadh mharbhthach; nach mó go mór do fearguighear an tUileachomhachtach le síor ath-thuitim agus le cleachta easmuilt do thabhairt dàghrásaibh agus dá thrócaire le gach nuair? A! nach iomdha anam a mealltar mar so annsa chlais diamhairse ná contrachta gan chríoch, a nait nach fágann an phiast cás choidhche, agus nach muchtar an teine choidhche! Donàin aindeasa! Atáid siad air intinn iad féin do dhamhnúghadh chómh beag le haonduine aguinne! Acht ni deuntar magadh fà Dhia.

Smuain, san gceathramhadh àit, Olc oile a bhfuil cuis ag an bpeacach do thuiteas tar áis san bpeacadh, céadna, a thuigsin gur baoghal do é, isé si fallsacht na haithrighe do rin sè chéana. Oir, a bhfirinne, cá bhfuil a chosmhulacht go raibh a thuirse agus a intinn leas-aighthe air an modh dhiarrann Dia, 'nuair isé an duine céadna é tairéis anoiread san Faoisidínighe? Is doilghios àrdchómhachtach croidhebhruhagh fhírinneach, le abhfuathuigheann

guilty head, daily provoked by his ingratitude and insolence. Alas! we are all mortal. We neither know the day nor the hour that will be our last; if we be surprised by death in the state of mortal sin, as millions have been, we are irrecoverably lost. If then it be madness at any time to risk eternity, by consenting to a mortal sin, how much more to provoke the Almighty, by frequent relapses, and by a practice of constantly abusing his graces and mercy? Ah! what a multitude of souls have been thus betrayed into the dismal pit of never-ending woe, where the worm never dies, and the fire is never quenched? Unhappy wretches, they as little designed to damn themselves as any of us: but God will not be trifled with.

Consider; 4thly, Another evil, which the sinner, who frequently falls back into the same sin, has sufficient reason to apprehend the insincerity of his past repentance. For, in reality, what appearance is there that his sorrow and resolutions of amendment have been such as God requires, when, after so many confessions, he is still the same man? True contrition is a sovereign grief, by which the penitent detests his sin above all other evils, with a full

an peacach a pheacadh ós gach uile olc; le lán-intinn agus le rún daingionn gan casa air ní bhus mo. Anois cionas ata sé cosmhulacht go bhfuathuigheann an peacach ath-thuitimeach a pheacadh go firinneach ós gach uile nidh, le rún diongmhalta a leas do dhéunamh, 'nuair, buaidhtear air chómh haomh san leis an gcéud chathúghadh chum fille air arís.

Smuain, san gcúigeadh áit, Na liaghaís agus na slichthe le a gcoiméadtair sinn ó'n olc urchoideach so, eadhoin ath-thuitim a bpeacadh marbhthach. Isè an chéud nidh, gach feadhaim chonntabhairteach do sheachna, noch do tharraing 'nó roicfeach sinn do tharraing annsna peacadhaibh cèadna. Gan an taireachas so dhe rith ó fheidhm an pheacadh ní bhiadh éifiocht ann rún leasaighthe dá làidre mar chidhmid go laetheamhuil le hèirim mhairgeach. Oir an te ghràdhuigheas an chontabhairt caillfidhear ann é. *Eccl.* 3. Ní chaithfear aon leithsgeul gnodh shaoghalta do chur agcómhthrom leis an tsiorruigheacht annso. Is eigionn duinn sgára le lámh no súil ní bhus tuisge ioná chailleadhmaois ar nanamna. Mor-choimead oile ó ath-thuitim duaigh do chur orainn fèin le hurnàigh-thibh duthrachtacha agus taithidhe na sácrmaintidhe, na claonta aindeasa do chloidheadh, noch do tharraingeas ann sinn go neamhbháireamhuil, an cheud chorruidhe chum oile; do throid go calma, agus dithchioll do dheunamh le hiomad dúthracht, claonta dona pheacadh

determination, and firm resolution of never returning to it more. Now, how is it likely that the relapsing sinner detests sincerely his sin above all evils, with a firm purpose of amendment, when he is easily prevailed upon, by the first temptation, to return to it again?

Consider, 5thly, The remedies and means by which we are to be preserved from this pernicious evil of relapsing into mortal sin. The first is to avoid the dangerous occasions which have, or probably, may draw us into the same sins. Without this care to fly the occasions of sin, the strongest resolutions of amendment will prove ineffectual, as we daily see, by woeful experience, for "he that loveth the danger, shall perish in it." Eccl. 3. No pretext of worldly concern must here be put in competition with eternity; we must part with our hand or eye rather than lose our souls. Another main preservative against a relapse is, to labour, by fervent prayer, and by diligently frequenting the sacraments, to suppress the unhappy disposition that insensibly leads thereunto; vigorously to resist the first motives to evil, and to strive, with all possible diligence, to root out that wicked propensity to sin, which former ones have left in the soul. Ah! how hard is it to defend a castle, where the enemy has already surprised the avenues, and has a strong

do thochla amach, noch d'fàgsad san anam a nallod. O! nach deacair caisléan do chosnamh, anáit ambéid na Géatadha gabhtha chéana féin ag an nàmhaid, agus drong láidir a stigh aige ollamh chum na ndoirse dfosgla dho? Isé an treas agus an prìomh liaghas anaghaidh ath-thuitim, eadhoin, an peacach do chothughadh spioraid fhirinneach aithrigheach ionna chroidhe: a dhobrón d'athnúghadh go laetheamhuil ionna pheacadhaibh; agus ath-chomhairiomh do dheunamh a làthair Dé, agus a ngeurdhoilghios a anama ionnsa naindlighe do rinn; iongantas do dheunamh san dtròcaire sin agus é adhradh, noch d'fulang leis an fhaid sin; agus a mheas ós gach ionmhus oile nà gràsa san an ath-cháraduis lear tarraingeadh as a noiread san anacra; a shíreàdh go laetheamhuil air Dhia le dianneart a anama, a bhreith as an saoghal ni bhus luaithe iona léigfeadh se dho bàs d'fàghail ní bhus mó tré pheacadh marbhtach. A Dhé mhaith, aontaigh gur ab é so meodhain ar nanama do ghnath. Amen.

AN XXI. CAIB.

Air ndeunamh aithrighe inar Bpeacadhaibh.

AN TAONMHADH LA FITHGHIOD.

SMUAIN, air dtúis, Na Briathra so Chríost: Muna ndeunfadh sibh aithrighe biadh sibh uile caillte. *Luc. 13. f. 3, 6.* Feuch annso riaghail choitchionn: Oir ni dheunan ar dTighearna son idirgheilt. Uime sin ata aithrighe

party within, ready to open the gates to him? The third, and chief remedy against relapses is, for the penitent carefully to nourish in his heart a true penitential spirit, daily to renew his sorrow for his sins, and to recount, in the sight of God, in the bitterness of his soul, all his past iniquities; daily to admire and adore that mercy which bore with him so long, and to value, above all treasure, that grace of reconciliation, by which he has been drawn out of so much misery; daily to beg of God, with all the fervour of his soul, sooner to take him out of the world, than to suffer him any more to die to him by mortal sin. Good God, grant that this may always be the disposition of our souls! Amen.

CHAP. XXI.

On Doing Penance for our Sins.

THE TWENTY-FIRST DAY.

CONSIDER, first, These words of Christ, Luke 13. v. 3, 5. "Except you do penance, you shall all perish." Behold here a general rule; nor does our Lord make any exception. Penance then is necessary, first, for all those whose

riachtanach, air dtuis, do gach naon a gciontuigheann, a choinsias è abpeacadh marbhtach; Faraoir! caithfid a leithèidighe so aithrighe do dhèunamh ionna bpeacadhaibh, no losgadh, air a son air feadh na siorruigheachta. Peacaigh bhochta! ata a slighe ro dhólasach, atàid ag sugra air fhórbhrúach ifrinn; agus gach aon mhomaid ata duine èigin díobh aga theilgionn síos san gclais gan íochtar; agus an féidir go bhfuilid chomh neimhsgimeamhuil sin fá chontabhairt chómh mór agus chómh dearbhta? Uime sin, caidhe nach greamuighid grasa na hAithrighe? an taon chlár air abluil a slánughadhr a ndiaigh loingbhrise; an taon mheodhain ata aca chum slánughadh a nana. Arís, ata aithrighe riachtannach dóibh sud, noch biodh agus nach cionntuigheann a gcoguas do lathair iad, gidheadh do bhi cionntach san mbeatha do chaitheadar ann a samhail do choirtheachaibh. Och! a Chríostaighthe! ata aon pheacadh amháin marbhtach ina ádhbhar go leor dhuinn chum aithrighe do dhèunamh air feadh ar saoghail. Agus cionas dheunfamoid ni bhus lughadh, madh smuaineamoid go ceart créud an nidh è peacadh marbhtach; Creud é bheith mar námhaid ag Dia; Creud é bheith fá bhreath damaint shiorruidhe; agus gan síos deimhneach d'faghail choidhche ar maitheadh an bhreathadh. so? Nach leor so chum beatha aithrigheach do chur do dhualgas orainn? An bhféudfam a rádhr on mbiadhmaoidas baoghal air a mhalairt? Fiu

conscience accuses them of mortal sin. Alas ! such as these must either do penance for their sins, or burn for them for all eternity ; poor sinners, their state is most deplorable ! they are playing on the very brink of hell, and every moment one, or either of them, is tumbling down into the bottomless pit ; and is it possible they should be unconcerned under so great and evident a danger ? Why then do they not lay hold of the grace of penance, the only plank that can save them after shipwreck ; the only means left for the salvation of their souls ?

2dly, Penance is necessary for all those who, though their conscience accuse them not at present, yet have, in their past life, been guilty of such mortal offences. Ah ! Christians, any one mortal sin is cause enough for us to do penance for all our lives ; and how can we do less, if we consider what mortal sin is : what it is to have been the enemies of God ; what it is to have been under the sentence of eternal damnation ; and never certainly to know whether this sentence has been cancelled ? Is not this sufficient to oblige us to a penitential life ? Can we ever pretend to be secure, even those (and God knows best how few they are) who are not conscious to themselves of having committed any such sin in their whole life-time, must not therefore think themselves exempt from the obligation of doing penance ; as well because of their hidden sins, or those which

iad san féin, agus is ag Dia féin is fearr ata fios an uimhire, ag nach bhfuil tuairim gur chionntuigheadar a gcaitheamh a mbeatha a naon pheacadh ni leoidhfid uime sin, e chruthúghadh dhóibh féin go bhfuilid saor ó dhualgas aithrighe: Chòmh maith a dtaobh a bpeacadha follamhtheacha, no na peacadha do rinn daoine oile dá ndeasga, oir ni feas daoinneach cia aca grádh no fuath do thuillionn sé, agus mar an gcèadna, gur beatha aithrigheach deimhin is fearr anaghaidh an pheacadh, noch do threis-eóchas orainn gan fhios duinn, gan a bhasgadh le nar sèuna féin le treaghanas agus le léoirghniomh.

Smuain, san dara áit, Gur ab éigionn, a dtaobh aithrighe, riaghalacha airighthe do thionsgaint do dhaoineibh airighthe. Iad súd atà chómh haindeas san agus bheith cionntach a ngníomh pheacadh mharbhtach, no, an nidh is dona fós abheith treasgartha a gcleachta aon ghnè no ni bhus oile do pheacadhaibh marbhtacha; chomh luaith agus foisgeolfaidhe a súilè chum an ainmhidhe ifrionda dfaiçsin, noch do bheirid leó thimchioll; air nòs an leinibh dhioblásaigh, is éigionn dóibh eirge gan mhoill chum filleadh air a nAthair. Iodhbairt croidhe umhail, chomhbhuighthe, is é èilmhíghionn Dia ortha tar gach nidh. Agso an nidh budh chóir a bheith ina bhunadhas agá 'naithrighe uile. Gan so, is beag an tabhacht dian-chruadhail colna. Níor chóir go dtiubhradh a leitheidighe

they may have occasioned in others (for "no man knows whether he be worthy of love or hatred," Eccl. 8, 9.) as also because a penitential life is the best security against sin, which will insensibly prevail over us, if not curbed by self denial, mortification, and penance.

Consider, 2dly, That, as to the method of penance, different rules must be prescribed to different persons. Those who have the misfortune to be actually in the state of mortal sin, or what is still more deplorable, are plunged in the depth of a habit of one or more kinds of mortal sins, as soon as their eyes are open to discover the hellish monster which they carry about with them, much like the prodigal child, arise without delay, to return to their father. A sacrifice of a contrite and humble heart, is what God, above all things, calls for at their hands; this ought to be the foundation of all their penance: without this, corporeal austerities, will be of small account. Such sinners ought to give themselves no rest, till they have made their peace with their God! their sins

sin do pheacachaibh aon tsuaimhneas dóibh féin, go mbeadh a siothcháin deunta le na nDia. Budh chóir dá bpeacadhaibh a bheith do ghnath ós comhair a súl. Budh choir gur ab é a nan-nacra a gcéad smuaineadh air maidin, trè bheith an fhaid do shlighe óna nDia, a mbraighdionas ag an diabhal, agus fà fhiachaibh bheith ina gcomhdhail chuideachtain aige ann anacra shiorruighe, Isè a shamhuil budh chóir a bheith ina smuaintibh dèighionnacha aca a stoidhche, 'nuair budh chóir doibh, anós an éithrigheach Dàibhi, a leaba d'ionnla le na ndèoraibh, chómh minic agus thiosbánamaoid sinn féin a lathair Dé la hurnaighthibh, is a spioraid umhal an Phuibliocánaigh budh chóir do bheith ; da meas féin air mhodh nar bhfuilad a suile do thógbhail suas chum Fhlaitheamhnais na a gcionn altorach Dé : agus mar èsion ag bualadh a nuchta ; le, A Thighearna bi trócaireach, oram an peacach ! Is mar so gheabhaid trócaire gan éimhrus ó'n te is Athair do'n trócaire.

Smuain, san treas áit, Tairéis do'n pheacach a dhithchíoll do dheunamh chum athcháraideas do dhéunamh le na Dhia fheargach, tre áithrighe fhírinneach, agus admhóil a pheacadha, ní chaithfeadh sé a chruthúghadh dho féin go bhfuil sé ó dhualgas a thuile áithrighe ; Chómh maith anois agus nach biadh fiacha air bith air ag ceart bhreitheamhnais Dè, ná dualgas le dìoghal a nionad a pheacadha, le hoibreachaibh aithrieheacha agus le torrtha fiuntach na haithrighe

ought always to be before their eyes. Their first thoughts in the morning should be upon their misfortune at being at so great a distance from their God, enslaved to the devil, and liable to be his companions in eternal misery: the like should be their last thought at night: when, like the penitent David, they ought to wash their beds with tears. As often as they appear before their God in prayer, it should be in the spirit of the humble publican, looking upon themselves as unworthy to lift up their eyes to heaven, or towards the altar of God, and with him striking their breasts, saying, "Lord be merciful unto me a sinner."—Thus will they certainly obtain mercy from him who is the Father of mercy,

Consider, 3dly, That after the sinner has done his endeavour to seek a reconciliation with his offended God, by a sincere repentance and confession of his sins, he must not think himself exempt from any further penance; as if he had now no debt to discharge to the justice of God, no obligation of making atonement for his sins, by penitential works, and of bringing forth fruits, worthy of penance. This would be a great and dangerous error. Nor

Budh mhór agus budh chonntabhairteach an earáid é so. Nà ní ceart do bheith sásta le lomchomhlíonadh an bhreitheamhnais áithrighe do chuir a oide Faoisidín air; nídh is baoghalach gur anamh is leor é chum ceart Dé do shásamh. Faraoir! dá mbeith fios deimhneach ag peacadhaibh air an urchóid tar meodhain do ghnidhthear do Dhia le peacadh marbhtach, mar is éigíonn d'aithrigeachaibh fhírinneach do bheith, do dhéanfadaois áithrighe gan amhrus air mhodh do mhalairt mar do ghnídhionn mórán. Do bhéidis ní bhus dá rirbhe ann a bhfeoil pheacamhuil do smachtughadh le hoi-breachaibh áithrigeacha; agus mar so leor-ghníomh chómhthrom da dhéunamh le Dia annsna coirthibh do rinneadar.

Smuain, san gceathramhadh áit. Gur fearr f hoghlamuighthear an tslighe fhírinneach chum leoirghníomha do dhéunamh ionnár bpeacadhaibh óna tAithreachaibh naomhtha agus ó theagasgoiribh na hEaglaise, iona ó chéudfadhhaibh aimbrianta saoghaltánach, no gnáthamh mhóráin d'aithrigeachaibh san aimsir éugcosmhuil so. Uime sin tugamaoid a dteagaisg air an gcómhradh tábhachtach so. “Do mhuintir Dia féin duinn,” a deir N. Cyprian. “Creud an modh air ar chóir dhuinn trócaire diarradh air. A deir sé féin, filligh orm le hiomlán bhrú gcroidhe, a dtrosga, a ngul, agus a nochlan. Joel, 2. Dá bhrígh sin, filliomne air an dTigh-earna le hiomlán ar gcroidhe, cuireamaoid a

must he content himself with barely acquitting himself of the penance enjoined by his confessor, which is to be feared, seldom is sufficient to satisfy fully the justice of God. Alas ! if sinners were truly sensible of the enormous injury done to God by mortal sin, as true penitents must be, they would certainly do penance in another manner than too many do ; they would be more earnest in chastising their own sinful flesh by penitential works, and thus making a proportionable atonement to God for their past treasons.

Consider, 4thly, That the true manner of doing penance for our sins, is better learnt from the holy fathers and doctors of the Church, than from the loose maxims of worldlings, or the practice of too many penitents in this degenerate age. Let us give ear then to these lights of the Church, and follow their directions on this important subject. " God himself has taught us," (says St. Cyprian, *L. de Lapsis*) " in what manner we are to crave mercy of him." He, himself, says, " Return to me with your whole heart, in fasting, in weeping, and mourning." Joel 2. Let us then return to the Lord with our whole heart ! let us appease his wrath, by fasting, weeping, and mourning, as

chuthach air gcúl, le troga, le caoi agus le hochlàn: do reir mar chruthuigheann duinn. Biodlu méud ar gcumhadh a gcomhthrom le adhfhuathmhaiseacht ar bpeacadha. Is éigionn duinn guidhe go dúthrachtach. Is éigionn duinn an là chaitheamh a nochlàn agus an oidhche abhfaisre agus a ngeurghúl; ag caitheamh iomlán ar naimsire a ndéuraibh aithrigheach. Budh chóir gur ab é an túrlár ar leabadh, air na fholacha le luaithre; agus éudach ruaineach ar gcludamh, &c. Tairéis brat Chríost do chaitheamh dínn, níor cheart duinn anois aon éudach saoghalta do lorg. Ni fuláir duinn anois sinn féin do chur ambun deagh-oibreacha do dhéunamh le a nglanfuidhe amach ar bpeacadha. Ni fuláir duinn bheith síor dheurcach, le saorfuidhe ar nanamna ó bhás." Ceudfadh N. Cyprian go nuige sin, le a dtig N. Pavian ionna ghriosaibh chum aithrighe. (*L. De lapsis*)

"Madh ghlaodhann aoinneach ort chum an ionaid ionnlata, ni fuláir dhuit diultamh dhona shamhuil do mheidhir. Mádh thugann aoinneach cuireadh fleadh dhuit, ni fuláir dhuit a rádh gur ab do dhaoineibh nach raibhsé dhe mhio-ágha orra a nDia do chailleamhuin atáid na cuirighe sin oireamhnach. Do pheacaigh mise anaghaidh an Tighearna; agus taim a gconntabhairt bheith caillte go slorruidhe; creud an ghlaodhach atá agamsa chum féus-tadhaibh tairéis feirge do chur air mo Dhia? Caithfeadh tu muintearas do dheunamh ris na

he admonishes us. Let the greatness of our grief, equal the heinousness of our sins: we must pray earnestly; we must pass the day in mourning, and the night in watching, and weeping; spending all our time in penitential tears. Our lodging should be on the floor, strewed with ashes; our covering hair-cloth, &c. After having put on the garment of Christ, we should not now seek any worldly clothing; we must employ ourselves now in good works, by which our sins may be purged away. We must give frequent alms, by which our souls may be delivered from death." So far St. Cyprian, with whom agrees St. Pacian, in his exhortation to penance: "If any one call you to the bath, you must renounce all such delight. If any one invite you to a banquet, you must say, such invitations are fit for those who have not had the misfortune to lose their God. I have sinned against the Lord, and am in danger of perishing eternally. What have I to do with feasts, that have offended my God? You must make your court to the poor, you must beg the prayers of the widows, you must cast yourself at the feet of the priests, you must implore the intercession of the Church, you must try all means which may prevent your perishing everlastingly." And St. Ambrose, in his second book of penance, chap. 10. "Can any one

bochtaibh. Caithfeadh tu guidhíe na mbaintreabhach do shireadh. Caithfeadh tu eadarghuidhíe na hEaglaise d'aithchuingeadh. Caithfeadh tu gach aon tslighe do lorg noch do theibfeadh do bhuan-chailleamhuin. Agus Naomh Ambrós, 2. *L. aithrighaoch, caib. 10.* "An féidir le haoinneach a chur a niuil do féin go bhfuil sé ag déunamh áithrighe an feadh ata sé dhá fhuláing féin a ngradam: an feadh ata sé ag léanmhuint d'fíon, &c. Caithfeadh an táithrigheach fírinneach an saoghal do thréigíonn; fiu an aimsir atá riachtannach chum chodalta do ghiorrúghadh; a bheith mío-shuaimhneach le hosnadhaibh; agus a ghearra le na urnaighthibh," Agus N. Cæsarius de Arles. *Hom. 8.* "Chómh minic agus ghnidhmíd cuairt do'n droing ata a ngéibhíonn, no tinn, no muintearas do dheunamh idir dhaoineibh bhíos a neascáirdeas re cheile, chómh minic agus throisgeamaoid air laethibh órdaighthe ó'n Eaglais, thugamaoid déirc do'n mbochtan do ghabhann tar ár ndoras, &c. Leo so agus le na samhuil atáid ar mion-pheacadha air na maitheamh dhuinn go laetheamhuil. Acht ní leor so dho choirthibh tróma. Caithfiom cur leis, maille re déuraibh, géurchaoine, agus troimdhéirc do réir ar gcumuis, agus trosgadha fada." Mar so, do réir mar a deir an Naomh céadna linn, "le smacht láithreach na colna, coisgíear an bhréath bháis shíorruidhe, ata fár gcomhair. Mar so treas an gcionntach d'umhlúghadh, múchfar an cionnta, agus treas an daordháil

imagine that he is doing penance, while he is indulging his ambition in the pursuit of honours, while he is enjoying wine, &c. The true penitent must renounce the world, must abridge even the necessary time of sleep, must interrupt it with his sighs, and cut it short with his prayers." And St. Cæsaries, of Arles, Hom. 8. "As often as we visit the sick, or those that are in prison, or reconcile those together that are at variance one with another: as often as we fast on days commanded by the Church, give alms to the poor that pass by our door, &c. by these and the like works our small sins are daily redeemed; but this alone is not enough for our capital crimes; we must add tears and lamentations, and long fasts, and give large alms to the utmost of our power." Thus, as the same saint tells us, Hom. 1. "By present mortifications will be prevented the future sentence of eternal death: thus, by humbling the guilty, will the guilt be consumed. And by this voluntary severity, the wrath of the dreadful Judge will be appeased. These short penitential labours pay off those

thoiltionnach so, maolfar fearg uamhannach an Bhreithimh. Iocfaid na hoibreacha gairide so na fiacha mora ud, noch air a mhalairt, nach iocfadh losgadh síorruidhe." *Hom. 1. A Chríost-aighthe, leanamaoidne a gcleachta na stiuir-threoiridhe ró mhaithe so.*

AN XXII. CAIB.

Anaghaidh moille na hAithrighe.

AN DARA LA FITHCHIOD.

SMUAIN, air dtúis, Tar chealgaibh uile an Aibhitseora, le na meallann sè peacaigh bhochta chum a gcreach síorruidhe, gur ab é so is mó agus is conntabhairtighe eadhoin a chur a niuil dóibh a náithrighe agus a niompódha do chur tar ceal ó am go ham, go nach biadh ní bhus mó aimsire dhóibh. Faraoir! ataid na milte agus na miliuin d'anamnaibh bochta mar so air na mealla go lasrachaibh síorruidhe nár bh'intinn leo tiamh iad féin do dhamnúghadh le bás d'fághail a bpeacadh, acht a noiread le haon duine aguinne apois. Acht tré 'náithrighe do chur air ceal, go bhfuaradar bás anaba le ceart bhreitheamhnais DÉ, an uair is lughadh bhi cuimhne aca air; agus air bhfághail bháis dóibh mar do mhaireadar, gur tugadh breath cheart ortha an dara bás síorruidhe úd d'fulaing. Truaileánacha aindeasa! nach géillfeadh dá mbreitheamh ceart, noch dfòghair dóibh chómh minic sin ionna Shoibhsgéul faire do dhéanamh; agus dheimhnigheas dóibh muna ndéunfaid go

vast debts, which otherwise everlasting burning would never have discharged." Christians, let us follow, in practice, these excellent guides.

CHAP. XXII.

Against Delay of Repentance.

THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY.

CONSIDER, first, That, of all the deceits of Satan, by which he deludes poor sinners to their eternal ruin, there is none greater or more dangerous than this, by which he persuades them to put off their repentance and conversion from time to time, till there is no more time for them. Alas! thousands and millions of poor souls have been thus betrayed into everlasting flames, who dreaded as much to damn themselves, by dying in sin, as any one of us at present does; but, by putting off their conversion, they have, by a just judgment of God, been surprised by death, when they least expected it; and dying, as they lived, have been justly sentenced to that second and everlasting death. Unhappy wretches, who would not believe their just Judge, who so often warns them in the gospel to watch, and declares to

go dtiocfadh sé san am is lughadh a mbiadh súil aca leis. Ah! nach sgannrach agus nach coitichionn iad na báis anaba so!

Smuain, san dára áit, An t'andòchus mór san na bpeacach noch do chuireas a nathmhuintearas re Dia feargach tar ceal go huair oile, ag iathadh a gcluas dá ghuth, le anglaothann sé orra do lathair, agus ag diultadh doras a gcroidhe dho, mar sheasann agus bhuaileann sè. Faraoir! madh fhàgann sé iad tàid caillte go deoigh, Cionas léigfeadh eagla dhóibh. Uime sin, a noiread san tarcaisne do thabhairt dò. Nach do-chríochnaighthe an mhaithios, an uirisle do-aithriste san Ardfhlaithe dirdhearc, glaothach ina ndiaigh, an trath atáid siad ag rith uaigh, agus sárúgladh ortha chómh dá rírbheachsan, gan aon tairbhé air a thaobhsan, chum filleadh air, noch anaonar is maith agus sonas dóibh? Uime sin, creud is cóir dhóibh a bhraith óna cheart. Madh chuirid suas go ceann-dána, tarcaisneach dá thròcaire do ghlacadh cionas is fèidir leo an aimsir atá le teacht do gheallleamhuin dóibh féin ina dhiaigh so ionà iad so air a dtugaid dímhéas anpis? Nach aithnid dóibh gur ab é Dia amháin is Tighearna air aimsir agus air ghrásaibh, agus le na cheart-bhreath gur rò ghnathach go bhfaghann an drong úd chuirionn cathúghadh go dána san tslighe so air, bás ann a bpeacadh-aibh? Ah! is rò fhíor, nach tug an té úd do bheir maithfeachus do'n bpeacach d'iompuigheas

them that, otherwise, he will come at a time when they least expect him. Ah! how dreadful and how common are these unprovided deaths!

Consider, 2dly, That great presumption of sinners, who put off their reconciliation to an offended God, from time to time, shutting their ears to his voice, by which he calls them at present, and refusing him entrance to their hearts, where he stands and knocks. Alas! if he withdraws himself, they are undone for ever. How dare they then treat him with so much contempt? Is it not an infinite goodness, an inexpressible condescension in this sovereign majesty, to call after them, when they are running from him, and so earnestly to press them, without any interest on his side, to return to him, who is their only good, and only happiness? What then ought they not to apprehend from his justice, if they obstinately and insolently refuse to embrace his mercy? How dare they pretend to dispose of the time to come, to promise themselves greater graces hereafter, than those which they now abuse? Do they not know that God alone is master of time and grace, and that, by his just judgment, those who presume to tempt him in this manner, generally speaking, die in their sins? Ah! it is too true, that he, who has promised par-

go dúthrachtach, geallamhuin air am, ná grása éifeachtaimhla dóibh súd do chuireann a náithrighe air Cairde.

Smuain, san treas áit, Mór dhíthcèile na bpeacach noch do chuireann air ceal fileadh air Dhia go hám oile, le leithsgeul go roichfeadh leo a dhéanamh ní bhus socra ina dhiaigh so. Agus go ndearbhann ciall agus éirim dóibh, nach bhfuil dá fhaid agus léigfid an obair so társa, nach ámhlaidh is dócamhla a thabhairt timchioll, agus cionas is féidir leis abheith air a mhalairt? ó'n tis agus leis an fhailith so, agus le cur pheacadh ag cionn pheacadh go laetheamhuil, neartuigheann cleachta peacamhla go laetheamhuil, méuduigheann comhachta an diabail ós a gcionn; agus atá Dia uile chomhaehtach, air na fheargúghadh ní bhus mó go laetheamhuil, ní bhus neamhfhiadmhaire fá na ghrásaibh; ionas go dtigid so ní bhus neamhghnathuighe agus ní bhus failithighe; go dtuitid fá dheoigh, tre gnathsheasamh anaghaidh ghrásaibh Dè, ann staid anacrach dailleadh agus cruadhas croidhe bothar foirleathan an neamháithrighe dhéighionnaigh.

Smuain, san gceathramhadh áit, Earáid, eúgsamhlach na droinge chuireann a náithrighe air ceal, le muinghín an aithrighe do dliéunamh air leaba a mbáis; le hintinn ceart Dé do mhealla le cleachta an pheacadh do leanmhuin air feadh a saoghail agus annsan, an trath nach bhíadh ionnta an pheacadh do dhéunamh, a.

don to the sinner that is sincerely converted, has neither promised time nor efficacious grace, to those who defer their conversion.

Consider, 3dly, The great folly of sinners who put off their conversion to God until another time, on pretence of doing it more easily hereafter ; whereas, both reason and experience made it evident, that the longer they defer this work, the harder it is to bring it about. And how can it be otherwise, since by this dangerous delay, and by adding sin to sin, their habits daily grow stronger, the devil's power over them increases, and God Almighty, who is daily more and more provoked by degrees, is less liberal of grace, so that these become less frequent and less pressing ; until at length, by accustoming themselves to resist God's grace, they fall into the wretched state of blindness and hardness of heart, the very broad road to final impenitence.

Consider, 4thly, The unparalleled madness of those who defer their conversion, upon the confidence of a death-bed repentance, designing to put a cheat upon God's justice, by indulging themselves in sin all their life-time ; and then making their peace with God, when they can sin no longer. Unhappy wretches, who will not

siothchàin do dheunamh re Dia. Donàin ain-
deasa! nach measann nach féidir magadh
dhéunamh fá Dhia; gur ab é an níd cèadna
chuireas duine bhainfeadh sé: Gur ab í an
cheadfadh choitchionn gur mar mbairionn duine
is gnathach leis bàs d'fágail. Ceadfadh chómh
choitchionn agus san, nach bhfuil a nionlán na
sgribhinne dhiagha aguinn acht aon eisioimlár
amhain air dhuine fuair deaghbhàs tar éis droch
bheatha; eadhoin an bitheamhnach maith;
eisioimlár chómh leithleasach san ionna nuile
ghné, nach bheir a bheag do mhisneach dhaon-
duipe do'n t'samhuil sin agà bhfuil réimhinntinn
sleamhnúghadh ó cheart Dé, chum filladh air
a leaba a mbàs. Ah! nach uathbhasach dó-
camhal noch fulair do bheith air pheacadh air
uair a bháis, ionns bhfuil cleachta an pheacadh
tre thathaighe fhada, claochlaighthe chum
athnadhóra, an tathrúghadh croidhe iomlán, an
doilghios fírinneach agus fuath do'n pheacadh
tar gach ole, an gràdh san dhia tar an uile níd
do rochtain, nach smuaineadh sé air feadh a
shaoghail; agus atà riachtanach, an chuid is
lughadh dhe anois. Ah! go dé chómh meallta
agus bhíd na deura so go ró minic, noch do
shilid peacacha le linn a mbáis! Mar is follas
a gcàs an Righ Antiochus, noch do bhi gabhtha
suas go hiomlán le heagla an bháis, ní raibh
éifiocht ann a laithir an Bhreathibh cheirt. Agus
mà tá anoiread san contabhairt an tán léigthear
deura go fairsing, cionas do bhiaidh an sgéul,

consider, that "God is not to be jested with : that which a man soweth, the same shall he reap." Gal. 6. v. 6. The general rule is, that, as a man lives, so he dies. A rule so general, that in the whole scripture we have but one example of a person that died well after a wicked life, viz. the penitent thief; an example so singular in all its circumstances, as to give no kind of encouragement to such sinners as entertain a premeditated design of giving the slip to God's justice, by death-bed conversion. Ah! how dreadfully difficult must it be for a dying sinner, in whom the habit of sin, by long custom, is turned into a second nature, to attain to that thorough change of heart, that sincere sorrow and detestation of sin above all evils, that love of God above all things, which he never thought of in his life-time, and which now, at least, is certainly necessary. Ah! how deceitful too often are those tears, which are shed by dying sinners, as we see in the case of king Antiochus, who, being wholly influenced by the fear of death, prevailed not with the just Judge. And if there be so much danger, even when tears are plentifully shed, what must there be, when as it commonly happens, either the languour and stupidity caused by the sickness, or the

an tràth, mar is gnáthach leis tuitim amach, go mbidhioun anbháine agus mairiantinne, no pianta, agus soigheada na colna agus na meanma, chómh mór san agus go dteibid féidhm thrómdha na smuainte do chaithiomh air an geuram is mó dá bhfuil orainn : Oir más leor tineas cinn beag chum ar dtoirmiosg air ur-naighthe do dhéanamh le chaonduthracht, creud is coir a thuigsint d'airgionaibh an bháis? Ní hiongna dá bhrígh sin, loighead an éisíocht do ghnidhid na naoimh agus lucht leanamhna Dé do ghnóthaibh leaba an bháis : go mórmhór ó chimid le gnaitheolus laetheamhuil, an drong is mó thairbéanas doilghíos a géontabhairt sin iona bhí air an tslighe chéadna a rabhadar roimhe. Och ! a Chríostaighthe, ná biodhmaoidne, uime sin, air ar mealla le cómh-ráiditibh fallsa, bladara, dhaoine, noch do bheir saor-bhreith chómh fómhar san air an mhuintir so do thiosbáneas goé bheag éigin áithrighe le linn a mbáis, tairéis beatha pheacamhuil. Gur mó bhiadh criothnúghadh orainn a dtaobh an choinghiol dona ionna bhfuilid a samhuil air ; agus a chuimhne go bhfuil breitheamhnaas Dé ró neamhchosmhuil le breitheamhnaas na ndaoine.

pains and agonies of the body and mind; are so great as to hinder any serious application of the thoughts, to the greatest of all our concerns? For if a little head-ache be sufficient to hinder us from being able to pray with any devotion, what must the agonies of death be? No wonder, then, that the saints and servants of God make so little account of the death-bed performances; especially since, as we see by daily experience, those who have made the greatest show of repentance when they are in danger of death, have no sooner escaped that danger, but they are still the same men they were before. O christians! let us not then be imposed upon by the false and flattering discourses of men, who are so free in pronouncing favourably of all those, who, after a life spent in sin, make some show of repentance at their death. Let us rather tremble at the deplorable case of such souls; and remember that God's judgments are very different from those of men.

CAIB. XXIII.

Air Am agus Siorruigheacht.

AN TREAS LA FITHCHIOD.

SMUAIN, air dtuis, Chómh mórluach agus atà aimsir le na meas, noch do lèigeamaidne thorainn chómh neamhbhfàireamhuil agus nàr bhfu aoinnidh è: Isì an aimsir tuisèadh ar mbeatha, agus an oiread agus chailleamoid dàr nàimsir, atà anoiread céadna dár saoghal cailte go hiomlán. Is chum na siorruigheachta do ghnódhúghadh do tugadh ár nàimsir duinn; agus nìl aon mhomaid amháin dár nàimsir ionn nàchar bhféidir linn oibriùghadh, agus ionn nàchar bhféidir linn ionmhus dó-chuimsighthe do choigilt ag cómhairs siorruigheacht shèunmhar. Dà bhrìgh sin nìl aon mhomaid mhorluach díobh so chailleamaid nà chailleamaid sì-orrugheacht. Isé an tam so làithreach amháin aon am na hoibre. Isé an tam is féidir linn a áiríomh dhuinn féin; agus ag Dia amháin atá fios ca faid do bhiaidh san amhlaidh. Atá sí gairid, eitiolann si chum súil do phreib; agus aon uair amháin imighthe, nìl gairm tàr a áis go bráth. An tam céadna a bhfuileamsoid ag léaghadh an líne so, atà sí ag gluaiseacht chum gan filleadh go bráth, bráth. Atá gach aon uair ag luaith gluaiseacht gan stad air bith nó go sloigfear í anduibhéigin àdhbhal mhór na siorruigheachta, agus gach a gcaillfear dona huairibh

CHAP. XXIII.

On Time and Eternity.

THE TWENTY-THIRD DAY.

CONSIDER, first, How precious a thing time is, which we are apt to squander away as if it were of no value. Time is the measure of our lives, and as much as we lose of our time, so much of our lives is absolutely lost. All our time is given us, in order to gain eternity: and there is not a moment of our time, in which we may not work, and in which we may not store up immense treasures for a happy eternity. As many, therefore, as we lose of those precious moments, they are so many lost eternities. This present time is the only time of working, it is the only time we can call our own, and God only knows how long it will be so. It is short, it flies away in an instant, and when it is once gone, it cannot be recalled: the very moment in which we are reading this line, it is just passing, never, never more to return. Every hour is passing away without stopping one moment, until it be swallowed up in the immense gulf of eternity; and as many of these hours or moments as are lost,

nó dona mòmaidibhse atàid cailte go siorruighe. Atá an chailleamhoin do-leasnaighthe. Fòghluim ó so, o m'anam, meas ceart do chur air s'aimsir atà làithreach. Fòghluim à chur a dtairbhe go maith, le a chur a bhfeidhm an deaghoibreacha.

Smuain san dara àit, A anam Chrìostamhuil, crèad iad do smuainte air uair do bhàis, air fuach na haimsiresi, nàch déinirse acht dimheas de do làthair? Crèud nàch béurfádh, ann san, air chuid dona huairibhse noch do chaillir anois a nolbhaois agus a bpeaca? Och! an daoirchnead le a bpiantar anam an pheacaigh le lin a bhàis, an tráth chidhfèadh sé é fèin air bhruach s'iorruigheachta anacraigh, do b'fhéarr leis mìle uair, acht gan tairbhe, go mbeith breith aige air sòn lá, nó fós sòn uair amháin don aimsir a dimthigh, agus an neart agus an tslàinte chéadna do bbeith aige, do bhi chéudna, chum feidhm grádh Dé agus áithrighe fhirinneach do dhéunamh de, tre na pheacadhaibh. A, a shaoghaltánacha! crèad uime a bhfuilte chómh dall san, agus gan a mheas gur mò is fìu sòn uair amháin dona huairibhse noch do chaithionn sibh a múghadh go laetheamhuil, ioná deich mìle saoghal?

Smuain, san treas àit, Crèud an chéudfadh bhias ag an lucht damanta a nifrionn, air luacht aimsire, an tan nach beidh aimair nì bhus mó; chomh cruaidh agus chaoifid air feadh na s'iorruigheachta, gach uile uair, là, mi, agus

are lost for ever: the loss is irreparable. Learn hence, O my soul, to set a just value upon thy present time; learn to husband it well, by employing it in good works.

Consider, 2dly, Christian soul, What thy thoughts will be at the approach of death, and of the value of this time which thou makest so little of at present. What wouldst thou not then give for some of those hours, which thou lovest now in vanity and sin? Ah! the dreadful anguish that will rack the soul of the dying sinner, when, seeing himself at the brink of a miserable eternity, he will wish a thousand times, but all in vain, that he could but call back one day, or even one hour of his past time, and had but the same health and strength as he formerly had, to employ it in the love of God, and sincere repentance for his sins. Ah! worldlings, why then will you be so blind as not to see that any of these hours which you daily squander away, is indeed more valuable than ten thousand worlds.

Consider, 3dly, What will be the sentiments of the damned in hell, of the value of time: when time shall be no more, how bitterly they shall regret for all eternity, all those hours, days, months, and years, which were allowed them

bhlisghain, noch do thug fiallmbaithios Dé dhóibh air feadh a mbeatha shaoghailta, lear bhféidir leó an tanacra úd do chosg, tre fheidhm ionbhuidhe do dhéunamh de, dá bhfuil siad daortha anois gan athghlaodhach, agus ambéidir leó iad féin do dhéunamh sonaidhe go síorruighe, éigcríochnaighthe. Acht, faraoir! ní dhéunfadaois obair an feadh do bhi an tam; an feadh do bhi solus an lae ós a gcómhair. Anois do thuit an oidhche, an oidhche dhúbhach, shíorruighe, iona bhfuil sé rò dhéighionnach ehum oibre, agus ionna ndaorfaid go síorruighe a ndithcéille agus a mbaois a nallód, tre dhroichmheas agus faillith do dheunamh dá naimsir mhòrluach! A, a chriostaighthe biodhmaoidne críona air a ndonas súd. Acht créud é céadfadh na droinge beannaighthe do réir bhur meas, air an aimsir dhaorso? go fírinneach dá ma nídhe é go ngéillfeadh a staid shéunmhar do dhobróin, ní'l aoinnídh is mó chaoimhíde na hanamna beannaighthe úd ioná cailleamhuin son mhomaid díobh súd air nách dearnadar bainistíge maith feadh a saoghail, an tan chídhdí do soléir ann soille Dé an bhreis dō-chuimsighthe ghldire agus aoibhnis do bhéidir leó a riochtain, le feidhm ionbhuidhe do dhéunamh do'n aimsir dhaor úd.

Smuain, san gceathramhadh áit, ó ta an uile aimsir géarr, agus go ngluaisíonn thorainn go hobann atá mar an goéudna a nuile sheilbh, anóir, ionmhus, agus greann aimsiordha, so.

by the bounty of their Creator, during the space of their mortal life; by the due employment of which they might have prevented that misery to which they are now irrecoverably condemned, and might have made themselves eternally and infinitely happy: But, alas! they would not work while the time was, whilst they had the day-light before them; the night, the dismal and eternal night is now come, in which it is too late to work, and during which they will eternally condemn their past folly and madness, in neglecting and abusing their precious time. Ah! Christians, let us be wise at their expence. But what do you think will be the sentiments of the blessed in heaven of this precious time? Truly, if it were possible that their happy state could admit of such a thing as grief, there is nothing these blessed souls would regret more than the loss of any of those moments, which, in their life time, had not been well employed; when they shall clearly see, by the light of God, what an immense increase of glory and happiness, they might have acquired by the due employment of those precious moments.

Consider, 4thly, That as all time is short, and passes quickly away, so all temporal enjoyments, honors, riches, and pleasures of this world, are all transitory, uncertain, and inconstant. Only

ghluaiste, éideimhin agus neamhsheasmhach. Acht amháin an tsíorruigheacht, agus an mhaith no an tolc do tuigthear dhi atà fíorshuimeamhail, mar bhídhid gan chríoch, gan chlaochlógadh, gan cómhshamhuil, gan a léigíonn d'aon cháil oile tréana mhaithiosaibh, na fortacht ionna olcaibh. Och is ollbhaoiseach gach mórdháil aimsiordha, nách fuláir a chur san gcaifrín chómh luaith sin? Och nách éusga dhimthíghios glóire an tsaoghailse chum siubhail! Ni bhfágadh aoinneach a noiread le beagán bliaghanta gearra féin do gheallamh dó féin: agus ionna dhiaigh sin, a pheacaigh bhoicht, créud is críoch dhuit? Faraoir! deunfaid na piasta éiríoch air do chorp agus diabhaíl neamhthrócaireacha air tanam neamháithrígheach. Dearmudfaid do cháirde shaoghalta thú. Fiu na cloiche, air a bhfuairis tainim géarrtha, is gairid mhairfidh si ad dhiaigh. O go dé chómh fírinneach agus an chómhradh úd Olbhaois na nOlbhaois, agus is olbhaois an uile; acht amháin Dia a ghradhúghadh agus a fhrithéolamh. *A Kempis.* Is mar so amháin bheidhmíd críona go síorruighe. Is amuideacht gach eagna oile.

AN CAIB. XXIV.

Air Fhiaghnaise De.

AN CEATHRAMHADH LA FITHCHLÓD.

SMUAIN, air dtúis, Go bhfuil Dia san uile áit. Mádhd theighim suas air-Neamh adeir an Salmadóir, atá tú ann. Mádhd theighim síos

eternity, and the good or evil which it comprises, are truly momentous, as being without end, without change, without comparison, admitting of no mixture of evil in its good, nor any alloy of comfort in its evil. O! the vanity of all temporal grandeur, which must so soon be buried in the coffin. O! how quickly does the glory of this world pass away! A few short years are more than any one can promise himself; and after that, poor sinner, what will become of thee? Alas! the worms will prey upon thy body, and merciless devils upon thy unrepenting soul. Thy worldly friends will forget thee; the very stones, on which thou hast got thy name engraved, will not long outlive thee. O! how true is that sentence, "Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity; but to love God, and serve him alone!" (Thomas a Kempis.) It is thus only we shall be wise for eternity; all other wisdom is but folly.

CHAP. XXIV.

On the Presence of God.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH DAY.

CONSIDER, first, That God is every where. "If I ascend into heaven," says the Psalmist, Ps. 138, "thou art there: if I descend into

go ifrionn atà tú ann. *Salm*, 138. Lìonann sé Neamh agus talamh, agus nì' aoinnidh cruth-
aighthe gibé é. Ionn nàch bhfuil sé alathair go
sìrinnreach agus go biomlàn. Is ann do mhuir-
eamaid. Is ann do ghluaisreamaid. Fiu ar
mbeatha is ann atà. Mar do theagmhaid na
héunlaith ris an tædhear ann ge bé áit a neitiol-
aid, noch do thimchiollas iad air gach aen
taobh; agus na héis air shnámh san bhfairge,
teagmhaid ris na tonnaibh san uile áit: mar sin
éinne, gé bé áit ambladhmaoid, gé bé áit
a dteighimid, teagmansoid le Dia. Biodhann
sé ar bhfochair do shìor. Atà sé nì bhus
dlúthfhuigse dár namannaibh, ionà atàid àr
namanna dár georpaibh féin ionna bhfiaghnaise.
Faraon! a anam bhoichtai agamsa, nàch beag
cuimhne bhi agad air si, agus fés gur airtioagal
dár gceididomh é, atà air na theagasgúghadh
dhúinn ò dfàghhamais an cliabhàn. Macht-
naigheamoid air an bhfìrinne si feasta. Déusam
dithchioll air a bheith do ghnath a bhfochair an
ti ud, noch atà do ghnaith inàr bhfochairne.

Smuain, san dara áit, Air mbeith dho Dhia
ann gach uile áit, bhfaicinn sinne ann gi bé
ait a mbiamaid. Is ionn a radharc do déuntar
àr ngfomhartha uile. Ar bhfìorsmuainte, fiú
no geor agus na gclaonta is uaignidhe ionnàr
gcroidhbhibh, nì féudfar agceilt ò na shúil geur-
radharcach. Is díomhaoin do'n pheacach é
féin do bhladarúghadh ionn a choirthibh, an-
uile agus an tairiantach air a labharann an
teagnach, go dtimchiollann an dorchadas é:

hell, thou art there." He fills both heaven and earth, and there is no created thing whatsoever, in which he is not truly and perfectly present. In him we live, in him we move, our very being is in him. As the birds wherever they fly meet with the air, which encompasses them on all sides, and the fishes swimming in the ocean, every where meet with the waters, so we, wherever we are, wherever we go, meet with God; we have him always with us, he is more intimately present to our very souls, than our souls are to our bodies. Alas! how little have we thought of this, and yet it is an article of our faith, in which we have been instructed from the very cradle: let us seriously reflect on this truth for the future; let us strive to be always with him, who is always with us.

Consider, 2dly, That God, being every where, sees us wherever we are. All our actions are done in his sight; our very thoughts, even the most secret motions and dispositions of our hearts, cannot be concealed from his all-seeing eye. In vain does the sinner flatter himself in his crimes, like the libertine, mentioned by the wise man, Eccl. 23. "That darkness encompasses him, and walls cover him, and no one sees him when he fears." Alas! "the eyes of the

agus go bhfoillhionn balladha é, agus nàch faicinn aoinneach é an tan bhidhionn sé éaglach. *Eccl.* 23. Faraoir is soillsighe súile an tighearna go do-chríochnaighthe ionà an Gai Gréine, agus ni fheudfadh dorchadas, néulta, balladha ná sgàth air bith an radharc ghuibhamhuil so do chosg, noch do chidhionn go grinn ceartlár an anama : agus ni hiongna go bhfeicfeadh go solèir an nidh thuitionn amach ann anáit bhfuil sé láithreach do ghnath.

Smuain, san treas áit, Go bhfuil Dia, noch atà ionna nuile ionad, agus ann a nuile nidh, ionnta so uile go hiomlán gan roint ; do bhrigh go bhfuil sé dó-rannta. Atá sé ann gach áit le hiomlán a chòmhachta, le na chàirdhibh uile, le na shár-fheabhas uile. Uime sin atà ionnainn a stigh, ó m'anam, an tighearna sìorruighe, gan teoruin, uileachómhachtach, neamhspleadhach, agus Déuntóir éigeríochnaighthe an uile nidh, agus atámaoidne a stigh san neach dochuimsighthe so. Gé bé àit a dteighmid, atà sè maille rinn : Atà sè san uile àit re na mhórchómhacht, dá bhfuil an uile nidh fá smacht : leis sin crèud is baoghal dà chàirdibh ? Atá sè san uile àit le na cheart do-chuimsighthe : leis sin cionas is éidir dá námhuid do bheith as baoghal ? Atá sè gan téoruin le na fheabhas dà chloinn ann gach áit. Sáruiigheann sé an mháthair is ceanamhla air bith le na ghràdh agus le na chion ortha. Fairionn sé ortha le na àirdréimheas. Déininn a chrìonacht bainis-

Lord are infinitely brighter than the rays of the sun;" no darkness, no clouds, no walls, or curtains, can keep out this piercing sight, which clearly sees the very centre of the soul. And no wonder that he should clearly see what passes there where he is always present.

Consider, 3dly, That God, who is in all places, and in all things, is every where whole and entire, because he is invisible; he is every where with all his majesty, with all his attributes, with all his perfections. We have then within us, my soul, the eternal, immense, omnipotent; self-existent, infinite Lord and Maker of all things; and we are within this infinite being; wherever we go, we have him with us! he is every where with his omnipotence, to which all things are subject, what then have his friends to fear? He is every where with his infinite justice: How then can his enemies be secure? He is every where infinitely good to his children, his love and kindness to them surpasses that of the most tender mother; he watches over them with his providence; his wisdom wonderfully disposes of all things for their greater good. What comfort, then, must this thought of the presence of God afford

tighe iongantach air na huile neithe chum a dtairbhe. Leis sin nàch mór an sàimhe do bheir sé dà shearbhfóghaibh agus do'n lucht air a bhfuil a ghrádh agus a eagla, smuaine air a bheith ionna láthair.

Smuain, san gcèathramhadh ait, Go niarrann Dia, noch atà ann gach uile áit, orainne aire do thabhairt dà fhiaghnaise. An éidir aoinnidh bheith is mó air ar chóir ar nintinn do bheith ioná é? agus an mbiadhmaoidne chómh tub-uisteach dall san agus bheith ag súghradh le gach bréugáinín dà dtagadh reomhainn, agus ar nDia, an bhreàdhthacht, agus an tairbhe óirdheirc, do léigienn tharrainn gan suim? Ah! nàch biodh doilghios choidhche orainn tré bheith inár naonar, ó tà againn 'san neach dochuimsighthe úd, radharc agus sealbh do ghnath, an té noch is caidreamh síorruidhe d'Ainglibh. Muna bhfeiciom è le súilibh na colna, an lúghaide sin atá sè láithreach? Agus nàch bhfuilid ionnainn a stigh súile oile, is uaisle ioná iad, eadhoin, súile na tuigse, dár bhféidir, maille re congnamh creidimh dhíagha, agus dár chóir rinnfheithiomh air a nDia, atá do ghnath ionnàr gceartlar? Ah, is ann san atà an suaimhneas is millse le fághail. Atà gach son mhacnaois oile gan tabhacht, le a chur a niomdha leis so.

Smuain, san gcuigeadh áit, go niarrann Dia, noch atà ann gach uile áit, orainne sinn fàin d'iomchar go himhéodhnach agus go foir-

his servants, and those only who fear and love him!

Consider, 4thly, That God, being every where, requires of us that we should every where take notice of his presence. Can there be an object more worthy of our attention? and shall we then be so unfortunately blind as to amuse ourselves about every trifle that comes in our way, and let our God, the sovereign beauty and sovereign good, pass unregarded? and let us never regret our being alone, since we have always in our company that infinite Being, the sight and enjoyment of whom is the eternal felicity of angels. What if we see him not with the eyes of the body, is he the less present? and have we not within us other more noble eyes, viz. the eyes of our understanding, which, assisted by divine faith, may, and ought, to contemplate their God, always present in the very midst of us? Ah! the sweetest repose is to be found in him; all other recreations are vain, if compared to this.

Consider, 5thly, That God being every where present, requires of us that we should conduct ourselves, both as to the interior and exterior,

iomalach mar is cuibhe d'è'n lucht do sheasas ina radharc. Is léor do chum sinn do thoirmiosg-air aoinnidh ualach nà mi-mhodhamhuil do dhéanamh, a bheith a lathair duine da mbiadh fhomós againn; Agus nàch coiméadfadh mórchómhacht nDé sinn, an té úd ar lúghadh iona neamhnídh àrdfhlaitha an domhain ionna lathair, le na fhiaghnaise san mhacántacht fhoirmealach agus san oidhréir innheodhanach úd is taithaíomhach le na shúil? Náchar chógir dhúinn fós, sinn féin do chur air neimhnídh a radharc na diaghachta ro-iomarcach so? Ach, a Dhè rómhaith! Cà faid atamaoidne óna coinghiallachaidhse, chómh minic agus pheacaidheamaoid a lathair do mhórchómhacht, gan eagla air bithh, agus eitiol anaghaidh do mhórdhachta óirdheirc? Faraoir! a anam bhoicht so agamsa, náchar mór é ar naire dá mbeith rún agá leitheidsi agus agá leitheid siúd eile do dhuine air ar bpeacadhaibh, dár mhián linn meas do bheith aca orainn, do bhiadhmaois a riocht béis féin d'faghail le náire a dtaobh a mbeith foillsighthe do'n domhuin uile. Do bhiadhmaois ró mhioshásta fós a dtaobh mac-naois shuathrach, fhomhaideach, gidh neamhurchoideach air a mhaíairt, do nochta a lathair ar gcómharsain, agus cà nàch tuigfeamaois grinn-shúil ar nDé mhóir, noch atà orainn do ghnath, agus chidhionn go follus gach nìdh thuiteann amach san ionad is uaignidhe dár gcroidhe? Caidhe, nàch machtnaidheamaoid

in such a manner as becomes those who are standing in his sight. The presence of a person, for whom we have a respect, is enough to put a restraint upon us from doing any thing that is light and indecent: and shall not the infinite majesty of God, in comparison with whom the greatest monarchs of the earth are less than nothing, by his presence keep us in that exterior modesty, and interior reverence, which may please his eyes? ought we not even to annihilate ourselves in the sight of this immense divinity? But O good God! how far are we from those dispositions, as often as we dare to sin in thy almighty presence, and fly in the face of thy sovereign majesty? Alas! my poor soul, how should we be ashamed to have our sins known to such particular persons, whose esteem we covet? We should be ready even to die with confusion, to have them published to the whole world. We should be very unwilling to have even our vain and ridiculous amusement, though otherwise innocent, laid open to the eyes of our neighbours. And why will we not consider the all-seeing eye of our great God, which is always upon us, which clearly discerns all that passes in the most secret closet of our hearts? Why will we not re-

gur mó nàire, gur mó an dóchar dar gclú fhirinneach, ar ndroch smuainte, air mbeith dhóibh follas do Dhia, iona dá mbeidís fuagartha le fuaim stoic treas an domhain.

Smuain, san seisiúghadh àit, Air mbeith dho Dhia ann gach àit láithreach, go niarrann ar agrádh ann gach áit. Atá sé ann gach son áit geanamhuil, áluinn, maith, agus cúmtha go do-chríochnaighthe, agus ge bé áit a mbiadh-maoidne, atá sé do-chríochnaighthe ionna fheabhas dúinn. Dá bhrígh sin cread uime nách grádhaimid é. Is grádh é féin uile. *Deus charitas est*, a N. Eoin. caib. 1. f. 4. Is Grádh é Dia. Atá an Dia grádhmhar ro-ghéanamhuilsi aguinn do ghnath inár bhfochar, agus ionnainn do ghnath: Caidhe nach ritheamoid ionna ghabháilidh? Is tinne é leisgeann do shíor, atá an tiarne so a gceartlár ar nanamna: Uime sin cionas mhothuigheamoid chomh beag san dá lasrachaibh? Isé an fath mar nach conghammaoid ar nanamna ag baile le hairnechas air an aoidheachtach mór úd do chomhnaigheann ionnainn a stigh, acht léigíonn dóibh imtheacht a mach air fàghan a ndiaigh neithe olbhaoiseacha, talamhuidhe. *O convertere anima meo, in requiem tuam!* Salm, 144. Fill amach, O m'anam, ó na bréagánaibh talamhaighe so uile noch chuingmheas tú ó'd Dhia, agus iompaigh air an taon tsonas fhirinneach; agus glac suaimhneas ann go bráth.

flect that our evil thoughts being known to God, is, indeed, a greater shame, a greater loss of our true honour, than if they were published by sound of trumpet over the universe.

Consider, 6thly, That God being every where present, every where requires our love; he is every where infinitely amiable, infinitely beautiful, infinitely good, infinitely perfect: and wherever we are, he is infinitely good to us. Why then do we not love him? He is love, "*Deus charitas est*," says St. John, 1. 4. God is love. We have this loving and most lovely God, always with us, and always in us; why do not we run to his mercies? He is a fire that ever burns; this fire is the very centre of our souls: how then came we to feel so little of its flames? It is because we will not stand by it. It is because we will not keep our souls at home, attentive to that great guest that resides within us; but let them continually wander abroad upon vain created amusements. *O, Convertere anima mea, in requiem tuam!* Ps. 144. Turn away, my soul, from all those worldly toys which keep thee from thy God, and return to him thy true and only happiness, and repose in him for ever.

noch do thug an neart, agus an misneach úd dona mairtiribh, chum gan sùgha siar ó'n phionòs budh mheasa? Agus an bhfuilir fèin eaglach? Acht, ò a Thighearna ionmhuin, tuigim go maith gur bhé do rogha fèin an uiread san uirisle do ghlaica, agus léigionn tú fèin do chlaoidheadh leis an doilghios marbhtach so. Do ba chum mise do theagasgúghadh; agus cionas go bhfulaingeoíadha, an oiread san tar mo chionn. Adhram tú fán anbhfainesi, (Màs ceart damhsa san do ghairm de) cóimhionann agus air do shuidheachàn ghlórmhar: air an ádbhar gur ab annso is fearr foillsíghthear do ghràdh éugchuimsighthe dham.

Smuain, san dara áit, Nàchar bhfèidir le ar slànaisghthèoir, an té ar shealbhuigh a anam deallra beannaighthe na diaghachta do ghnath; a shamhuil si do dhobròn ná do dhiachair iomarcach do theacht air; muna mbeith gur chuir sè cosg míorbhuileach air chumann na ranna dob uaisle agus dob uirisle re chéile, a dtaobh na ndoilghis, na nsgla, agus na ngéur-phianta uile, noch do gheirfeadh a shamhuil do léir-thiosbánadh do réir nadúra air a noiread san d'adharthaibh uilc. Uime sin is còir dhúinne è mheas annso, amhuil, agus ann gach cèim oile dá pháis, ag fulaing air an modh céadna, mar fhear daondha do ghné chuirp éugcruadh, neamhacluineach, agus fá chumas agar bpian-taibhne, agus ar nanacraibh uile, acht amháin an peacadh. Mar is follas ó'n mian cuideachtan do bhi aige (aiciid leanamhnach do bhuairt agus

Worst of torments? and art thou thyself afraid?
But, O dear Lord! I plainly understand that it
Was thy own choice that thou didst condescend
So far, as to let thyself be seized by this mor-
Tal anguish; it was for my instruction, and
That thou mightest suffer so much the more
For me. I adore thee under this sadness, (if I
May be allowed to call it so) no less than on
Thy throne of glory; because it is here that I
Better discover thy infinite love for me.

Consider, 2dly, That our Saviour, whose soul
ever enjoyed the beatific vision of the divinity,
could not have been capable of this excessive
sadness and anguish, had he not, by a miracle,
stopt the communication between the supreme
and interior part of his soul; and so abandoned
to the inferior part of all those sorrows, fears, and
agonies, which the lively representation of so
many, and so great evils, would naturally pro-
duce. So that we are to consider him in this,
as well as in all the rest of the stages of his pas-
sion, suffering in the same manner as if he
were a pure man, of tender and delicate com-
plexion of body, and liable to all our pains
and miseries, excepting sin. Thus, as desirous
of company (a thing natural to sadness and
fear) he says to his disciples: "Stay here, and

d'eagla) mar a deir le na dheisgioblaibh, "**Fa-**
naidhe annso, agus fairíghidhe mar aon liomsa"
Matth; 26. Nàr mhòr an tiongna do'n triúr
 easbolsa, an nuadh-ghlòrsa do chlos ós a dTigh-
 earna agus a fhaigsin go huile mighnéitheach,
 agus a bhfuair-allas le hiomad diachair! Agus
 tusa, a Iosa mhílis, nách mór an truaigh thu
 fàna tuitibh doilghís si: an tràth do traochadh
 thu chómh mòr san agus gur phráin duit fortacht
 diarraidh air do dheisgioblaibh bochta, agus
 nách fulair gur uaitse do bheith a gcothúghadh
 san agus a bhfortacht go hiomlán! Acht faraoir!
 chómh beag agus an chabhair dhéanfas a
 geuideachta dhuit anois, noch atá ina gcodla
 an seadh táirse a bpéin fuilteach, agus rithfeas
 chum síubhail an tráth giollachtochar tusa do
 chum do chéusta air son a bpeacadha san!

Smuain, san treas áit, Mar do ghnídh ar
 Slànaightheoir mhíochair fán dreinios agus fán
 ndiachairse, è féin da thabhairt air úrnaighthibh,
 is aon ionghabháil deimhneach a nam buairigh,
 an taon sgiathchosanta lá an chatha. Acht
 tabhair do taire ò m'anam, créud an toghmòs
 le a nguidheann sè chum a Athar síorruidhe,
 Sleachta air an dtalamh lom, créud an díograis,
 le hárghàir agus le Déuraibh (a deir an tEas-
 bol) Eabhra 5. 6. agus foghluisim aithris do
 dhéanamh air. San urnaighsi, d'uirsigh sé è
 féin chómh mòr san, agus léigionn do'n roint
 tàir, guidhe chum corn searbh na páise dàis-
 triughadh uaidh: Acht air sin adúbhairt go grod,
 Acht na dèuntar mo thoilse acht do thoilsi,

watch with me." Matt. 26. What a surprise must it have been to these three apostles to hear this new language from their master, and see him all pale, and in a cold sweat with extreme anguish? And thou, sweet Jesus, how much art thou to be pitied under the floods of grief, when thou art reduced so low as to be forced to seek for comfort from thy poor disciples, whose whole support and comfort was wont to be from thee? Alas! how little service will their company do thee now, who will be asleep whilst thou art in the bloody agony, and will run away when thou art led to be crucified for their sins!

Consider, 2dly, How our dear Saviour, under this anguish and sadness, betakes himself to prayer, the only sure refuge under all afflictions, the only shield in the field of battle. But take notice, my soul, with what reverence he prays to his eternal Father, and prostrate on the very ground, with what fervour, "With a loud cry and tears," says the apostle, Heb. 5. v. 7. and learn to imitate him. In this prayer, he condescended so far as to allow the inferior part to petition, that the cup of his bitter passion might be removed from him; but then he immediately added, "Yet not my will, but thine

chum a' mhúnadh dhúis an bheith ùmhal, uir-
eamhnach fà gach sìobhbhuairleadh agus dualgas;
do thoil Dè.

Smuain, an gcéathramhadh àit, Mar do rinn
ar Slánaightheoir stad fà dhò ionna ùrnaigh
chum teacht ag féuchain & dheisgiobal; acht
do fuair sé iad ina gcodla gach uair dlobh.—
Ah! m'anam, nach é do chás sa, bheith mar
na heasboillsi, codla, sè sin, tu féin d'fulaing a
mbeatha dhfomhaoin, leamh : gida gur ag saoth-
rúghandh do shláinte si do caitheadh iomlán
beatha do Shlánaightheora, agus gach a bhfuil
sé ag fulaing anois, is air do shonsa é! Ah!
bíodh truaigh agat anois, an chuid is lúgha dhà,
dá choinghioll dhólasach. an tràth thaisbèan-
ann a Athair a bheith boghar dà ùrnaighthibh,
air an gcéud láimh, agus air an láimh oile ataid
a dheisgiobail ro-chodlatach chum aon tuim
do chur ann. San gcoinghioll diamhair so, do
thig aingiol ò neamh do chum fortacht do thabh-
airt dá son, noch is lúthghàir dona hainglibh!
O! Crèud an ùmhlugheacht! acht cia an ghné
fortachta is dòigh leat do bheir an taingiol eo
leis? gan amhrus, ní hè a mhalairt acht toil
an Athar sìorruighe do chur a niuil do, agus ag
athchuinge air go hùmhal, a nainim neimbe agus
talmhànn, gan clonadh ò'n fhuasgailt lionmhar
úd, do phartúghadh do pheacachaibh boehta
trè na ghrádh do chríochnaighthe, an nidh tré
a dtàinig sé air an saoghal, agus tarcaisne agus
peanaid aon lae amhàin ghairid d'fulaing andóigh

be done." To teach us, under all trials and crosses, a perfect submission and resignation to the divine will.

Consider, 4thly, How our Saviour made two interruptions in his prayer, to go and visit his disciples, but found them both times asleep. Ah, my soul, is it not thy case, like these apostles, to sleep, that is, to indulge thyself in a slothful sensual way of living? Whereas the whole life of thy Saviour was spent in labouring for thy salvation, and all that he now suffers, he suffers for thee. Ah! pity now at least his comfortless condition, whilst, on the one hand, his Father seems deaf to his prayers, and on the other hand, his disciples are too drowsy to give any attention to him! In this desolate state, an angel from heaven appears to comfort him, who is the joy of angels. O! what humility! but what kind of comfort, think you, did this angel bring? No other, to be sure, but thus representing to him the will of his eternal Father, and humbly intreating him, in the name of heaven and earth, not to decline imparting to poor sinners, by his infinite love, that plentiful redemption for which he came into the world; and to undergo the ignominies and torments of one short day's continuance, in prospect of the salvation of mankind, and of the eternal glory and honour which the Godhead should receive from all his

na eine dhaona do shlánúghadh, agus air son na glóire, agus na honóra do gheabha an di-aghacht air son a dhualgais uile. Déunaigh a shamhuilsi do machtnamh air thoil Dé, air mbèudughadh a onóra agus a ghlóire, agus tairbhe tanama féin, fortacht dhuitsi air gcéud-na, fàd dhaorphian, agus fàd chrosaibh: Ni bhfuil fortacht 'is dìongmhalta.

Smuain, san gcuigeadh áit, An diachair marbhtach noch d'fulaing ar slánaightheoir ina anam, air feadh úrnaigh na hoidhchesi. D'féudfamaois airgiona, agus duaigh a anama do mheas, treas ah táimhe éugsamhlach do thuit air a choluinn dà bhithin, le a theilgionn san allus rò-iomarcach fola úd san riocht gur fliuchadh an talamh féin air luigh sé sléachta. A Iosa mhilis! cia chualadh trácht riamh air aleithéid sin do dhuaigh? Acht, O m'anam! créud is dóigh leatsa dob fhíorádhbhar dona mbairgibh uile, agus do ghéur-dhuaigh do Shlànnaightheora? Go hàirighthe an triar so, Air dtúis, amharc shoilléir, agus taisbeànadh bíogamhuil air iomlàn a raibh le fulaing aige air feadh a phàise go léir: ionas go raibh gach aon tarcaisne agus diachair dàr bhain do ina dbiaigh sin, diaigh andiaigh, anois a néinfheacht leagtha a làthair súile a anama, maille re gach nidh fó leith do ghríosfadh iad: air an adhbhar san gur fhulaing sè hiomlán a phàise fà dhó tríd, agus tairis, sè sin, uair ó làmhaibh a námhad, agus uair oile do rèir mar do thiosbáin a

sufferings. Let the like considerations of God's will, his greater honour and glory, and the good of thy own soul, comfort thee also under all thy anguishes and crosses: There cannot be a more solid comfort.

Consider, 5thly, The mortal agony which our Saviour suffered in his soul during the prayer of this night. We may judge of the pangs and anguish of his soul, by the wonderful effect they produced on his body, by casting him into that prodigious sweat of blood, to such a degree, as to imbrue the very ground on which he lay prostrate! Sweet Jesus! who ever heard of such an agony as this? But what thinkest thou, my soul, was the true cause of all his anguish, and of this bitter agony of thy Saviour? Chiefly these three: first, a clear view and lively representation of all that he was to suffer during the whole course of his passion; so that all the ignominies and torments that he was afterwards, successively, to go through, were now, all at once, presented before the eyes of his soul, with all their respective aggravations: by which means he suffered his whole bitter passion twice over; once by the hands of his enemies, and another time by his own most clear and lively imagination of all that he had

aighe fèin go soilléir beòmhàr do, gach uile nìdh dá raibh le fùlaing aige. Acht a Iosa ionmhuin, crèud fàth na hùirphianta breiseamhla so? Nì fhéudfadh aoinnìdh acht amháin do ghrádh mé fhreagairt. Adhbhar oile do chuidigh le doilghíos ar Slànaightheóra, se sin, amharc idirdhealbhtach air pheacadhaibh an domhain uile, ó thuig gu deire; air choirthibh, agus air ghuíomharthaibh sgannrambla, ghraineamhla na cine daona, iad go léir anois dà gcur ina léith chum a nglanadh amach le na fhuil. Ah, nàch gràineamhuil dféuch na hathaigh ifrionda so a súilibh ar Slànaightheóra, an tè amháin agà raibh baramhuil ceart air a mór-throimead, tre ghlan radharc do bheith aige do ghnath òs a chomhair, air an ardfhlaith éig-críochnaighthe do masluigheadh triotha. O a Thighearna nàch mór an pháirt do bhi ag mo pheacadhaibhsi san radharc dobrònach so? Nàch mór, faraoir, do pháirtigheadar chum do phiantaibh agus do dhobròin? An treas nìdh do adhbhar doilghis dár Slànaightheóir, sé sin, an fhios do bhi aige loighead an tabhacht do dheunfadh na Críostaighthe fèin dà dhocharaibh uile; air fheicsin a ndailleacht, agus a gcruadh-as croidhe, le a niompòchadaois an lèighios so ina nìmh mharbhtach, agus a fhuil uasal do shaltairt fána gcozaibh. Ag feicsin cailleadh an eòrruighe an oiread do mhilliunaibh anam, tré a raibh se le a chur chum bàis; agus beagnumhir na droinge do rachadh as

to suffer. But why, dear Jesus, those additional agonies? Only thy love can answer me. Another cause that contributed to our Saviour's anguish, was a distinct view of all the sins of the world, from the first to the last—of all the horrid crimes and abominations of mankind, all now laid to his charge to be cancelled by his blood. Ah! how hideous, how frightful were all these hellish monsters in the eyes of our Saviour, who alone had a just notion of their enormity, by having always before him a clear sight of the infinite majesty offended by them. O Lord, how great a share had my sins in this tragical scene! How much, alas! did they contribute to thy pains and grief! A third cause of our Saviour's agony, was the knowledge he had of the little use the very Christians would make of all his sufferings: to see their blindness and hardness of heart, by which they would pervert this antidote into a mortal poison, and tread under their feet his precious blood; to see the eternal loss of so many millions of souls, for which he was to die, and the small number of those, who, by the fruit of his passion and death, would escape from everlasting death. All these sad and melancholy thoughts attacked at once the soul of our

6 bhás shíorruidhe tre thoradh a pháise, agus a bháis. Na smuainté dubhacha dobrénacha so uile ag ciorrbhadh anam ar hFuasglaitheora anaoinfheacht, dá ghairm chum an duaigh do-fhulaingthe sin, agus do chuir le hèigionn na sruthadha fola úd uaidh. A Chríostaighthe biodh truaigh aguibh anois do dhaornead bhur Slánaightheora, agus blodh rún aguibh gan lámh do chur go bráth arís ann a anam dilis do bhuaireadh le peacadh.

AN XXVI. CAIB.

Ar Slanaightheoir a Gcairt Chaiphais.

AN SREIUGHADA LA FITCHIOD.

SMUAIN, Air dtúis, Air neirghe dár Slánaightheoir óna úrnaigh, tairéis a eagla uile do chlaoidheadh, do thig chum a dheisgiobal, dá radh riu codla leó, agus a suaimhneas do ghlacadh, go dtainig a ám agus go raibh an fealltóir le anam. Acht tusa, a Thighearna ionmhuin cá choin a dhéunfair codla na suan? Ní dhéunfair go codla déighionnach an bháis air leaba chruaidh na croise. Meabhraídhighe, a Chríostaighthe, le súilibh bhur nanama, an misneach agus an éusguigheacht thaisbéanas bhur Slánaightheoir air an dtraiilhi chum fulaing air bhur son, ag fathacht roimhe chum teagbháil ris an bhfealltóir, agus re na chómh-lucht: dearc air an gceanpsacht re a nglacann sé póg cealgach na sióthchán. Agus fós chum a dhearbhadh, nách féudfadh cómhacht air bith

Redeemer, cast him into that mortal agony, and forced from him those streams of blood. Christians, pity now your Saviour's anguish, and resolve never more to afflict his tender soul by sin.

CHAP. XXVI.

On our Saviour in the Court of Caiphas.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH DAY.

CONSIDER, first, How our Saviour, arising from his prayer, having conquered all his fears, comes to his disciples; bidding them now sleep on, and take their rest, that his hour was come, and that the traitor was just at hand. But thou, dear Lord, when wilt thou rest or sleep? Not till the last sleep of death, on the hard bed of the cross. Contemplate, Christians, with the eyes of your souls, the courage and readiness which your Saviour shews, on this occasion, to suffer for you, by going forth to meet the traitor and his band: see, with what meekness he receives the treacherous kiss of peace. And yet, to make it evident that no power on earth could take him, but with his own free will, with two words, "*Ego sum*, I am

aghabháil acht le na shaorthoil féin, le dhá fhocal, "*Ego sum*," "Is mise é," do léag sé chum láir an sluaigh uile do tháinig chum a ghabhtha, dà gcur air gcul, agus ag tuitim go fann chum talmhan. Tairèise sin do chuir sé è féin ionna lámhaibh, agus tairèis iad dá cheangal do shraoilleadar leò è a steach do'n gcathair tre árd agus isioll, an tan air dtrèigionn dà dheisgioblaibh uile è, do ritheadar air siubhal, dá fhàghbail sin a lámhaibh anámhad, noch do rug air dtúis alathair Annais. sé sin, athair céile an árdshagairt mar a bhfuair aithfear ò bhràidh-ghiolla mhallaithe do thug bas do air an gcluais. As san do threorugheadar é go cúirt Chaiphais an áit a rabhadar taoisigh na sagart agus na hársadha cruinnighthe ag feithiomh leis an mbraigh nuadh so fhaicsin ina láthair agus leagtha amach air dhèunamh chum siubhail leis do chóir nò dhèugcóir. Leansa anois do Shlanaightheoir, ó m'anam, gach aon chois-cèim do'n tslighe, tréigthe anois aga cháraid uile. Machtnaigh an tuan ceannsa so ameasg na bhfaolchon chiocracha so. Fà thromualach agcuid agige. agus tarcaisne: Acht beir leat súile do thuigsiona fós ní bhus sia, dearc air inmheòdhain a anma agus faic an luthgbáir agus an sásamh do ghlacan sé ag ciómhlíonadh toil a Athar síorruidhe, agus ag fulaing air do shonsa: Agus foghlaim uaighsi a samhail do inntinn ad dhaordhualgaisibh uile.

he," he struck down the whole multitude that was come to apprehend him, making them all reel back, and fall to the ground. After which he delivered himself into their hands; and they, having bound him, dragged him along into the city, through thick and thin, whilst his disciples, all abandoning him, ran away, leaving him in the hands of his enemies, who presented him first before Annas, the father-in-law of the high-priest, where he was insulted by a vile servant, who gave him a box on the ear. From thence, they led him to the court of Caiphas, where the chief priests and elders were assembled, longing to see their new prisoner before them, and determined to make away with him, right or wrong. Follow thou thy Saviour, my soul, every step of the way, abandoned now by all his friends: Contemplate this meek Lamb in the midst of those ravenous wolves, loaded with their scoffs and insolence: But carry the eyes of thy understanding still farther; view the interior of his soul, and see the joy and satisfaction that he takes in complying with his eternal Father's will, and suffering for thee; and learn from hence the like dispositions in all thy sufferings.

Smuain, san dara àit, Nach tuisge tugadh ar dTighearna go dùn Chaiaphais an tàrdshagairt, mar a raibh tionól air chòmhairle na seachtmodh cinníúdaigh, ionà thionnsnadar a Thriaill gan mhoill tairéis fàilte tharcaisnigh, agus na bhfiaghnaise bréige do ghairm do bhi chum cur air. Acht féuch àirdréimheas Dè, féuch neart na firinne, agus neimhchionnta iongantach an uainsi ó Dhia: Daimhdhedìn urchóide na cúirte mallaignthe so, agus a bhfiaghnaidhe, daoine gan ondir, chreideamh-uint, seiniodh gach abhfághdaois a chur ina leith do bhí sè gan éifiocht nó ní thigeadh a sgéulta le chèile ceachtar aca, noch do rin a bhfiaghnaise neamhthabhachtach. Acht an feadh do ghnídh tu ádhradh do'n rèimheas so, feuch, agus déin iongantas do cheannsacht, agus d'foighne do Shlánaightheóra, noch do bhi ina thost faoi gach imdheargá dá ndeàrnadar na fiaghnaisighe bréugacha so air, ag tabh-airt dà réir sin deimhniughadh ró dhearbhtha go raibh sé cáilèigin nì bhus mò ionà duine, noch dféudfadh èistiocht chómh ciúin sin an feadh do bhi a chlú agus a anam a gcontabhairt a naoinfheacht le masla follus. Air mbeith dho námhuid ar Slánaightheóra air na gcómhmheasga, eirghios an tàrdshagairt agus cuireas fá gheasaibh é a nainim Dé bhí, a inis do má budh è an Crìost mac Dè é? A nóghmós d'ainim chómh adharamhuil leis, do rinna dTighearna admhàil agus foillsiughadh sola.

Consider, 2dly, How our Lord was no sooner brought to the court of Caiphas, the high priest, where the great council of the Sanhedrim was assembled, but, immediately, after a scornful welcome, they proceed to his trial, and call in the false witnesses who were to depose against him. But see the providence of God, see the force of truth, and the wonderful innocence of this Lamb of God: notwithstanding all the malice of this impious court, and their witnesses; men of neither honour nor conscience: yet all they could alledge against him was either insignificant, or they could not agree in their story, which made their testimonies of no weight. But while you adore his providence, see and admire the meekness and patience of your Saviour, who was silent under all the provocations given by these false witnesses; giving thereby a most convincing proof of his being something more than man, who could thus calmly hold his peace, while his reputation and life were both attacked by palpable calumnies. The malice of our Saviour's enemies being thus confounded, the high priest arises and adjures him, by the living God, to tell him, if he was the Christ the Son of God? In reverence to which adorable name, our Lord made a solemn confession and profession of the truth; teaching, by his example, all his followers, when called to the like trial, never to

manta air an bhfírinne; ag teagasgùghadh, a lucht léanamhna, le na shompla an tràth glaoth-fuidhe air a dtríall isá, gan náire bheith ortha choidheche é féin, agus a chreidiomh d'admháil. Air sin raobas Caiphas a bhrat ag éimhe amach Diamhasla! Agus dfógruigheadar uile é Cionntach chum báis! Acht tusa, m'anam, fógair amach buinsgionn dóibh, mar aon ris na hainglibh. Is fiú an Tuan do marbhadh, cómhacht, agus saidhbhrios, agus eagna, agus neart, agus onèir, agus glóire, agus beannúghadh, *Taisbean, f. 12.* d'faghail é an uile chréatuir go bráth.

Smuain, san treas áit, Nách tuisge tugadh an daoirbhreath air ar Slánaightheoir, leis an mórchómhairle, ioná ionnsuigheadar uile é le barbardhacht do-chloiste, mar an spioradaibh ifrionda, agus ní mar dhaoineibh, agus leagadar air anuile ghné éugcéra, buileadha, aithfir, agus diamhasla. Féuch, m'anam, mar chaithid na hannchoin ifrinn úd sílidhe san aghaidh air do Shlánaightheoir, agus a réuma ghráineamhuil daisiog air an éudan naomhtha úd air ar shuigh áileacht agus árdfhlaithios. Féuch mar chornásgaid, mar chosrálad, agus mar bhuailid é le cuthach neamhthrócaireach, agus é sin le na lámhaibh ceangailte air an dtaobh shiar de, gan air gcumas do aon bhuile amháin do chosnamh, ná aon chàraid aige do ghlanfadh a aghaidh, ná do bhéurfadh aon chongnamh oile dho. Féuch mar chasaid seanna cheirt éigin salach timchioll a shuílibh, agus annsan le droichmheas (chómh

be ashamed of him, nor his faith. Upon this, Caiphas rends his garment, crying out, "blasphemy! and they all pronounce him guilty of death! But thou, my soul, on the contrary, cry out with angels, and all the elect of God, Rev. 4. c. 12. "The lamb that was slain is worthy to receive power, and divinity, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and benediction from all creatures, for ever."

Consider, 3dly, How that unjust sentence against our Redeemer was no sooner pronounced by the great council, but, immediately, they all, with unheard-of barbarity, fell upon him like furies of hell, rather than men, and discharged upon him all kinds of injuries, blows, affronts, and blasphemies. See, my soul! how these hell-hounds spit in thy Saviour's face, and disgorge their filthy phlegm on that sacred forehead where beauty and majesty sit; see, how they buffet, kick, and strike him with merciless rage, whilst he, with his hands tied behind him, is not able to ward off one blow, nor has he any friend there to wipe his face, or afford him any other help. See how they cover and muffle up his face with some filthy clout, and then, in scorn, (as if he was a mock prophet, or an impostor) at every blow, they bid him prophesy who it is

maith is gur Bhfáigh magadh no mealltóir é) le gach buile siafruighid de a innsin cia bhuail é? Mar aon le hiliomad oile aithbhor, noch d'fulaing sé le foighid agus le ciunas dochlaoidhte.

Smuain, san gceathramhadh áit, Tar gach nidh dàr fhulaing ár Slanaightheoir a ndún Chaiphas, gur mó do chuaidh sé air an mbeó aige ioná iad uile, an tuitim conntabhairteach do rin Peadar, taoiseach a Easboil uile, agus an té fuair na gréirthe budh dheargsnaithe uaidh, an té do mhoigh an oidhche chéadna san, dá mbeith go dtréigfidis an tiomlán eile dona deisgioblaibh a dTighearna, nách tréigfeadh féin choidhche é, agus gurab luaithe do gheabhadh féin às maille ris ioná do shéunfadh sé é: Gidheadh, dearc air laige agus neamh-sheasmhacht an nádúir dhaona, le guith chailínshuathrach séunan sé a Thighearna gan stad, agus séunann an dára uair agus an treas uair, agus fós do ghnídh é féin d'easguin agus dearbhann nách raibh aithne riamh aige air an duine. A Iosa mhilis! Créud é an nidh duine! O a Thighearna fèuch ormsa, agus congabhaigh suas me lead ghrásaibh, no séunfad tu mar an gcéudna. Dob iad àdhbhair tuitim Pheadair, ó thuis, díomas agus anndòthchas àirighthe ionna neart féin. A rís, a fhaillith a dteagasg ár Slanaightheóra, ann codla dhéunamh an tráth budh chóir dhó faire agus guidhe do dhéunamh. Agus dá rith féin a gconntabhairt trè thuitim

that struck him: besides many other affronts, which he endured with invincible patience and fortitude.

Consider, 4thly, That, of all which our Saviour suffered in the court of Caiphas, nothing touched him so much to the quick, as the treacherous fall of Peter, the chief of all the apostles, and who had received the most signal favours from him: Who, after having boasted that very night, that although all the rest of the disciples should abandon their master, he would never forsake him, and that he would sooner die with him than deny him—yet, see the weakness and inconstancy of human nature—at the voice of a silly maid, he forthwith denies his master, repeats his denial a second, and a third time, and even swears and damns himself if he ever knew the man. Sweet Jesus! what is man? O Lord, look to me, and support me by thy grace, or I shall also deny thee. The causes of Peter's fall were, 1st, a secret pride and presumption upon his own strength; 2dly, his neglect of the admonition of our Saviour, in sleeping, when he ought to have watched and prayed; 3dly, his exposing himself to the danger, by running into ill company. See that the like causes have not the like effect on thee, by drawing thee also to deny, and even cru-

go toiltionach a ndroch chuideachta. Feuchsa ar bhain a leithèidibhsi dhuit féin chum a leithéid do dhochar duit, trè do tharraing chum a shéunta air gcéudna, agus fós chum a chéusda le peacadh, Foghlaim aithris do dhéunamh air àithríghe-éusga an easboilsi, noch dimthigh amach gan mhoill agus ghuil go géur tairéis a thuitim. Nídh a déarthar do chleachtaigh se riamh ina dhiaigh sin chómh minic agus chuala sé gairm an choiligh.

Smuain, san gcúigeadh áit, Mar do chuadar na hárdshagairt agus na sgríobaidheadh chum suain, iardtabhairt breithe bháis air àr Slánaighthéoir, dá fhàghbàil sin air lánhaibh náchar chosmhúil do léigfeadh aon tsuaimhnios dó. O! Créud an tsamhuil oidhche do chaith àr Slánaighthéoir, amearg na haicmesi, iad súd noch chum androichbheart féin agus mailísa d'Triatha do shásamh, gur chuireadar a ngníomh arís agus arís an radharc neamhdhaonachtamhail úd noch do thionnsgnúigheadar an tan do bhádar a nurradha do láthair, ag leagann air an uile ghné mínàghaireacht agus diamhasla: Ionas gur fèidir linn a dheimhniughadh go dána noch foillseochar leath ar fhulaing àr Slánaighthéoir an oidhche sin, go lá anbhreitheamhnaís. Iomlán an mhlomhódh gur fhulaing go ciuin; agus an uair sin féin, an tan bhádar dá aithisiughadh, go raibh sé ag guidhe ortha, agus ag gabháil a leithsgéil re na Athair, agus ag tairgein suas

cify the Lord by sin. Learn to imitate the speedy repentance of this apostle, who, immediately after his fall, going out, wept bitterly: a practice, it is said, which he ever after retained as often as he heard the cock crow.

Consider, 5thly, How the High-priest and scribes, after having given sentence of death against our Saviour, retired to take their rest, leaving him in hands that were not like to suffer him to take any rest. O! what a night did our Lord pass in the midst of that rabble, who, to satisfy their own cruelty, and the malice of their masters, acted, over and over again, all the senses of inhumanity which they had begun while their masters were there, loading him with all kinds of outrages and blasphemies: So that we boldly affirm, that one half of what our Saviour suffered that night, will not be known till the day of judgment. All which insolence he bore in silence, and even then, whilst they are abusing him, is praying for them, and excusing them

a dhuaigh go léir a ndioghaluigheacht air son a bpeacadha. A Iosa mhilis, tabhair gràs dhúinne aithris do dhéunamh ort.

AN XXVII. CAIB.

*Ata ar Slanaightheoir air dtabhairt do lathair
Phiolaid agus Herod.*

AN SEACHTAMHADH LA FITHCHIOD.

SMUAIN, air dtúis, Chómh moch air maidin, agus d'eirghe an tárdshagairt agus a chómhluacht uile, tairéis dèighionaidheacht anáirneadhain, do chruinniughadh cóimhthionóil ni bhus iomadamhla dona Sanhèdrim, agus ann soin, arís cuirid an cheist chéadna chum ár Slánaightheora, Dá ma é Mac Dé? Agus air fhágail an fhreagra chéadna, daingnid an bhreath reamhráidhte. Gídheadh, ó náchar thuigeadar a slánadh féin tre bhreath do chur a bhfeidhm gan toil Phoirt Phioláid, sé sin, an riaghlaightheoir, air mbeith dhóibh féin fà smacht na Ròmhànach do rineadar cómhairle a bhreith chum Phioláid, agus trè na ughdaràs san é chéusa, modh bháis noch do thogh a mailis, mar go raibh sé san am céudna ró tháir, air mbeith dho fà leith dona moghaibh budh dhí-mheasda: agus dona cionntachaibh budh shuathantuisighe; agus an bàs budh dhaordhálaidhe. air mbeith dho mall, mí-éusga fána diachairibh budh ghéire, neimhnighe. Gluais, anois, a anam chríostamhuil, agus meabhraigh do Shlánaightheoir mar bhrostuightheor è air lorg na sráideadh le na

to his Father, and offering up all his sufferings in atonement for their sins. Sweet Jesus, give us grace to imitate thee.

CHAP. XXVII.

Our Saviour is brought before Pilate and Herod.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY.

CONSIDER, first, How, early in the morning, notwithstanding their late sitting up, this high priest, and his fellows in iniquity, convene a most numerous assembly of the Sanhedrim, and there again put the same question to our Saviour, "Whether he was the Son of God?" and, receiving the same answer, confirm their former sentence. Yet, as they did not think it safe for themselves (being subject to the Roman empire) to put the sentence into execution, without the consent of Pontius Pilate, the governor, they determined to carry him to Pilate, and by his authority to have him crucified; a kind of execution which their malice made choice of, because it was, at the same time, most ignominious, as being only for vile slaves and notorious criminals; and most cruel, as being a long and lingering death, under the sharpest and most sensible torments. Come now, christian soul, and contemplate thy Saviour as he is hurried along the streets, with his hands bound, from the house of the high-priest to the court of Pilate, attended by the whole council; and their wicked ministers pub-

lámhaibh cuibhrichthe, o thígh an Ardsbagair go dún Phioláid, agcuideachta na cômhaírle go huile, agus a ministéiríge malluighthe, da fhógra le hárdaighthe do réir mar ghluaisighid, gur ab anois do bhádar a bhreug-ghnódhtha uile nochtaighthe, a shaobhchrádhbha so fhaic-sighthe, agus é féin daortha a dtaobh diambhasla. Féuch an pobal luathaigionta, noch d'ónróigh é mar Fháidh, aga bheag roimhe sin, mar chuirid anois go prab le na námhaid dá lean-mhuin le gáir fochmaide, dá áithisiúghadh air seadhna slighe do ghabhann sé, agus ag teilgionn an uile ghné tharcuisne agus dochair air.

Bnuain, san dara áit, Agus dearc go grinn, breitheamh na mbeó agus na marbh, ag seasamh re na lámhaibh cuibhrichthe mar chionntach aláthair bheag fblaith, agus féuch an dearbhadh. Tairéin dona taoiseachaibh sagart agus d'uchtaránaibh an phobail é thabhairt suas, agus air fhiafradh dho Phioláid dhíobh cia na cuir fá leith do bhi aca ina aghaidh, ní dhearnadar aon chadhas do chumadóireacht nuaidh do thionnsga na dhó, go raibh sé ina dhúine bhualdheartha, urchóideach, ina mhéirleach, agus ina ghliadh-aire easúmhail don dlíge, agus ag toirmiosg eáin do dhíoghal le Sesar; agus cur suas chum bheith ina Rígh air na Judaighibh. Tabhair fá taire aon uair amháin oile foighne do-chlaoidhte do Shlánaightheora, ag éistíocht go ciuin le gach áugcórí follus dár chuireadar ina leith, ionas go raibh iongantus air an mbreitheamh.

liking aloud as they go, that now all his impostures were laid open, his hypocrisy discovered, and himself convicted of blasphemy. See how the giddy mob, who, a little time before, revered him as a prophet, now, all on a sudden, join with his enemies, follow him with opprobrious shouts, insulting him all the way that he goes, and discharging a thousand kinds of injuries and affronts on him.

Consider, 2dly, And view the Judge of the living and the dead, standing with his hands bound as a criminal before a petty governor, and behold the process. The chief priest and princes of the people having delivered him up, and Pilate demanding what particulars they had to alledge against him, they make no scruple of inventing new calumnies: That he was a factious and seditious man; a traitor and a rebel to the government, that forbid tribute to be paid to Caesar, and set himself up for a king of the Jews. Once more, take notice of the invincible patience of thy Saviour, in the hearing with silence such notorious falsities as they laid to his charge; so that the governor was astonished that a man could hold his peace under such accusations, which aimed at nothing less than procuring his condemnation to

go bhfèudfadh aon duine bheith ina thocht fá na samhuil do dhaorshaoibh, nár shanntuigh nìdh budh lúghadh ioná a dhamanúghadh don mbàs do b' aindeise. Air a shon son mar do chonairc sè go follus trè bhrèigriocht na nàrd-shagart agus sgrìobuighe, do mhìnigh sè an sost so chum saortha ár Slànaightheora; acht ag ambrasúghadh beagàn air an bhfocal so, Rìgh; acht air bhfaghail iomlán sàsaimh san gcás so, air na chur agcéil do nach ba dhon saoghal so rígheacht ár Slànaighthèora, agus dá bhrìgh sin nár bhaoghal do Fhlaitios Shæsair è, do mheas sè è lèigionn fò réir. Bíodh uath-bhfás ort fá chòmhacht an neimhchionnta, noch dèudfadh fós págánach, agus aon dona fearaibh budh mheasa, mar do bhi Pìoláid; agus bi deimhneach, le labhairt agcoitchine, gur fearr do dhearbha air do neimhchionnta, foighne agus suaimhneas, ionà olc anaghaidh an oilc agus cosnamh bèul làidir garóideach.

Smuain, san treas àit, Air mbeith do Phiolàid deimhneach do neimhchionnta ár Slànaightheora, agus mian do bheith air è lèigionn fá rèir, do thàrla aighneas ceann dàna dho òna huacht-arànaibh agus ó'n bpobal dìthcèilighe, agus uime sin air dtuigsin do ár Slànaightheoir do bheith ina àitighthèidh san nGaililighe, fá smacht Joruath, noch budh Thetrarc san nGaililighe, as san do mheas sè eirghe as a sírriarratus, le a chur chum Joruath. Gluais led' Dhia, ó m'anamsa, san nuadh-

the worst of death. However, as he plainly saw through all the disguise of the high priest and scribes, he interpreted this silence in favour of our Saviour; only boggling a little at the word king; and, having received full satisfaction on that head, by being made to understand that the kingdom of our Saviour was not of this world, and therefore not dangerous to his government, he determined to set him at liberty. Admire the force of innocence, which would even move a heathen, and one of the worst of the worst of men, such as Pilate was; and assure thyself that, generally speaking, patience and silence are a thousand times better proofs of thy innocence, than returning injury for injury, and making an opprobrious and clamorous defence.

Consider, 3dly, How Pilate, being convinced of our Saviour's innocence, and desirous of setting him at liberty, met with an obstinate resistance from the malicious princes and deluded people; and, therefore, understanding that our Saviour, as being an inhabitant of Galilee, belonged to the jurisdiction of Herod, the Tetrarch of Galilee, took occasion from thence to rid himself of their importunity, by sending him to Herod. Accompany thy God, O my soul! in this new stage, and take notice

shlíghsi, agus bréithnigh a cheannsacht éug-
vamlach, an feadh do ghluaisioma treas ná
ruidibh, fál do shluaidtibh maslaighteach
air an uile thaobh le gárthaibh casaoide, agus
árdghlor. Budh ro luthgháireach Joruaith tre
na theacht, a ndòigh go bhfaicfeadh miorbhuil
éigin, agus uime sin do chuir mile ceist air:
an feadh do bhàdar na cinniúdaigh le aoín inn-
tinn mailíse ag aithfhriotail a bhfiaghnaise
bhréige ina aghaidh : acht do bhi ar dTighearna
fés ina shost, ná ní sháiseòcha mian dhòmhaoín
Joruaith, ná ní dhéunfa aoimnidh le a gclaoifadh
an taoiseach san chum a shaortha ó'n móbás úd
noch do iarr sé chómh dian san, ó sé tré ór-
dúghadh na bhfaithios, dob aoimhédhain
fuasgalta dhúinn. Go ma beannaighthe a
mhaithios go tràth tré na chréatuiribh uile.

Smuain, san gcéathramhadh àit, Mar diarr
Joruaith, air nglacadh feirge dhó tre nàr bháil le
ár Slánaightheoir a aigne do shásamh ann mór-
bhuil do thiosbànadh dhó, é féin do dhíoghalt
air le fonómhaid agus tarcaisne do thabhairt do,
agus órdúghadh tabhairt a éidiúghadh go
fochmaideach le brat bán, amhuil culaith amad-
áin, nó b'éidir rígh bréige; agus do chuir tar
a ais arís chum Phioláid san gcórúghadh so é,
san geuideachda chéudna ionna diáinig; maille
re céardshluaigh maslaighteach, fá thaoiseach-
aibh Sgríobuidhe agus Phairisínach. Seas
fá ionganta, d'feicsin eagna síorruighe an

of his incomparable meekness whilst he passes through the streets, lined on all sides with an insulting multitude, and echoing with their reproaches and clamours. Herod was most glad of his coming, in hopes to see some miracle, and therefore put a thousand questions to him, whilst the princes of the Jews, with untired malice, were repeating all their false accusations against him; but our Lord was silent still, nor would he satisfy the idle curiosity of Herod, nor do any thing by which he might incline this prince to free him from that death which he so ardently desired, as being by the decrees of Heaven, the only means of our redemption. Blessed, by all his creatures, be his goodness for ever!

Consider, 4thly, How Herod, provoked by our Saviour's not consenting to gratify his inclinations of seeing a miracle, sought to revenge himself by treating him with mockery and scorn, and ordering him to be clothed, in contempt, with a white garment, as with a fool's coat, or, perhaps, a mock king; and in this dress sent him back again to Pilate, attended in the same manner as he came, with an insulting mob, headed by the scribes and phari-

Athar, air na fhriothàlamb mar so amhuil òinbhid; agus foghlaim ó so, gan bheith buaidh-eartha na cúramach timchioll breitheamhnais an tsaoghail.

Smuain, san gcúigeadh áit, Mar cheap Píol-áit air fheicsin ar Slanaightheora tabhartha tar áis arís chum a bhreitheamhnais féin, slíge oile chum a shaortha, acht air mhodh gan cúis ghearán do thabhairt don árdshagairt ná dona cinniúdaidhibh acht chomhbeag is dó éidir. Dob é béus na críche sin air là fhéile na Cásga, (noch do solamnuigheadh an lá céadna san,) air gcuimhniúghadh abhfuasglaihte a hannbhroid na hEigipte, aon chionntach do léigíonn fí réir, dá niarradh an pobal; uime sin air nglacadh na huanach so do Píoláid, do thairg sé a rogha dhóibh, eadhoin, ar Slanaightheoir air lámh, agus Barabas feill-bheartadha, sladadha agus dúnmharbhtóir, air an lámh oile; mar do bhí sé deimhneach go mbfheàrr leó dho rogha uan neamhchionntach Dé d'fuasgladh, iona Barrabas, an cionntach budh mheasa le fágáil, do dhul, ó phionós íomchubhaidh. Och! a Píoláid, nách taodach an taithe fear so do bheirir dho Mhac Dé, an trath shaoileas tu congnamh saortha do thabhairt do? Go dé si! an gcaithfeadh Tighearna na beatha, agus na bithbhuaineadh, seasamh agcóimhéiliomh ris an té budh thaire dhon drong daona, Rígh na bhflaithíos, ris an gcorthóir budh shuthantaishe dár bh'éidir smuaineadh air? An fá

sees. Stand amazed, to see the eternal wisdom of the Father, treated thus, as a fool; and learn from hence, not to repine, or be solicitous about the judgment of the world.

Consider, 5thly, How Pilate, seeing our Saviour brought back again to his tribunal, contrived another way to bring him off, so as to give, at the same time, as little offence as might be, to the high-priest, and the chief of the Jews. It was the custom of that nation, on the day of their paschal solemnity, (which was celebrated that very day) in memory of their delivery from the Egyptian bondage, to have one criminal set at liberty, whom the people should petition for: wherefore Pilate, taking advantage of this opportunity, proposed to their choice, our Saviour on one hand, and Barabbas, a notorious malefactor, robber, and murderer, on the other, being sure that they would rather choose to have the innocent Lamb of God released, than Barabbas, the worst of criminals, escape due punishment. Ah! Pilate, what an outrageous affront dost thou here put upon the Son of God, whilst thou pretendest to favour him. What! must the Lord of life and immortality, the king of heaven, stand in competition with the vilest of men, with the most notorious criminal that could be pitched upon? Must it be put to the votes of the mob, which of the two is the better man, and which

ràdh na leudrán a fágfar cia aca dhon dís fear
is fearr, agus cia is mó thuill a chur chum báis ?
O uirisleadh eugsamhlach mo Shlánaightheora !
O a Rígh na glóire, nách ísiol do chromais
chum mise do thógbháil ó'n gcarnaoiligh ?

Smuain, san séisiúghadh áit, Munar aithis
do-fhulaingthe ár Slánaightheoir do chur a
geomórtas le Barrabas, créud é ar dtuairim, no
créud an tainim do bhéuram do rogha na ndalla-
cán úd, an tráth thoghadar Barrabas roimh
Chríost, agus a iarradh é si do chéusadh, agus
é súd do shaoRADH. O ! m'abam, féuch san
uirisle iongantach so do Thighearna, chomh
doimhian, chomh conntabhairteach le cneadh
an uasbhair, nár bhféidir a léighios gan fsiúgh-
adh chomh mór san : O ! féuch an bhfuil do
chneadh féin léighiosta féis. Cuardaigh tu féin
mar an gcéadna, muna rabhais go mínic, amhuil
na Iudaighthe dhalla so, cionntach ann rogha do
dhéanamh dho Bharrabas do thógbháil roimh
do Shlánaightheoir, le casa do chuill leis air son
beagán éigin sochair, nó sàsamh aigne salach ?
Más amblaidh san atá, is lúgha a téirse ionnleith-
sgeil ioná iad san, do bhrigh go bhfuil a fhios
agadsa gur ab é Tighearna an uile ghlóire é, air
an am céadna a ndéinir inghreim air le peac-
adh ; anaghaidh sin, dá mbiadh a fhios aca san
a bheith amhlaidh, ní thogfadais son Bharrabas
choidiche roimhe.

the most worthy of death ? O, the unparalleled humility of my Saviour ! O King of glory, how low hast thou stooped, to raise me from the dunghill ?

Consider, Ohly, If it was an intolerable affront to compare our Saviour with Barabbas, what idea must we frame, or what name must we give to those blind people's choice, when they preferred Barabbas to Christ, and desired that the latter must be crucified, and the former acquitted. O ! see, my soul, in this wonderful humiliation of thy Lord, how deep, how dangerous was the wound of pride, which could not be cured by such and so great humility ! O ! see, if thine eye be yet cured. Examine also thyself, if thou hast not been so often guilty, like those blind Jews, of preferring Barabbas to thy Saviour, by turning thy back to him for some petty interest, or filthy pleasure ! If so, thou art more inexcusable than they, because thou knowest him to be the Lord of all glory, at the same time that thou persecutest him by sin ; whereas, if they had known him to be so, they would never have preferred a Barabbas to him.

AN XXVIII. CAIB.

*Ar Slanaigheoir air na sgiursadh ag an gcol-
amhain, agus coroinnighe le Deilgnibh.*

AD OCHTMHADE LA FITECHIOD.

SMUAIN, air dtúis, Mar d'éimhiodar na Iud-
aigh gan traochadh anaghaidh àr dTighéarna,
agus a slíge ghàróideach ag éiliomh a chèusta,
do ghabh Pìolàid slíge oile chum gabháil tim-
chioll a léigionn fó réir, eadhoin, ag féuchain
le na naigne díoghaltaiseach do shàsamh, tre
òrdúghadh thabhairt é agiursadh go ro dhian.
Och ! a Phìolàid, nàch cruadhálach é do thró-
caire ! an amhlaidh so do ghnìthir leis an té úd
d'admhaiss neimhchionntach ? An é si do chòir ?
Acht nìor bhfuláir le ár bpeacadhaibhne, ò
m'anam, gur ab mar so do geablthaoi go
cruadhalach chum Thighearna na glòire, agus a
thabhairt fà smacht an phionóis anuasailsi, nàch
himeòrfuidhe air aoinneach acht na braighde
budh choitcline, agus na haindeiseóiridhe bo
thàire. Seasaighse, agus fèuch, O m'anam an
modh air agcurthar an bhreachtso a bhfeidhm.
Fèuch mar lámhairthìdhid na soighdiuiríge
fuilteacha an-tuan Dè si, mar nochtaid è dà
èadach uile, agus a cheangal go daingionn do
chollamhuin chloiche : fèuch mar leagaid air a
dhrom agus air a shlinneanaibh choisreagtha
greadóga, laisgionna agus sgiuirsíghe do-air-
mhighe : fèuch mar do thig an fhuil ag

CHAP. XXVIII.

*Our Saviour is Scourged at a Pillar, and
Crowned with Thorns.*

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY.

CONSIDER, first, How the Jews, still continuing to cry out against our Lord, and in a tumultuous manner, to demand his crucifixion, Pilate takes another way to bring about his being set at liberty, which was, by striving to satisfy their cruelty, in ordering him to be most severely scourged! O! Pilate, how cruel is thy mercy! Is it thus thou treatest him, whom thou declarest innocent? Is this thy justice? But our sins, O my soul! require that the Lord of glory should be thus cruelly handled, and subjected to this ignominious punishment, to which none but common slaves, or the meanest wretches were liable, and to which a Roman citizen could, upon no account, be condemned. Stand thou and see, my soul, in what manner this sentence is executed. See how the bloody soldiers lay hands on this Lamb of God; how they strip him of all his clothes, and tie him fast to a stone pillar. See how they discharge upon his sacred back and shoulders innumerable stripes, lashes, and scourges. See how the blood comes spouting forth on all sides. See how his body is all rent and mangled by their cruelty, and the flesh

spreucha amach air gach aon taobh : féuch mar atá a chorp raobtha briste le na gcrúadháltacht, agus an fheoil sgaoilte a steach gus na cnàmha: féuch a nàmhuid air feadh na haimsire dà mhas-lúghadh agus ag déunamh luthghaire, tre na phiantaibh sin, an feadh atá sèision le na shúil-ibh tóighthe suas chum na bhflaithios ag tairg-sin gacha bhfuil sé a fhulaing, air son a bpeacadhaibh sin, agus peacuighe an domhain uile. Ah! a Pheacacha, bréithnighidhe go cruinn bhúr bhfuasglai gheóir anois, agus feic urchóid an pheacaidh iona chorp raobtha brúigte, agus foghlaim an tainmhidhe ifrionnada so dfuathúghadh, nóch do thug an Mac so Dé chum an churaidh so uile.

Smuain, san dara áit, Mar, sgaoileadar na dailtínidhe fuilteacha so ár Slánaightheóir, air ndéunamh aoinchréucht dà choluin ó bhonn go bathus leis an sgiúrsáil dhaor so, ó'n gcolamhuin faoi dheóigh, dá fhlàgbbhàil féin ag cuid-iúghadh chum a èidigh chur uime chòmh maith agus dfèudfadh. A! a Chriostaighthe! bìodh truaigh aguibh anois do choinghiol uaigneach bhúr Slánaightheóra; ag nàch bhfuil duine do bhfèurfadh làmh chonganta dho chum a chréuchta béulosgailte do cheangal, no an fhuil do thig ina srothaibh astà do chosg. O léig tú féin ina láthair anois, agus tairg dho an méid congnamh atá air do chur, tairg dho air a loighead, congnamh ag chur a èide air, chum a nuadhloit do chlúdadh ó'n aodhar fuar. Acht

laid open to the very bones. See how his enemies are all the while insulting over him, and rejoicing at his torments; whilst he, with his eyes cast up towards heaven, is offering up all that he suffers for their sins, and for those of the whole world. Ah! sinners, take a serious view of your Redeemer now, and see, in his torn and mangled body, the malice of sin, and learn to detest this hellish monster, which has brought the Son of God to all these sufferings.

Consider, 2dly, How those bloody ruffians having, by this cruel scourging, made our Saviour's body one wound from head to foot, loose him at last from the pillar, leaving him to help himself on with his clothes as well as he could. Ah! Christians, pity now your Saviour's abandoned condition, who has not one to lend him a helping hand to bind up his gaping wounds, or staunch the blood that comes flowing from them. O present yourselves now, and offer him what service you are able; offer at least to assist him in putting on his clothes, to cover

oh ! nàch garg iad na héuduíghe ollainne aī air a dhrom crèuchtnaighthe ! Faraoir ! anionad aon tsuaimhnis nà fortacht do thabhairt do, isé ghnídhid a dhòilghíos do mhéudúghadh ag coimilt diobh.

Smuain, san treas àit, Nàch mór go dtugadar na soighdiúirídhe folamhla sgith ghairid dár Slànaightheoir tairéis a sgiúrsálta, an tráth do shéid an diabhal iad chum radharc oile dà ndroichbheart do chur a ngníomh, nídh nàch cualaigheas a shamhuil roimhe sin ná ò shoin, agus dob è sin subhachus barbartha do dhéunamh dhóibh fèin, ann coróinn do chur air mar Rìgh. Uime sin do shracadar leó é a steach go cúirt an dlíge, agus cruinníghid agcioun a chéile iomlán an chathbhuidhin, agus annsan bainid de arís, go còmhéigneach, a chuid éudaigh, noch do thoisigh anois air cheangal go daingionn dà chòrp crèuchtnaighthe, cuirid ina shuighe è air bhinnse nò stól ; teilgid seancheirt éigin chorcair timchioll air, casaid lúbóg do dheilgnibh leabhaire, géura, cruadha, agus fàisgidisíos air a cheann naomhtla é, cuirid fèidig nó giolcach ionna láimh mar shlat ríogha : annsan le aithis, air dteacht ina látbair dòibh, duine air dhuine, fillid a nglúine le fàilte tharcuisnigh, ‘Gombeannaightheardhuit a Rìgh na nJúdaigh ;’ do chaitheadar silíge air a eudann, buailid é, agus air nglacadh na giolcaighe nó na fèige as a láimh, buailid air a cheann é, dà bhrìgh slànaídhaid na deilgnídhé a steach ni bhus doimh-

his green wounds from the cold air. But, oh! how rough are those woollen clothes to his wounded back! Alas! instead of affording him any ease or comfort, they do but increase his sores, by rubbing to them.

Consider, 3dly, How the bloody soldiers had scarce given our Saviour a short respite after his scourging, when they are pushed on by the Devil to act another scene of cruelty, such as never was heard of before or since: and that was, to make for themselves a barbarous sport in crowning him for a king. Therefore, they drag him into the court of the Prætorium, and assembling together the whole regiment, they violently strip him again of all his clothes, which now begin to cleave to his wounded body; set him on a bench or stool; throw about him some old ragged purple garment; twist a wreath of long, hard, and sharp thorns, and press it down on his sacred head; put in his hand a reed or cane for a sceptre; then, in derision, coming one by one, they bend their knees before him, with the scornful salutation, "Hail! king of the Jews." They spit on his face, buffet him, and taking the cane or reed out of his hand, strike him with it on the head, thus driving the thorns deeper in, whilst the blood trickles down apace from their points. Sweet Jesus! what shall we here say, or which shall we most admire? the malice

ne, an feadh ritheas an fhuil go mear óna crèuchtaibh iomdha do ghnìdha reanna air. A Iosa mhilis, creud dèarfam annso, nó creud is mó dà ndéunfamoid iongantas, meang na feadh-manaigh si an àidhbhirseóra, nó an charthanacht neamh-ionann noch do shàraigh ort a leithéidsi do phionós agus do mhasla d'fulaing do pheacachaibh mìochumannacha. Goma beannaighthe do mhaithios go sìorruighe.

Smuain, sangceàthramhadh àit, Mar threòraigh Pìoláid ár Slanaightheoir mar do bhi sé, le na choróin spíne air a cheann, agus a cheirt chorcair air a ghuaillibh, air dhóigh go raibh meang agus fearg na nIudaigh sásta anois, fà gan a bhàs diarraigh ni bhus mó, 'nuair chìfidis an tiarantacht agus an tarcaisne do himireadh air le géille dà gcuthach san, agus ó ionad árd taisbèanana do'n bpobal é, le *Ecce Homo*. Fèuch an Duine. Fèuch an modh air a bhfuil sé láimhrighthe anois, stad dà bhrìgh sin, do na bhàs diarraidh 'nì bhus siadh. Cuiridh a chorp comh-chrèuchtnaighthe ó bhonn go bathas, do thrúaighbhéil anáirighthe. Acht tusa, a anam Chrìostamhuil, fèuch an Duine le gné oile do shúilibh seach na truaighbleanacha cruaidh-chroidheacha so! Agus fèuch chómh hísiol, agus thug do pheacaidhe, agus a Charthanacht do-chrìochnaighthe féin è. Fèuch air a cheann cordinnighthe le lùbóg do dheilgnibh géura, ag tolladh a ghruadh naomhta air gach uile thaobh le mòr pheanaid. Fèuch

of these ministers of Satan, or thy unparalleled charity, which made thee to undergo such unheard-of reproaches and torments for ungrateful sinners? Blessed be thy goodness for ever!

Consider, 4thly, How Pilate, hoping now that the rage and malice of the Jews would be satisfied, so as to insist no longer upon our Saviour's death, after they should see with how much cruelty and contempt he had been treated in compliance to their fury, leads him forth, as he was, with his crown of thorns upon his head, and his ragged purple on his shoulders, and from a high place shews him to the people, with an "Ecce homo!"—behold the man. Behold in what manner he has now been handled: cease then to seek his death any longer. Let his body, mangled from head to foot, bespeak your pity. But thou, christian soul, behold the man with other kind of eyes than these hard-hearted wretches; and see to what a condition thy sins, and his own infinite charity have reduced him. Behold his head crowned with a wreath of sharp thorns, piercing on all sides his sacred temples, with excessive pain. Behold his face

aghaidh gné-mhillte go léir le daitheanna dúbha, gorma, agus sraolighthe go léir le silíghibh agus fuil. Féuch a chorp go hiomlán sràcaighthe, stróicthe go neamhdhaonachtach le laisgibh agus agiúirisidhibh, agus anois foilaighthe le brat cruaidh, garbh, giobógach, gach mómaid ag méudûgha a chréuchta le hionchoimilt diobh ; agus annsan féuch suas, agus neabhraigh é air a Chathaoir glòrmhar, agus féuch créud an cuitiughadh fhéudsair do dhéunamh ris treas an ainriocht so ionnar chuir sé é féin le grádh dhuit. Ni iarrann sé a thuile ort acht aithris do dhéunamh air a fhoighne agus a úmhlúigh-eacht : uime sin feuch créud an modh air a bhfuilir chum na dteagasg so do chleachda.

AN XXIX. CAIB.

Iomchrann ar Slanaightheoir a Chrois, agus taithighthear le tairinge die.

AN NAOMHADH LA FITHCHIOD.

SMUAIN, ain dtúis, Mar nár ghlacadar na Júdaigh taiscadh air bith ag faicsin Uain Dé ag cur fola air son pheacadh an domhain, acht ag síor-iarraigh go gáróideach, tre mhéud a bhfala, go gcéusfaidhe é, acht faoi dheóigh do chlaon Píoláid dá niarratas, agus anaghaidh a aigne féin do thug breath chéusta air ár Slanaightheoir. Ah! a Chríostaighthe, nàch raibh sé riamh do dhonas oraibhse bhur Slanaightheoir agus a theagasg do dhaoradh tre na

quite disfigured with black and blue, and all besmeared with spittle and blood. Behold his whole body inhumanly rent and torn, with whips and scourges; and now covered with a rough, hard, ragged garment, rubbing, and at each moment encreasing his wounds; and then look up, and contemplate him upon his throne of glory, and see what return thou canst make him for having thus annihilated himself for the love of thee. He desires no more of thee than an imitation of his patience and humility. See, then, in what manner thou art to practise these lessons.

CHAP. XXIX.

Our Saviour carries his Cross, and is Nailed to it.

THE TWENTY-NINTH DAY.

CONSIDER, first, How the malice of the Jews, no ways relenting at the sight of the Lamb of God, bleeding for the sins of the world, but continuing still, in a tumultuous manner, to demand that he might be crucified; Pilate at last yields to their importunity, and, against his own conscience, sentences our Saviour to the death of the cross. Ah! christians, has it never been your misfortune, by the like cowardice, to condemn your Savi-

shambuil sin do mbeathachas, agus diultadh go táir, a gcleachta bhur mbeatha, do riaghlachaibh a shoihbhagéil ; le heagla roimh an níd a déarfadh an saoghal. Nách ró-mhinic daontadhabhair Mac Dé do, chéusadh tre adhbhar budh lúghadh ioná cailleamhuin charadais Shaosair? Dá bhrígh sin bí claidhte agus déin áithríghe.

Smuain, san dara áit, Mar do glacadh an bhreath so an bháis, da éugcóireadh agus do bhí sí ó Phioláid, gidheadh ó do bhí sí ró-cheart á na Athair síorruidhe agus riachtanach chum ár slánaighthe, le fíor-umhluigheacht, carthannacht agus ceannsacht, le bhúr bhfuasglaitheoir ; noch air sin do nochtadh gan mhoill arís dá bhrat corcair, agus cóirighthe le na éudaighibh féin, agus do teaghad air a ghuailibh créachtanaighthe eora throm, inniúil, air fhaid agus air mheud chum fir diomchar : agus dís bhitheamhnach no sladuighthe beartaighthe chum cuideachtan do chòimheud do, agus a gcur chum báis maitle ris, chum an tarrangaireacht úd do chloimhíonadh, eadtrín, “ *Aimeas na geiontach do háirmdíghtheadh é,*” *Isai. 95.* Tígfúhe anois, a anamna cráibtheacha, agus hréithnithe bhúr Tighearna san domas ná san saothar déighisnach so aige. Gluaisiom clánnaire roimhe ag fògra ós fúda a chéirthe bróige agus díomhasadh an fheith-bheartadha so nách curas trácht riamh sin. Anns san leas na seighdíoridhe agus an lucht

our, and his doctrine, and basely to renounce; in the practice of your lives, the maxims of his gospel, for fear of what the world would say? Has not, too often, a much weaker temptation than the fear of losing Cæsar's friendship, induced you to crucify again the Son of God? Be confounded, therefore, and repent.

Consider, 2dly, How this sentence of death, how unjust soever from Pilate, yet, as being most just from his eternal Father, and necessary for our salvation, was received with perfect submission, charity, and silence, by your Redeemer; who, thereupon, was immediately stripped again of his purple garment, and clad with his own clothes, and a heavy cross, of length and bigness exceeding the strength of a man, was laid on his wounded shoulders, and two thieves, or robbers, were appointed to bear him company, and to be executed with him, to verify that prophecy, "With the wicked he was reputed." Isaiah, 53.—Come now, devout souls, and take a view of your Lord in this last progress, or procession. A cryer leads the way, publishing aloud the pretended crimes and blasphemies of this never-heard-of malefactor; then follow the soldiers and executioners, with ropes, hammers, nails, &c.; after whom goeth, or rather creepeth along, our high priest and

dèitheanta, eadhoin, na céasdaigh, maille
 re téudaibh castaibh, tairnguibh, &c. Ina
 ndiaigh sin gluaisios, ná fós snámhas air a
 chruibh, ar nArdshagairt agus ar niodhbairt, go
 léir brúigte, fuileach, le bitheamhnach air
 gach láimh leis, agus an chroich air a ghruithibh
 dá tharraing air aghaidh coiscéim air choiscéim;
 leanta, agus timchiollta air gach aon taobh leis
 na sagartaibh, agus leis na sgríobuidhibh, agus
 iomlán an talmhaigh choitchion uile, ag eascaine,
 ag easaoid agus ag aithisighadh air; an feadh
 aoid na crochairidhe tiaranta dá bhrostúghadh
 leo ag gabhail do chosaibh agus do bhuilédhibh
 air! Ah! a Chríostaighthe, biodh truaigh
 againn, anois féin, do dhochar bhuir Slànaigh-
 theora, agus ná méudaighe a ualach le pécadh.

Smuain, san treas áit, Air niomchur a
 Chroise dár Tighearna beannaighthe feadh aga
 éigin le duaigh agus dochar do-labhartha, treas
 na Sràidibh, faoi dheóigh go dtuicionn fà'n
 ualach, gan ann a bhreith ni bhus siadh leis.
 Ná biodh iongantas ort, m'anama, ina thaobh
 so, à léag a Athair neamhdha air a ghruithigh
 ualach ni bhus do-iomchair iona ualach na
 croise, biodh gur shàraigh sí a cholaimn do bhí
 eortha, loitighthe ann gach aon-áit, agus
 truaichte tre chailleamhuin a noiread fela;
 eadhoin: ualach pécadha an domhain uile.
 Ah! a Chríostaighthe, is fà'n ualach uathbhà-
 ach na do thuitiona bhuir Slànaightheoir agus
 'heighionn sé a laige. Na a bhfuil aon fhua

victim, all bruised and bloody, with a thief on each hand, and the Cross on his shoulders, dragging it forward step by step; followed and surrounded on all sides by the priests, the scribes, and the whole mob of the people, abusing, reviling, and scoffing at him; whilst the cruel executioners hasten him forward with their kicks and blows. Ah! Christians, now, at least, take pity on your Saviour's sufferings, and add not to his load of sin.

Consider, 3dly, How our blessed Lord having, for some time, with unspeakable labour and torment, carried his Cross through the streets, at last falls down under the weight, unable to carry it any further. Wonder not, my soul, at this, since, beside the load of his Cross oppressing his wounded body—wounded in every part, and exhausted by the loss of so much blood—his heavenly Father had laid upon his shoulders another more insupportable weight, viz. that of the sins of the whole world. Ah! Christians, it is under this intolerable burthen that your Saviour faints and falls down. Nor is he any way eased of this merciless load by Simon of Cyrene, who was compelled to take

aige òna ualach mhiòthròcaireach a dtaobh mar do cuireadh d'fachaibh air Shíomon Cyréne, an chrois do thógbháil suas, acht níor iomchair sé aon roinn dualach àr malaigtheachne, an tìomlàn noch do lèag an tathair neàmhdha air a Mhac ionmhuin, chum a nglanta amach le na bhás. O a mhaithios do-chrìochnaighthe an Athar! O a Charthanacht do-chrìochnaighthe an Mhic! anoiread san do dhéunamh agus d'fùlaing air son an daonuighe aindeas. O! m'anamsa, féuch nà bí go bràth arís m'iochumanach do Dhia chòmh gràdhmhar san.

Smuain, san gceàthramhadh àit, Air mbeith dàr Slanaightheoir anois iar riochtain Shliabh Calbhair, go léir sàraighthe, caithte amach, mar ghéirleanaid ministéiridhe ifrinn fòs é le droichbheart neamhthuirseach agus do bhrìgh go raibh sé dho nós deoch neirt do thabhairt dona cionntachaibh do bhíodh fà bhreith bhàis, fìona suathaighthe le mirr, féuchaid le domblas do chur san ndigh do bhí le naghaidh èision. Iar san nochtaid go hanbhorb dà éudach é, noch fà namso do lean go daingionn dà chneadhachaibh agus fhosgail a loit go léir a rís, agus dà thais-beanadh nochtaighthe, le náire agus lé fuacht, a radharc sluaigh do-áirmhighe. Druid a leith anois, m'anamsa, agus feic è ag cur fola go húr le gràdh dhuit. O fèuch an feadh atá an chrois dà hollmhúghadh, mar shleachtan sè air a ghluinibh, agus thairgionn è fèin dà Athair a'forruighe, mar iodhbhairt fuilteach chum a fheirge, noch do fodaighthe tre ár bpeacadh-
... d'fuarúghadh.

up the Cross, but bore no part of the weight of our iniquities; all which the heavenly Father laid upon his beloved Son, to be cancelled with his blood and death. O infinite goodness of the Father! O infinite charity of the Son! to do and suffer so much for wretched man. O, my soul, see thou never more be ungrateful to so loving a God.

Consider, 4thly, How our Saviour being now arrived on mount Calvary, quite wearied and spent, the ministers of hell still persecute him with unwearied cruelty; and, whereas it was the custom to give the criminals, that were to die, a strengthening draught of wine, seasoned with myrrh, they contrived to mingle gall with the portion designed for him; after which they violently stript him of his clothes, which by this time, cleaved fast to his sores, opening again all his wounds, and exposing him naked to shame and cold, in the sight of an immense multitude. Draw nigh now, my soul, and see him bleeding afresh for the love of thee. O see how, while the cross is preparing, he falls upon his knees, and offers himself to his eternal Father, a bleeding victim, to appease his wrath, kindled by our sins.

Smuain, san gcùigeadh àit, Mar do luigh an chrois air chòmhthrom talmhan, leagaid ár bFhuasgluightheoir sínte amach rithe, an té nách déin cur ina naghaidh acht mar uan ceannuis. Agus air dtúis air dtarraing a láimhe deise chum na hionaide air ar chinneadar chum a socraighthe, tiomanaid le na gcasúr, tarrainge mor, géur tre na dheárnain, ag dèunamb a shlighe le diachair dí-chreidte, treas na feirsibh, na fèithibh, na tarsnanaibh agus na cnàmhaibh dá bhfuil an lámh cumtha, a steach a nadhmad cruaidh na croise : san am cèadna chum géilleadh dhon lot san, agus dona feirsibh do bhì air dtolladh, do tarraingeadh dho rèir nádúra iomlán na Colna a gcionn an taoibh deis : acht nìor bhfada fulaingeadh dhi fuireach mar sin ; òir àir nglacadh a rìgh, agus a láimhe oile dona búistèiribh daordhálacha so, srácaid go hèigneach è chum an taoibh clé, air inntinn na láimhe sin do spíceaghail don ionad do cinneadh dhi. Annsan ag tarraing achosa sìos, do cheangladar a throighthe naomhtha air an modh cèadna le tairngibh don adhmad : agus so uile le daordhàil chòmh dian san, go saoilfear le síneadh agus tarraing gur ro mhòr leónadar iomlán a cholaine, agus gur chuireadar na hait as a nionad a mòran dàitibh, do rèir an Fháidh rightheamhuil, “Do tholladar mo Lámha agus mo Chosa ; d’airmhigheadar me chnàmha uile.” Salm, 21. Och ! a Chrìost-

Consider, 5thly, How the Cross, lying flat on the ground, they lay our Redeemer stretched out upon it, who, like a meek lamb, makes no resistance. And, first drawing his right hand to the place designed to fix it on, they drive with their hammers, a sharp gross nail through the palm of his hand, forcing its way with incredible torment through the sinews, veins, muscles, and bones, of which the hand is composed, in the hard wood of the Cross. In the mean time, the whole body, to increase that wound, and the pierced sinews, was naturally drawn towards the rightside; but he was not long permitted to remain so, for, immediately, these cruel butchers laying hold of his other arm and hand, violently drag him towards the left side, in order to nail that hand on the place designed for it.— Then pulling down his legs, they fasten his sacred feet, in like manner, with nails to the wood; and all this with such violent cruelty, that, it is thought, with stretching and pulling, they very much strained his whole frame, and disjoined it in many parts, according to the royal prophet, “They have dug my hands and feet, they have numbered all my bones. Ps. 21. Ah! Christians, if the contracting or piercing of any one nerve or sinew, if the disjoining or misplacing of any one bone, though ever so small, be so cruel a torture, what must we

aighthe, mádh ghnídh cnapa ná tolla aoin-
fheirse no aonchuislean amháin; mádhghnídh
aon chnáimh amháin dá loighead do chur as a
alt no as a ionad diachair chómhcruadhálach
san, crèud do mheasamaoid dona daorpheanad-
aibh noch dfulaing ar Slanaightheoir ionna
choluinn cforbhaighthe? Crèud nàch fulàir
dhúinn a smuaineadh air ar fhulaingsè an tràth
polladh a lámha agus a chosa tríotha le tairn-
gnibh móra, àit a dteagmhaid a noiread san
féithe, cuisleanna, tarsnàin agus cnàmha a
naoinfheacht? - O ná dearmadamaoid choidh-
che a phianta: O ná déunamaois sgíth chaoidh-
che dá thròcaire do ghràdhúghadh, d'adhradh
agus do thabhairt fà iongantas.

AN XXX. CAIB.

Ar Slanaightheoir air an Gcrais.

AN TRIOCHADMHADA LA.

SMUAIN, air dtáis, Iar mbeith dhár Slàn-
aightheoir anois ceangailte go daingionn don
chrois leis na crochairighibh fojamla so mar
thionsgnaid air a àrdúghadh san aedhear le
tèudaibh è. O crèud iad na gártha do rineadar
a nàmhuid anois an tràth do concus os cionn
na ndaoine è! Crèud an diambhala le ar bhean-
nuigheadar dho? An feadh atà a mhàthair ró
dhobrónach, agus daoine cráibhtheacha oile,
gonta go croidhe ag an radharc. Faoi dheòigh
léigid cois na croise a thuitim san bpoll do
bailmhuigheadh dhi, agus san le preab ionas

think of the torments which our Saviour endured in his disjointed body? what must we think of what he suffered, when his hands and feet, where so many sinews, muscles, veins, and bones all meet, were violently bored through with gross nails? O! let us never cease to admire, and love his mercy.

CHAP. XXX.

Our Saviour on the Cross.

THE THIRTIETH DAY.

CONSIDER, first, How the bloody executioners, having now nailed our Saviour fast to the Cross, begin with ropes to raise him up in the air. O! what shouts did his enemies now make, when he appeared above the people's heads? with what blasphemies did they salute him, whilst his most afflicted mother and other devout friends, are pierced to the heart at the sight? At length, they let the foot of the Cross fall into the hole prepared for it with a jolt, by which our Saviour's mangled body was violently tortured, and the wounds

nàch beag an dochar d'fulaing corp tfeasbhrùichte ar Slánaightheóra uaidh, agus do mèuduighleadh luit a làmh a agus a chos. Agus is mar so do crochana sè anois air comhthrom san aedhear a ndiachair agus a bpeanaid ro-uathbhàsach, iomlàn meàdhachain a choirp air niomchur agà chosaibh treathollta, le a bhfullid a chneadhachagach mómaid air na méudúghadh. Gan aon àit air a nglacadh a cheann susaimhneas, acht air dheilgnibh : gan leabadh air bith aga choluinn tuirseach, créuchtnaighthe, acht adhmaid cruaidh na creise.

Smaoin, san dara àit Carthannacht dochriòchnaighthe ár Slánaightheora, agus mal-uightheacht eugsamhuil a nàmhuid. Eimhionn sésion amach a meodhain a dhoilghís, “a Athair maith dhòibh, óir ní theadaid créud táid do dhéunamh.” Do chrothadarsan a gcinn air ag dranadh, ag ràdh, “vah! do threasgrais Teampoll Dé, agus d'fèudfair a thógbháil arís ann tri là, anois anaic tú féin. Más tú Mac DÉ, tarr anuas ón Gcrois.” Maille re mìle casaoid agus masla oile do cuireadh air, ní amháin o na daoinibh coitchine ná ó na soighdiúiribh, acht fós ó uachtaránaibh na sagart, ó na sgríobúighibh, agus ó na sinsioraibh, noch do chloinionn agus d'fulaingionn le foighid agus le sost. Acht, O! cia fheudfas gnódh inmheadhanach a anma beannaighthe d'faisnéis dúinn, air feadh na haimsire si atá sé air liobarna as an gcroich? A inn-tinn sióthcháin dúinne; a úrnaighthe dhúinn,

of his hands and feet widened. And thus he now hangs poised in the air, in most dreadful pains and torments, the whole weight of his body sustained by his pierced hands and feet, by which his wounds are continually increased; no place to rest his head upon, but upon thorns; no other bed for his wearied and wounded body but the hard wood of the Cross.

Consider, 2dly, The infinite charity of our Saviour, and the unparalleled malice of his enemies. He, amidst his torments, cries out, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they are doing." They grin and shake their heads at him, saying, "Ah! thou that destroyest the temple of God, and canst build it again in three days, save now thyself. If thou art the Son of God, come down from the cross." With a thousand other reproaches and blasphemies, with which he is loaded, not only by the common people and soldiers, but also by the chief priests, scribes, and elders, which he hears, and bears in patience and silence.

But O! who can tell us the interior employment of his blessed soul, all this while he hangs upon the Cross? His thoughts of peace towards us; his prayers for us; the anguish and

diachair agus airgeana uathbhàsacha na ranna inmheòdhanacha dá anam, agus lúthghàir do-fhaisnéise an àrd-ranna dhe a nglóire a Athar, noch do bhí le heirghe ón bhfuasgladh fhialmhar, noch bhí sé ag cuidiughadh fá nam san do pheacachaibh bochta.

Smuain, san treas àit, An cuidiúghadh do rin an Mhaighdion bheannaighthe Muire ag iomchar deacracha a Mic : agus chómh fírinneach agus docòimhíonadh an Fhaistine úd shean Shíomoin. “Go ngoinfeadh an Cloidheamh a hanam fèin.” O nàch marbhtach an cómhadh nàch fulàir lear traochadh an mhathairse noch budh cheanambla, agus budh ghrádhmhaire do mhàithreachaibh, ’nuair do bhi radhare súl aice air feadh iomlán páise a Mic múirnich, noch do ghrádhagh sí le grádh neamhchom-èrtais, air gach uile dhochar, èugcóir agus diachair dár fhulaing sè. Ah ! a Bhaintighearna bheannaighthe, nàch fèidir linne a radh go fírinneach go ndèàrnadar na laisgionna, na deilgnidhe, agus na tairgnídhe lear tolladh feoil do mhic, creadh chómh doimhinn ann do chroidhe gheanamnuighe fèin ; agus nàch féadfadh aoionnidh acht mìorbhùile do bheatha chongbháil suas, fá phian chómh iomarcach leis ? Acht, O ! go dé chomh doimhinn agus aithneadh d, airis ann tanam, an tan thiodhlaié do Mhac, air fhágghail bháis de, tusa dhà dheisgiobal ionmhuin, eadhoin, N. Eoin ; ag tabhairt mic Sébéide dhuit mar mhalairt air

dreadful agonies of the interior part of his soul; and the inexpressible joy in the supreme part thereof, in the glory of his Father, which was to arise from that plentiful redemption, which he was then imparting to poor sinners.

Consider, 3dly, The part the blessed Virgin mother bore in the suffering of her Son; and how truly was verified here that prophecy of aged Simeon, "That the sword shall pierce her very soul. O! how killing a grief must have oppressed this most tender, and most loving of all mothers, when, during the whole course of the passion of her dearest Son, whom she loved, with an incomparable love, she was an eye-witness to all the injuries, outrages, and torments that he endured! Ah! blessed lady, may we not truly say, that the whips, thorns, and nails that pierced thy Son's flesh, made as deep a wound in thy virgin heart? and that nothing but a miracle could have supported thy life, under such excess of pain? But O! what a deep wound didst thou feel in thy soul, when thy dying Son recommended thee to his beloved disciple, St. John, giving to thee the son of Zebedee, in exchange for the Son of God? Blessed Virgin! we gladly acknowledge thee for our mother, bequeathed to us all in the person of St. John. O, by all thy sufferings, remember us, poor banished children of Eve, before the throne of Grace!—

Mhac Dè? A Mhaighdin bheannaighthe, is gairdeach admhaigheamaoid tu mar Mhàthair, fàgtha le hùghacht againn a bpearsain N. Eoin. O! tre t'uile dheacrachaibh, cuimhaigh orainne clann bhocht dibeartha Eadhbha, a làthair Chathaoir na ngràs. A Chríostaighthe, foghlaimighidhe na teagaisg iongantacha noch mhuineas bhúr Mbaintighearna dhibh ag bua na croise, foghlaim a creidiomh beò agus a dòthchus láidir; foghlaim a sàstacht aigne iomlán, a foighne agus a cumas. O! foghlaim uaithe Iosa do ghràdhúghadh, agus peacadh d'fhuathúghadh, ádhbhar firinneach a dheacracha uile.

Smuain, san gceathramhadh áit, Mar atáid an uile neithe anois chosmhuileach air eirghe a-naghaidh ár dTighearna rò-ionmhuin. Budh chosmhuil le na Athair gur thréig sé é: goineas radharc agus brón Mhàthar go croidhe é. Air son a easboil féin, do dhíoghal duine aca é, do shéun duine oile é, d'fàgbhadar uile é. Atáid a cháirde agus an drong is mó dár roinn sé maith, agus ar leighios sé go mtorbhúileach, ag cur le na lucht céusta, nó an chuid is lúghadh dhe is nár leó é admhail: atáid anámhaid ag breith buadh air agus dá aithisiúghadh. Is daoirphian do a choluinn féin, le na mheádhachann. Acht an nidh is mó dá gcuirionn doilghios air, eadhoin, míochomann na gCríostaighthe, na bheag thairbhe dhéunfaid dá bháis agus dá pháis; agus cailleamhuin a noiread anam suasgailte

Christians, learn the admirable lessons which she teaches you at the foot of the Cross ; learn her perfect resignation, patience, and fortitude. O! learn from her to love Jesus, and detest sin, the true cause of all his sufferings.

Consider, 4thly, How all things seem now to have conspired against our dear Lord. His Father seems to have forsaken him ; his mother's presence and grief, pierce him to the heart. As for his own apostles, one of them has betrayed him, another has denied him, all have abandoned him ; his friends, and those whom he had most favored, and miraculously cured, now either join with his persecutors, or at least, are ashamed of him ; his enemies triumph over and insult him. His own body, by its weight, adds a torment to him. But what most of all afflicts him is, to see the ingratitude of Christians ; the little benefit they will make of his death and passion ; and the eternal loss of so many souls, redeemed by his precious blood. Ah! sweet Jesus, suffer me

le na fhuil mhorluach. Ah! a Iosa mhilis, nà foighnigh dhamhsa bheith chomh hanacrach san, agus cur lead námhdaibh dhod chéusa le peacadh.

Smuain, san gcúigeadh áit, An teagasg do bheir ar Slánaightheoir dúinn tre na bhriathraibh deighionnacha air an gcrois. Air drúis, de ghradh agus de Charrthannacht fhírinneach dá námhaid, le guidhe ortha, agus a leithsgéil do ghabháil le na Athair síorruidhe: “A Athair maith dhóibh, óir ní feas dóibh créud do ghnídhid.” O foghlumaois ó ar Slánaightheoir air uair a bháis an teagasg riachtanach se; gradh bhéith aguinn agus guidhe ortha súd díuathuigheann, agus do ghéirleanann sinn: agus a nionad eugcoir do dhéunamh ní bhus troime, a leithsgéul do ghabháil agus a chur a leith a nainbhíos. O nách fíor an níd a dtaobh gach aonpheacach, “ní feas do créud do ghnídh sé:” air a mhalairt ní léifíeadh eitíol anaghaidh an mhórdhacht do-chríognaighthe; ní bheith sé choidhche chómh mór san air buile, agus Neamh do thréigíonn air shuathrachas, agus é féin do theilgíonn síos leis an aill do threóruigheas go hifríonn. Arís, Foghlaim éifíocht aithríge fhírinneach, agus faoisidin, umhal na bpeacada san logha líonmhar do tugadh le ár Slánaightheoir ag fagháil bháis do; don ghaduidhe maith, “Amen, a deirim riót, biadh tu anigh maille riomsa a Bparrathas.” San treas áit, Foghlaim caoinúthracht do'n ógh-mhàthair mar is duá

Not to be one of that unhappy number ; suffer me not to be so miserable as to join with thy enemies in crucifying thee by sin!

Consider, 5thly, The lesson that our Saviour gives us by his last words upon the Cross; first, of perfect love and charity to his enemies, by praying for them, and excusing them to his eternal Father, " Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." O ! let us learn from our dying Redeemer, this necessary lesson, To love and pray for those that hate and persecute us ; and instead of aggravating their crime, to excuse it, and impute it to their ignorance. O ! how true it is of every sinner, " he knows not what he is doing," otherwise he would never dare to fly in the face of his infinite majesty ; he would never be so mad as to renounce heaven for a trifle, and cast himself down the precipice that leads to hell! 2dly, Learn the efficacy of a sincere conversion, and an humble confession of sins, in the plenary indulgence given by our Saviour to the penitent thief: " Amen, I say unto thee, this day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." 3dly, Learn a filial devotion to the virgin mother, recommended to us all by her Son, in the person of St. John, " Behold thy mother." 4thly, Learn the greatness of the interior anguish of thy Saviour's soul, from these words, " My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ?" Alas ! it was for no other

dá chunn a thabhairt do, air na fàghbàil aguis uile le na Mac a bpearsain N. Eoin, "Feuch do Mhàthair." San gceathramhadh àit, Foghlaim méud diachair inmheadhanachanama do Shlàn-aightheora òna briathraibhsi, "Mo Dhia, mo Dhia, créud fath ar thréigis mè?" Faraoir! n'fior bhu aon ádhbhar acht chum nách trèig-fidhe an duine bocht peacamhuil. San gcúigeach àit, O'n bhfocal san an losa chéusta, "Ata tart orm." Tabhair fà ndeara dhá threun-iota noch d'fulaing do Shlàn-aightheoir air an gcrois, iota dhíobh corpordha, do thig ó na bheith an fhaid ina throsgadh, ghabháil tre na noiread daoir-phcanaide, agus dorta anoiread fola: an iota oile, spioradálta ionna anam, tre mbian fhóir-neartmhar ar maithiosa agus ar slánaighthe. Acht, O! a aindeiseoirighe drochaigionta nách béurfadh aoinnidh acht fínèigre chum a thart corpardha do mhúchadh; a pheacacha ni bhus drochaigionta, a nionad a thart spioradálta do shàsamh le buidheachas agus le caoinuthracht nách tugann dadamh dhó acht domblas agus bhinèigre an pheacadh agus na maluightheacht. San sèisiughadh àit, Ona briathraibhsi ar Slànaightheora air fhághail bhais do "Ata sé cóimhlíontadh," foghlaim bheith luthghaireach tre mar áta obair fhuasgláighthe na cine daonadh gohiomlán anois críochnaighthe; go bhfuil fíoghaire agus fáighideóireacht na dlí ghe uile coimhlíonta; agus láimhsgríbhinn do sheasaigh inèr naghaidh, ata anois sgriosta amach go falláin le fuil ar bhfuasgláightheóra. Fa seacht, O na briathraibh

reason, but that poor, sinful man might not be forsaken. 5thly, From that word of the crucified Jesus, "I thirst," take notice of two violent thirsts which thy Saviour endured upon the Cross; the one corporal, proceeding from his having fasted so long, passed through so many torments, and shed so much blood; the other spiritual, in his soul, by the vehement desire of our good and salvation. But, O cruel wretches, who would give nothing but vinegar to quench his corporal thirst. More cruel sinners who, instead of satisfying his spiritual thirst, by gratitude and devotion, give nothing but the gall and vinegar of sin and wickedness! 6thly, From these words of our dying Saviour, "It is consummated!" learn to rejoice that the whole work of man's redemption is now perfected; that the figures and prophecies of the law are fulfilled; and that the hand-writing that stood against us, is completely cancelled by the blood of our Redeemer. 7thly, From these last words of our expiring Lord, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit," learn, both in life and death, to commit thyself wholly to thy

dèighionnach so ár dTighearna air uair a bhàis, "A Athair, tiodhlaicim mo Spiorad ad Làmhàibh," foghlum a mbeatha agus a mbàs tu féin do thoirbhirt suas go hiomlán dhod Dhia. Is sonaidhe iad so noch do mheabhruigheann go maith na teagaisg si mhúineas an oide oirdheirc doibh ó chathaoir a chroise.

AN XXXI. CAIB.

Air Bhas ar Slanaightheora.

AN TAONMHADH LA TRIOCHAID.

SMUAIN, Air dtuis, Iar rádh na mbriathar ndèighionaigh úd dàr dTighearna, eadhoin, "A Athair tiodhlacaim mo Spiorad ad làmhàibh," le guth ard, láidir, mar do lùigh a cheann sìos a nùmluigheacht cheart do thoil a Athar, agus a bhfìorghrádh dhuinne na peacaigh bhochta, dár thairg sé air an suigheachann so mar eadh pòg na sìothchàna, do lèig amach a anam glan, agus is mar so do chrìochnaigh a bheatha shaogh-alta, ionn nàch raibh on gcéud mhómaid gus anois, acht síor-dheacracha fulaingthe dhúinne. Rith anois, O m'anam agus ionnsaigh tluasglaightheoir go dàna, pòg a chosa naomhtha, amharc a ghéuga liathbhàna, áirmhigh a chneadha uile go foirtìl, agus caoin do pheacadha tre ar fhulaing sè iad.

Smuain, a rís, Ann Páis ar Slanaightheora, fìrinne na naithe úd noch do labhair sè fein fá àdhblar oile, eadhóin, "An te únluigheann è

God. Happy they who study well these lessons which their great Master teaches them from the chair of his Cross,

CHAP. XXXI.

On the Death of our Saviour.

THE THIRTY-FIRST DAY.

CONSIDER, first, How our Lord, having spoken these last words, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit," with a loud and strong voice, leaning down his head in perfect submission to his Father's will, and perfect charity to us, poor sinners, (to whom in this posture he offered, as it were, the kiss of peace) breathed forth his pure soul, and thus ended his mortal life: which, from the very first moment, till now, had been nothing else but a series of sufferings, endured for us. Run now, my soul, to, and approach boldly thy Redeemer; kiss his sacred feet; view his pale limbs; count, at leisure, all his wounds; and lament thy sins, for which he suffered them,

Consider, 2dly, in the passion of our Saviour, The truth of these words which he himself delivered upon another occasion, "He that shall

féin àirdeochar é : ' Agus feuch, iar na úmhlúghadh féin dàr dTighearna chum bás na croise gur hàrduigheadh agus gur honóireadh é san am san féin le na Athair neàmhda, agus san a niomad slighthibh. Oir air feadh na haimsire do bhi sé air an gcrois nìor thaithnigh an ghrian feadh trì huaire iomlána, agus le linn a bháis do chrith an talamh, do sgoilteadar na carraig-eacha, agus do hosgladh na huaigheana. Do raobadh folacha an teampoill (noch do bhi air aghaidh an choisreagadh) ó mhulach go lar. Do spreagadh na daoine ris na hiongantais si, agus do chuadar a bhaile ag bualadh a nuchta, agus d'admhaigh an taoiseach-céid, eadhoin, ceann-uraidh an ghàrda, ós àrd, gur bhè Mac Dé é. Bì luthgháireach a anam, Chrìostamhuil, air fhaicsin bàis do Shlànaightheora onòrtha mar so; agus foghlaim muinghin do chur a nDia ann gach aon phonc, noch diompòchas mailis do námhuid fá dheoigh chum t'onòra, agus do thairbhe : Suigh síos, anois ag cois na croiche, agus ann san go suaimhneasach.....

Smuain, san treas àit, Agus athsgrúdaigh ann t'inntinn iomadamlacht, agus éugsamlacht mhór na ndeacracha noch dfulaing do Shlànaightheoir dhuit, ó na dhul a steach a ngort Ghetsemani go na éug air an gcroich. Ambarc iad ceann air cheann, agus chidhfir nach deachaidh aoinionad amháin dà chollan naomhtha saor ó na dhiachair féin air leith, (noch do bhi a thaiseach roimhe sin, agus air gcèudna an

humble himself, shall be exalted :” and see how our Lord, having humbled himself to the death of the Cross, was even, at that very time, honoured and exalted by his heavenly Father ; and that many ways : for, during the time he was upon the cross, the sun, for three whole hours, withdrew his light ; and, at his death, the earth trembled, the rocks were split, and the tombs were opened ; the veil of the temple which hung before the sanctuary, was rent from top to bottom ! The people, touched with these wonders, went home, knocking their breasts ; and the centurion, captain of the guards, publicly professed that this man, whom they had crucified, was truly the Son of God. Rejoice, Christian soul, to see thy Saviour’s death thus honoured ! and learn, under all events, to confide in God, who will make all the malice of thy enemies turn at last to thy honour and advantage. Sit now down at the foot of the cross, and there, at leisure...

Consider, Silly, and repeat it in thy mind, The multitude and vast variety of sufferings which thy Saviour has endured for thee, from his entrance into the garden of Gethsemani, to his expiring on the cross. View them, one by one, and thou shalt see that not one part of his sacred body, (which being the most perfect, at the same time the most tender, and most sensible of pain of any that has ever been) was free from its pe-

corp budh éugcruaidh, agus budh airighe air phian dá dtainig riamh.) Do bhi coróin spíne um a cheann; a Aghaidh sailighthe le silighibh, bruighthe go léir, agus dubh gorm le builíghibh; a Fholt, agus a Fhèasóig tarraingthe, sraoilte; a Bhéul fliuchta le domblas agus bhinéigre; Ghuaile breòite ó mheádhachan na croise: a Làmh, agus a chosa tollta le tairrignibh; a chollain iomlán traochta le hallus fuilteach; a chorp cneisghearrtha, fhosgailte le laisgibh agus le sgiursadhaibh; a Ghéuga tuisighthe, leòinte go léir, air an gcrois. Nì raibh a fhulaing aon phìoc ambáin nì sa lugha ionna anam, acht fós abhfad nì 'sa mhó ioná d'fulaing sé ionn a chorp. Biodh a fhiaghnaise air an doilghios marbhtach úd do theilg ionn a mhordbuaigh sa ngáirdín è; air an ngearán cruaidh úd air an gcroich, eadhoin, "Mo Dhia, mo Dhia creud far thrèigis mé?" D'fulaing sè go mòrmhór ionn a chlá, (noch is measa le duine go minic ioná a bheatha,) le fighnaisibh bréige, agus masla, ithiomràdh agus éugcóir. D'fulaing sé ionn a onòir le a nuile ghné chasaoide agus tar-cuise. D'fulaing sè ionn a mhaoin; tre mar do creachadh éófiu a chuid èudaigh, agus a chrochadh nochtaighthe do air an chrois. D'fulaing sé ionna chàirdibh, tre mar do thrèigeadar uile é; gan trácht air dhocharaibh oile noch is gnàthnighe agus is somhothaighthe dfeòil agus d'fuil, eadhoin, Mìochumann na droinge úd

culiar torment. His head was crowned with thorns; his face defiled with spittle, all bruised, and black and blue with blows; his hair and beard plucked and torn; his mouth drenched with gall and vinegar; his shoulders oppressed with the weight of the cross; his hands and feet pierced with nails; his whole body exhausted by a bloody sweat, mangled and laid open with whips and scourges; his limbs wearied out, and all disjointed upon the cross! What he suffered in his soul was not one jot less; but rather infinitely more than what he suffered in his body. Witness that bitter anguish which cast him into the agony in the garden; witness that grievous complaint on the cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" He suffered moreover in his reputation (which is often dearer to man than life) by false witnessses, and outrageous calumnies and impositions. He suffered in his honour, by all kinds of reproaches and affronts. He suffered in his goods, being despoiled of his very clothes, and hanging naked on the cross. He suffered in his friends, being forsaken by them all; not to speak of other sufferings, which are usually most sensible to flesh and blood, viz. the ingratitude of those whom he had favoured with his miracles, the triumph of his enemies, their insults over his disciples, &c. And, in all those sufferings, he denied himself those comforts which he usu-

dà dtug sochar a mhiòrbhuileadha, mordhàil a nàmhaid, a naithis air a dheisgioblaibh, &c. Agus ionnsa docharaibh si uile do dhuilteachd sé air fèin an fortacht úd noch is gnàth leis do thabhairt dá sheirbhiseachaibh fà na ndeacrach-aibh, agus do rin na diachair budh mhó d'ar fhulaingeadar na martardha, ni hé amhàin so-fhulaingthe, acht fòs, go minic mìle agus sàmh. Acht ni aomair sé dho fèin fortacht air bith acht toil a Athar do dhéanamh, agus ar bhfuasglaine do shaotharughadh.

- Smuain, san gceathramhadh àit, Cia è si fhulaingear so uile? agus do gheabhair amach gur ab é Mac sìorru dhe De: Coimhionann agus a gcòmhchumas le na Athair; Tighearna mór agus Cruthaightheoir Nimhe agus Talmhan; dò-chrìochnaighthe a gcòmbacht, a neagna, agus ionn a nuile dheagheàil. Acht cia dho fhulaingear se so uile? Do dhuine bhocht, piast anacrach do'n dtalamh; do pheacachaibh gan chumann, mèirligh dà Athair sìorruidhe, agus dho fèin; dona Judaigh cheadna so do chèis é; dhuinne na somharbhtacha, nachar choimhuil go mbearfadh a nurmhòr buidheachas choidheche leis, na anoiriad le cuimhneadh amháin air a dheacrach-aibh. O! a Thighearna créud é chómh iongantach, agus tu ann do shligheibh uile, acht ann tionsgnamh do thrócaire tar gach nìdh oile! O go de mar do thionann, agus mar chóirigheann an pháis si ar bhfuasgaltóra cáilígeachtaibh uile Dà! Is

ally affords his servants under their crosses; and which have made the greatest torments of the martyrs not only tolerable, but oftentimes sweet and comfortable. But he would allow himself no other comfort but that of doing the will of his Father, and purchasing our redemption.

Consider, 4thly, Who is it that suffered all this? And thou shalt find that he is the eternal Son of God; equal and consubstantial with his Father; the great Lord and Creator of heaven and earth, infinite in power, infinite in wisdom, infinite in all perfections. But for whom does he suffer all this? For poor man, a wretched worm of the earth; for the ungrateful sinners, traitors to his eternal Father, and to himself; for those very Jews that crucified him; for us mortals, who, for the most part, were never disposed to thank him, or even so much as to think on his sufferings. O! how admirable art thou, O Lord, in all thy ways, but in none more than in the contrivances of thy mercy! O how this passion of our Redeemer, sets out and illustrates all the attributes of God! It is here we discover his infinite goodness and charity, in thus wondrously communicating himself to us, and laying

annso do chimid a ghràdh agus a mhaithios do-chríochnaighthe, a dtaobh é dha chomannúghadh féin linn mar so go hiongantach, agus a bheatha féin do leagann síos duinn. Is annso do chimid a thrócaire gan chuinsiughadh ionn ár nanacraine do ghabháil air féin, agus an pionos budh dhual dar bpeacadha dfulaing. Annso do chimid ciall iongantach a shalathair, tre thobar na beatha dfosgladh dhuinn le na bhàs féin. Sunn dfoghlamaoid eagla bleith roimh a bhreith noch do thuit cómh trom san air a Mhac féin, nách deàrna acht é féin déidiughadh a gcosmhúlacht pheacaigh chum sàsamh do thabhairt ionnàr bpeacaighne. O! crèud an nìdh is baoghal dona cionntachaibh lá èigin ó na lámhaibh muna dteibid sgeimhle a bhreatha tre na thrócaire làithreach do ghreadhmúghadh!

Smuain, san gcuideadh àit, A ndeacrachaibh do Shlánaightheora, mailis do-chríochnaighthe, mórtroime neamh-ionann an pheacadh mharbhtach, nàr bhféidir a ghlanadh acht le fuil mhór, luach Mhic Dè. Ag so aon dona priomh-theagasgaibh budh mhian le'd Shlánaightheoir a leagh dhuit de'n gcrois. Nì fhèudfairse a shàsamh nì bhus fearr ionà an teagasg so da mheabhrúghadh go maith. O! ná bì choidhche cómh miòchumanach san, agus é chéusadh le peacadh marbhtach. Och! ná léig don àrach san cómhnaighe ionat, dàr bhèigionn do Chríost féin bàs diachrach dfulaing chum a sgriosta,

down his own life for us. It is here we discover his unparalleled mercy, in taking upon himself our miseries, and enduring the stripes due to our sins. Here we see the admirable wisdom of his providence, in opening to us, by his own death, the fountains of life. Here we learn to fear his justice, which fell so heavy upon his own Son, who had but clothed himself in the semblance of a sinner, in order to make atonement for our sins. O! what must the guilty themselves, one day, expect from his hands, if they do not prevent the terrors of his justice, by laying hold of his present mercy?

Consider, 5thly, in the sufferings of thy Saviour, The infinite malice, the unparalleled heinousness of mortal Sin, which was not to be cancelled, but by the precious blood of the Son of God. This is one of the chief lessons which thy Saviour desires to read thee by his death; thou canst not please him better, than by studying well this great lesson. O! never be so ungrateful as to crucify him again by mortal Sin. O! let not that monster live in thee, for the destroying of which, Christ himself laid down his life on the Cross!

THE END.

RIACHLACHA

DO

BHEATHA CHRIOSTAMHUIL,

*Re a' dtabhairt fa ndeara-dona huilibh le'r mhian-
Siorruigheacht Shonaidhe do chur a nairighthe
doibh fein.*

1. **SOCARAIGH** ann t'inntinn run daingionn gan aontugadh 'do pheacadh mharbhtach air chor air bith. Ag so fìorbhunúdhas bheatha shubhailceach, agus gibe nách deachadh a chòmhfhaidsi, nìor thoiseadh sè fòs air Dhia d'fritheolamh. Gan an rùn so is dìomhasin do neach air bith é fein do mhealla le muinghìn go bhfeudfadh beatha bheith naomhtha ná bás shèunmhar d'fágail.

2. Air geor go bhfeudfadh congnamh leat fein chum an rùn si do chongbháil, bi dìth-chiollach ann gach uile shlighe chontabhairteach do sheachna, mar atà, droch-chuideachta, Leabhartha gairseamhla nó dímheasta, sugar-thaighe mi-dhiscréideacha agus a samhail ; "Oir an tè ghràdhuidheas an chontabhairt caillfidhear ann é." Eccl. 3. c. 5. f.

RULES

FOR

A CHRISTIAN LIFE:

To be observed by all those who desire to secure to themselves a happy Eternity.

1. **SETTLE** in thyself a firm resolution, on no account whatever, to consent to mortal Sin. This resolution is the very foundation of a virtuous life: whosoever is not arrived thus far, has not yet begun to serve God.— Without this resolution, it is in vain for any one to flatter himself with the hopes of living holily, or dying happily.

2. In order to enable thyself to keep this resolution, be diligent in flying all dangerous occasions, such as bad company, lewd or profane books, immodest plays, &c. "For he that loves the danger, shall perish in it." Eccl. 1. v. 27.

3. Fair an uile ghluaiseacht do chroidhe, agus claidhigh an chèad chomhartha uile. Cuingeadh faire air do cheudfadhaibh agus air do smuaintibh ionas nàch tiocfadh leis an namhaid éalògha ort treas na Bòithribh si. Nà biodh neamhshuim agad a lochtaibh beaga, d'eagla go dtuitfeadh a mórlochtaibh a nait achèile.

4. Seachain beatha dhìomhaoin mar Mhàth-air an uile uile: agus gaibh mar fhirinne dhearbhta nach tiubhradh beatha dhìomhaoin Crìostaighe go Flaithearnas choidhche.

5. Nà déin fàilth air aon adhbhar, do urnaighthibh maidne agus tràthnóna. Cuimhnigh air maidin, cèud thoirthibh an Lae do thaigh-sin do Dhia do ghnàth, le'd chéud smointibh do thabhairt do: Déin fóraíl air ghniomharthaibh uile an Lae dho, agus dèin an iodhbairtse dathnuadhadh air dtionsgnadh gach neith dá ndéunair. "Gibé ithe nó òl," adeir N. Pol, "no nidh air bith eile dá ndéin tu, déin an tiomlán chum glóire Dé." 1. Cor. c. 10. f. 8.

6. Dèin do choinsias do sgrúdadh air t'urnaighthibh Tràthnóna, dhod thabhairt féin chum cuntais cionas do chaithis an lá, agus gibé peacadh, tìosbàinter dhuit, feuch le na nglanadh amach le dèuraibh aithrigheacha sul luighfir chum suain. Cá bhfios nach í an oidhche sin t'oidhche dhéighionnach? Air ndul chum leaban cuimhnigh air an Uaigh; Glac do shuaineas a ngeugaibh do Thighearna: agus mádh mhusgluighir san oidhche árdaigh t'aigne chum an te úd atá ag faire ort do Shíor.

3. Watch all the motions of thy heart, and resist the first impressions of evil ; keep a guard on thy senses and thy imagination, that the enemy may not surprise thy soul through these avenues. Contemn not small faults, lest by degrees, you fall into greater.

4. Fly an idle life, as the source of all mischief, and take it for a certain truth, that an idle life will never bring a Christian to heaven.

5. Never omit, upon any account, thy morning and evening prayers. In the morning, remember always to present to God the first fruits of the day, by giving him thy first thoughts. Make him an offering of all the actions of the day, and renew this obligation at the beginning of every thing thou doest. "Whether thou eat or drink," says St. Paul, (1 Cor. 10. v. 3.) "or whatsoever else you do, do all for the glory of God."

6. At your evening prayers, make a daily examination of your conscience, calling yourself to an account how you have passed the day ; and whatever sins you discover, labour to wash them away, by penitential tears, before you lie down to sleep. Who knows but that night may be your last ? In going to bed, think on the grave ; compose yourself to sleep in peace with your God ; and if you awake in the night, raise your thoughts to him who is always watching over you,

7. Do bhár air t'urnaighthibh máidne agus oidhche, déin am éigin don lá do bheartughadh chum urnaighlithibh, go mòrmhór urnaighthe meanma, le comhlúadar inmheodhanaigh t'ana-ma le Dia, noch is maithios fhíre agus iomlán do. Ameasg do ghnodhaibh uile, cuingeadh tu féin a làthair-Dé, mar is fearr dféudfair, agus biodh cur ina dhiaigh agat do shíor le gearr-urnaighibh diograis. Léagh Leabhartha spioradalta go minic, amhuil Litreacha no Teachtaireacht chugat ó Neamh; agus éist Aifrionn go laeth-camhuil mād̃h ta go léigfeadh do Phráinneacha dhuit.

8. Táithigh na Sácramainte uair san midhe an chuid is lugha, agus tabhair áire mhaith tu féin d'olmhúghadh, do chum a nglacadh go fiuntach.

9. Biodh caoindúthracht mhór agat do Pháis. Chríost; agus machtnaigh go minic air a dheacrachaibh.

10. Biodh crábhacht air leith agad don Naomhmháthair, agus iarr a Tearmoinn agus hurnaighthe ann gach uile ghábha; acht foghlaim air gcéadna aithris do dhéunamh Air a subhailcibh.

11. Meabhraigh do chlaonta is treise dfaghail amach, agus saothraigh le hiomlán do chomhacht chum iad do dhibirt uait.

12. Ná léig aon lá amháin thort gan gníomhartha éigin croidhe-bhrúghadh dforálughadh chum Dè, a dtaobh na bpeacadha do rinis

7. Besides your morning and evening devotions, set aside some time in the day for prayer more particularly mental, by an interior conversation of your soul with God, her only true and sovereign good. In the midst of all your employments, keep yourself as much as possible in the presence of God, and frequently aspire to him by short ejaculations. Read spiritual books often, as letters or messages sent to you from heaven: and if your circumstances permit, assist daily at the sacrifice of the Mass.

8. Frequent the Sacraments, at least once a month, and take special care to prepare thyself to receive them worthily.

9. Have a great devotion to the Passion of Christ, and often meditate on his sufferings.

10. Be particularly devoted to his blessed mother; take her for your mother, and seek, upon all occasions, her protection and prayers; but learn withal to imitate her virtues.

11. Study to find out thy predominant passion, and labour with all thy power to root it out.

12. Let not a day pass without offering to God some acts of contrition for the past sins: and strive to maintain, in thy soul, a penitential spirit.

chèudna ; agus cothaigh go dìthchilleach spiorad àithrigheach ann t'anam.

13. Coimheud go maith air do dhianghrádh féin amhuil agus an nàmhaid is mó agat, agus dèin foirèiginn ort féin go minic le corp-sheunadh agus tréaghnas. Cuimhnigh nách féidir Rìgheacht Nimhe do ghabhàil gan coimhèiginn. Matha. c. 11. f. 12.

14. Bi dèirceach do réir t'acfuineadh. "Oir, is Breiheamhnas gan Trócaire do gheibh an te nàchar thiosbáin Trócaire." N. Séum. c. 2. f. 13. Biodh meas mór agad air dhéirc spiorad-àlta, le bheith dian, dìthchiollach chum peacacha anacracha do chur air aleas ; agus chum na críocha sin, caoin go laetheamhuil a naindeise a lathair do Dhia.

15. Bi Spriocalta ionn gach dhualgas bheanas le'd ghnodh, air mbeith dfiachaibh ort cóimh-riomh là éigin leis an Airdthighearna úd noch do bheartaigh a shlighe féin do gach aon air leith a measg a mhuintire.

16. "Cuimhnigh air do chríochaibh dèighionn-acha do ghnàith, agus ni pheacóchair choidh-che" Eccl. 7.

CRIOCH.

13. Beware of self-love as thy greatest enemy : and often use violence on yourself, by self-denials and mortification ; remember the kingdom of heaven is not to be taken but by violence. St. Matt. 11. v. 12.

14. Give alms according to thy ability, " For judgment without mercy to him that has not shewn mercy." St. James, v. 2. 13. Set a great value upon spiritual alms-deeds, by striving, all you can, to reclaim unhappy sinners ; and, for that end, daily bewail their misery in the sight of God.

15. Be exact in all the duties of thy calling, as having an account to give one day to that great Master, who has allotted to each one of us, our respective stations in his family.

16. " In all thy works remember thy last end, and thou shalt never sin." Eccles. 7.

FINIS.

CLAR NA CCAIBDLEACH.

Dò Riachdanas Léarsuaineach,
Air Chríoch ar gerúthaighe,
Air Thiodhlaicidhe Dé,
Air Mhórtuadbach agus air Choinghiallacha Criostaighe,
Air Dhiomhaoitheas an tsaoghail,
Air Shonas réir Dé do dheanamh,
Air an mBás,
Air an mBaramhuil do bheidh aguinn air Uair, ar mBás,
Air an mBreitheamhnas leithleasach d'eis Báis,
Air Lá mhór chuntais,
Air an mBreitheamhnas Coitichionn,
Air Bbreith dheighionnaigh an Uile agus Mhaith
Air Ifrionn,
Air Phiantaibh foirteomlaich Ifrinn,
Air Phiantaibh imheadhanach Ifrinn,
Air Shíofrúigheacht anacrach,
Air Fhlaitheamhnas,
Air Bheag Nuimhir na Droinge tightha,	...
Air an bPeacadh marbhthach,
Air an bPeacadh athtuitimeach,
Air ndeanamh Aithrighthe inar bPeacadhaibh, Anaghaidh Moille na hAithrighe,
Air Am agus Slórnuigheacht,
Air Fhiaghnaise Dé,
Air Fhulaing Chríost,
Air ar Slánaightheoir a Ccúirt Chaiphais,
Ata ar Slánaightheoir ar dtabhairt a lathair Phiolaid agus Heróid,
Ar Slánaightheoir air na sgiursadh aig an gcol- amhain, 2
Iomchran ar Slánaightheoir a Chrois, 2
Ar Slánaightheoir air an gCrois, 3
Air Bhás ar Slánaightheora, 3
Riaghlaacha do Bheatha Chríostamhuil,

A TABLE OF THE CHAPTERS.

	Chap.	Page.
the Necessity of Consideration,	1	9
the End of our Creation.	2	17
the Benefits of God,	3	25
the Dignity and Obligation of a Christian,	4	33
the Vanity of the World,	5	41
the Happiness of Serving God,	6	49
Death,	7	55
the Sentiments we shall have at the Hour of Death,	8	63
the Particular Judgment after Death,	9	73
the great Accounting Day,	10	83
the General Judgment,	11	93
the Last Sentence of the Good and Bad, Hell,	12	101
the Exterior Pains of Hell,	13	111
the Interior Pains of Hell,	14	121
a Miserable Eternity,	15	133
Heaven,	16	143
the Small Number of the Elect,	17	149
Mortal Sin,	18	161
the Relapsing Sinner,	19	175
Doing Penance for our Sins,	20	185
against Delay of Repentance,	21	193
a Time and Eternity,	22	207
the Presence of God,	23	217
the Passion of Christ,	24	223
our Saviour in the Court of Caiphas,	25	234
our Saviour is brought before Pilate & Herod	26	247
our Saviour is Scourged at a Pillar, and	27	259
Crowned with Thorns,	28	271
our Saviour carries his Cross, & is nailed to it	29	279
our Saviour on the Cross,	30	289
on the Death of our Saviour,	31	301
rules for a Christian Life, to be observed by		
all who desire to secure to themselves a		
happy Eternity,		311

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